MANTESWAMY EPIC
TRADITION OF SOUTH KARNATAKA

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Manteswamy Epic Tradition of South Karnataka
(Multifacial Documentation, Textualisation and Transalation of Manteswamy Epic Tradition of South Karnataka)

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Travel around the world or Traverse through the Books

Karnataka is the source of invaluable wealth of the folklore. The job of tending and cherishing this invaluable and limitless knowledge is to be honoured always. Founding of Folklore University, in order to materialize such purposes was quite a need of the hour. With a strong desire of transforming the lore, expectations and dreams of the population that breathes the very culture of this land. Karnataka Folklore University, the first Folklore University of the world has been established. The establishment of the University has assumed an historical importance as it carries forward the motto and responsibility of searching the sources of the native culture and spreading it throughout the world, not merely confining to the limits of Kannada speaking world.

The Vision and mission of the University are collecting, editing, learning and exhibiting the knowledge of all tribes. These are to be carried out still more effectively, quantitatively and scientifically. Still, the wealth of knowledge in our multi-cultural and multi-lingual land lies buried limitlessly and waits to be unearthed and unveiled. We need not simply feel proud of the achievements accomplished by us. In this field of folklore which is virtually unfathomable. Folklore University is acting with all the humbleness and consciousness that work to be carried out in this field is still beyond measure. The University is trying to shed floodlight on the fact that the native knowledge be made a source for the contemporary world which is changing fast due to the influence of globalization. It is also the conviction of the University that the world view and prudence of the folk hold a parallel guidance to the population of our times. There is an urgent need before us to emphasize oral cultural expression and oral narratives instead of simply surrendering to the hegemony of the learned language or refined language.

There is a strong and deep rooted belief that folklore is always against the contemporary knowledge system and modern technology. There is greater need now than ever to interpret folklore beyond the established idea of storing, merely the old one and transferring it to the next generation. The knowledge that, folklore is as heavy as the earth, as extensive as the sky, as dynamic as water and above all as the air for our breathing has to down upon us. All in all folklore is a way of life that has embraced everything indivisibly. It is a storehouse of knowledge which has held it in a unique way. Therefore the University is functioning with devotion and dedication towards realization of its watchword "we have sown the gold to the whole field" (*Honna bittevu holakella*). This gold which was a hidden wealth hither to has to become known to the whole world. The aim of the University, being the seat of knowledge, must be imparting, protecting and disseminating the knowledge. This country has decided to sow the seeds of native knowledge through this University for the first time in the world. The process of sowing and growing is not merely a prologue for a new birth but also a farm of continuity and conservation of the knowledge system.

Our contemporary knowledge system is an offspring of traditional knowledge and the sources of performance. We have to develop a sturdy system at our rural level based on the application of our ancestral folkloristic knowledge and technological skills so that it can become more productive. But due to the contemporary influence of liberalization, privatization and globalization there are drastic changes in folklore. In that the capitalist entrepreneurship has been pushing certain branches of knowledge to the margin while foregrounding some others which are profitable to them. Hence, in the present context it is essential to devise the modules of study of traditional knowledge and science on absolutely modern scientific base, to suit them to the present needs and deeds. In the present changed scenario folklore is assuming metamorphosis from within. Hence we have to identify the mettle of folklore to protest against such a set up which lies embedded within the folklore itself. In this direction we have to become active in applying the native traditional knowledge and culture to the modern context. According to the adage of the folk there are

only two ways to acquire knowledge, viz: travelling around the world or traversing through the book. It is necessary for man to follow both the ways to quench his thirst for knowledge. But to acquire the knowledge at least one of these two must be activated. Our University is rendering the yeomen service of publishing the valuable times and motivating the masses to read them. Also our University is extending the frontiers of its field of activity by way of undertaking various projects and organizing programmes of special study, teaching and research pertaining to the field of folk arts, folk literature, folk culture and traditions of this land. The main objectives of the University are collecting all available knowledge systems which are native in their nature, comprehending the ever dynamic and forceful folklore from its very source and comparing it with the other modern branches of knowledge and reforming it and continuing this process like and avowed discipline etc. As part of this notion, through its centre for Extension and Consultancy, our University has come forward to publish books. Thereby it envisages to open the new vistas in the field of inter-disciplinary research.

In order to understand the culture of a nation completely the study and research in the field of little cultures, parallel cultures is to be carried out necessarily. The fact that, the study of only the learned epics in the field of literature is one sided, is known to all now. But in the contemporary days the concept of such studies has receded into the background and in the place utilitarian culture study models have cropped up. In this background the view that, in order to understand the totality of culture, the study of oral epics or folk epics, which are pregnant with the basal knowledge and cultural tradition, is the only remedy is emerging. Thus folk epics are very much important on the way of searching the culture. In this line *Manteswamy Kavya (Epic of Manteswamy)* is of still greater importance. Until now many studies dealing with the importance of '*the Epic of Manteswamy*' and its cultural uniqueness have been carried out in Karnataka. Yet the efforts of understanding and interpreting the tradition of Manteswamy from grass root level are very sparse. Yet it is the great scarcity that affects the field of folklore that the tradition of Manteswamy Epic still needs and waits to be documented at

multifaceted level, including textualization, analysis and translation. This writing has attempted to supply the needs felt in the editorial aspects such as traditional texts, word forms, glossary etc. thereby the attempt of documenting Manteswamy tradition and the uniqueness of Kannada Culture together has attained success. Even the effort of interpreting and redefining the multiplicity of folk culture goes considerably laudable.

I Congratulate and appreciate the concern expressed by the Prof. S.C. Ramesh, Director, Centre for Extension and Consultancy and Registrar (Evaluation) and staff involved in bringing out this publication.

- **Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna**
Vice-Chancellor

From the Director's Desk

Karnataka Folklore University is acting with an ambition to collect, study and encourage research to acquire knowledge of all the communities, along with other academic activities. The University has gone a step forward and as a part of its agenda of extending the field of activities it has come forward with the idea of establishing a 'Centre for Extension and Consultancy'. In the true sense of the word, 'University' must indulge in the process of re-production of knowledge. Along with the preservation of the established knowledge, they should stretch their hands towards the service of redefining the ever need folk culture and to establish it on a proper pedestal. Like the changing of seasons, man's life also goes on changing and becomes responsive and sensible enough. In the present context our folk arts, folk literature and folk culture are losing their impression. The novel research and experiments in the field become futile and meaningless if they don't add colour to our folk culture which is turning pale. Bearing this warning in the mind, Folklore University has formed highly useful projects and programmes through its Centre for Extension and Consultancy.

Folklore is one of the interdisciplinary branches of knowledge. Researching the new dimensions of knowledge relating to basic life, art, literature and culture is the important agenda before the University. Also the University is vested with the important responsibility of delivering this knowledge to various corners of the world. The University which has come into existence to bring the above said responsibility into practice has established the Centre for Extension and Consultancy. The Centre has a strong desire for understanding the vastness, universality and the root and top of the field of Folklore. Along with this, the centre also has before it the ideals such as carrying out the rigorous studies and researches based on new models, publishing the works of the great scholars of this land and language and thereby supporting the cause of disseminating the knowledge. The Centre is avowed to spread the knowledge in all directions and

as a part of this agenda it has come forward to publish the valuable books. I feel strongly that our laborious efforts attain fruitfulness and meaning if these works of greater value and variety reach the reading public of this land and become useful to them.

Various studies as a part of the attempt to understand Indian culture have been carried out hither to and also are on the run. The research studies propelled by the learned literature have marginalized the folk epics. The attempts to understand and fabricate our culture through the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* have not been considerably successful. In due course of time the knowledge that, provincial streams of culture have, can also become the important sources in re-forming the history of the land, and becomes strong. In this back drop the multifaceted studies of folk epics were undertaken quite seriously. The heroes of folk epics are usually the representatives of the downtrodden and exploited. Thus the folk epics, through their narration of the great deeds performed by the protagonists who were usually the great warriors and men of valour and veracity, and who propagated the basal social and cultural values are truly worth studying. Many studies and researches about the exploits of the great warriors and heroes such as Manteswamy, Junjappa and Mailaralinga and others are quite beneficial and befitting at this moment. Though the process of documentation of the multiplicity of the tradition of Manteswamy is carried out, it is quite noticeable fact that still a great quantity of work waits to be done. Therefore there is a greater need for the multifaceted documentation of Manteswamy tradition, along with textualisation and translation work. As an important part of catering to this need, what honourable job Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna, Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor, Karnataka Folklore University has carried out is really a laudable one. This work will surely open the gates for further possible studies pertaining to 'Manteswamy Epic', which propounds life truth and world-truth simultaneously.

It will be a sure source of reliability to scholars interested in this epic and researchers in particular and readers in general. Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna, a senior scholar of repute deserves heartful congratulations for adding such a valuable work to the world of letters and extending the frontiers of knowledge. I thank him for all his

From the Director's Desk

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cooperation in bringing out this fine volume. My thanks are also due to the Registrar, Prof.D.B.Naik, Dean of the University, Prof. M. Chandra Poojary for their administrative help. Those who are behind all the activities of the Extension Centre like Dr. K. Premakumara, Director, Folklore Translation Centre, and Senior researcher, needs special mention and thanks. I am grateful to all the folk artists who are responsible for singing the epic. I am also thankful to Sangamesha S.Gani, Vishwa Gujjar and Sandeep B.R., who cooperated in preparing technical pages and also other pre-printing activities. I thank Shri K.K.Makali for designing the cover page, Office assistant K.L.Lakshmana and The Raja Printers, Bangalore. I thank all those who worked for the publication of this work directly or indirectly.

- Prof. S.C. Ramesh

On the way to acquire Folk knowledge

Karnataka is a land of rich folklore and the knowledge is disseminated particularly in folk epics. The folk arts, rituals, agricultural practices, traditional knowledge systems, native technology, cultural or religious centres all have their own specific importance. Many folk epics have been composed based on the life of cultural heroes. There are folk epics which can be equated with classics like the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Many such epics are passed on from one generation to the next through oral transmission only. Many academicians, Institutions and Universities have effectively done the work of documentation of many such narrative performances. Many of them have been published in the book form as well. Now, there is a need to translate them into English and other Indian languages. With this greater objective, this University has started a 'Centre for Folklore Translation'. There are plans to translate Halumatha Kaavya, Gondara Ramayana, Gaadri Palanayaka, Mylaralinga, Mahalingaraya, Syasi Chinnamma, Gamokkala Mahabharata etc., into English. As a first step of the centre, Manteswamy epic, collected and edited by Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna is translated to English. There are future plans to translate important folk literary works from Kannada to other South Indian languages as well.

The present work envisages to bring out the salient features of one of the most popular folk epics of South India on Manteswamy, his heroic accomplishments and brave deeds as a religious exponent. In fact, folk epics play a very important role in highlighting the culture of a community. They are successfully employed for the unification of the minds and personalities of our rural folk. Sometimes they are vociferous to uphold the patriotism of the community through their characters. For a longtime this prestigious status of upholding and elevating the culture of a community was the privilege of only conventional epics. However, it is a welcoming feature that now a days folk epics are being considered as useful tools in this study.

At the outset, I express my indebtedness to Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna who gave me this opportunity. I must also thank Prof. N. Thirumaleshwara Bhat, Udupi who is kind enough to translate this epic into English. I am grateful to Prof. D.B. Naik, Registrar and Prof. S.C. Ramesh Registrar (Evaluation) for their constant help and guidance. I thank one and all who supported me in bringing out this valuable work. I hope the English version helps those who wish to study folk Epics.

- Dr. K. Premakumara
Director
Centre for Folklore Translation

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FOREWORD

Karnataka is a land rich with its history and tradition. It is also equally well known for its oral as well as classical or ornate literary traditions. In fact, the oral traditions in Karnataka open a lot of avenues for an in-depth cultural study. However, though oral traditions found to be deep rooted throughout the state, studies have been taken up only at a superficial level. In-depth studies are scarcely seen. Inter-disciplinary or multi-disciplinary studies are hardly witnessed. Moreover, multi-facial documentation looks to be something never taken up. We find partial approaches made to study various facets of our art, craft, sculpture, architecture, music and material culture. However, some significant studies have been made in the areas of literature, stage performance, social customs as well as traditions.

In our indigenous knowledge traditions, oral narratives do enjoy a significant place. Oral narrative poems are abundantly found in almost all parts of Karnataka. More so, they enjoy a great popularity in South Karnataka. Of the prevalent narrative epic traditions, Manteswamy Kavya could be found to be very popular all through the rural belts of Chamarajanagar, Mysore, Mandya, Ramanagar and Bangalore rural districts even today.

The Manteswamy Kavya has been taken up for study along with other folk poems and epics about four decades back. But, none of these studies is comprehensive; no attempts have been made for multi-disciplinary study. With this background, the present research under the aegis of the U.G.C. Major Project was taken up with a view of subjecting this epic for a multi-disciplinary study, multi-facial documentation and translation into English, so that the epic could go universal.

I express my gratitude to the University Grants Commission and the University of Mysore for giving us an opportunity to take up this ambitious project and complete the same in three phases. I thank

all the officers and colleagues concerned without whose unstinted help and co-operation, this project could not have been accomplished.

I owe my deep sense of gratitude to my Guru Prof. Lakshminarayana Aurora and Project Assistant Sri P. Mani for the keen interest shown throughout the Project for the past three years in the field work, documentation and textualisation of the epic poem. Prof. N. Thirumaleshwara Bhat, Udipi has been kind enough to translate the main text of the epic into English and I express my deep gratitude for his co-operation. We also owe our indebtedness to all the groups of the folk artists who presented the epic and helped us in its documentation. I also thank M/s. Raja Printers who helped us to bring this volume in this form for presentation.

-Ambalike Hiriyanna

Manteswamy Epic Tradition of South Karnataka

Introduction

The present project envisages bringing out the salient features of one of the most popular folk epics of South India on Manteswamy, his heroic accomplishments and brave deeds as a religious exponent. In fact, folk epics play a very important role in highlighting the culture of a community. They are successfully employed for the unification of the minds and personalities of our rural folk. Sometimes they are vociferous to uphold the patriotism of the community through their characters. For a long time this prestigious status of upholding and elevating the culture of a community was the privilege of only conventional epics. However, it is a welcoming feature that nowadays our folk epics are being considered as a useful tool in this study.

Generally, the structure of folk epics would be considered in the following way: They consist of brave deeds of heroic characters or the accomplishments of religious forerunners. They are voluminous in size. Generally a hero comes out as a representative of his cultural group and sacrifices his life fighting with odds. He is worshipped as a god after his death by the people to commemorate his deeds. A poem takes its birth which goes on bulging, passing from one singer to another. If a poem is large it assumes the form of an epic. Fairs and festivals are celebrated in honour of such a god. Parts of the epic are sung on these occasions by professional singers. Sometimes episodes from the poem are enacted also. Thus a folk epic would generally be a saga of a particular cultural group or a community or a nation. It would be a challenging task for a researcher to aim at scientifically collecting data and coming out with full-fledged narrative poem. Sometimes a folk epic about a folk hero is sung by a single narrator. These are innate epics in their natural presentation. The narrator will know the epic in all its episodes, though he might not sing the whole epic at one instant. Manteswamy epic, Maleya

Madeshwara, Junjappa epic, Mylaralinga epic are some of the Kannada folk epics which belong to this natural domain. There are epics containing lines ranging 10,000 to 30,000 in Kannada. Karnataka being a storehouse for a host of such epics sung by several male and female singers, it was contemplated that the epics essentially in singing form should be authentically documented and published. Meanwhile it was also felt necessary to make a systematic study of such literary forms from different points of view.

This research programme at the outset set out to explore into these traditions which were not accorded the importance they deserved. This was an attempt to investigate Kannada culture, the culture of this soil through folk epics when the meaning of a cultural epic or legend was always associated with Ramayana and Mahabharata. It was necessary that we accepted prevalence of regional cultures as tributaries of a vast national culture. It would be interesting for cultural thinkers to identify gods and godessess emerging out of local folk traditions when icons like Rama, Krishna, Shiva or the other incarnations pervading throughout the country. We have got hundreds of episodes constructed and contrived by tens of our folk communities where several gods or deities are created and worshipped. It is this culture which works at the background of our community living and comes out with a solid proof that even the communities not considered within the mainstream of elite society also enjoyed a rich and potential culture and tradition.

Our national epics like Ramayana and Mahabharata brought out virtues and vices, love and hatred of the ruling elite communities and had the idea of imperial expansion at their centre. Contrarily our folk epics, and particularly folk epics in Kannada literature contain the saga of heroic characters, their miracles, the saints and people devoted to religious accomplishments, their habits and fancies as well as Dravidian values which could be hardly comprehended in the national stream. These are the items which represent the real culture, the culture in its original essence and colour tapering towards an elevated mind with all its wisdom and worldliness.

The whole Ramayana pertains to a Kingdom which was curious of extension and Rama's journey through the forest stands as a testimony of this aspiration. In total Ramayana and Mahabharata try to integrate a culture out of several oddities while the protagonists of our oral epics like Manteswamy, Madeshwara, Junjappa and Mylaralinga are ascetics and nomads who want to settle down. In this way the essence of these folk epics concentrates at some sort of settlement and comes out with stages prior to such settlement and the conflicts that come across in between. Whereas the conventional epics glorify what is existing and try to reveal the poetic truth, folk epics depict the inclination of the have-nots and stand by the truth in real life.

One could assess that the sarana cult of the twelfth century came to be stagnant as a caste or community prescribing several barriers to its own day to day living which must have compelled some of the conscientious leaders of the downtrodden classes and they must have furiously come out of the group. People of the downtrodden classes who went with the sarana revolution must have got disillusioned and found out their own ways of social upliftment. We have to look at the protagonist Manteswamy of the epic in his name from this point of view. He is said to have come down from the north as depicted as several instances in the poem. At times, we find him with Basavanna also. However substantial evidences could not be found to prove that he was a contemporary of Basavanna or Allama. However, there were strong evidences to show that he was in the post sarana period and he belonged to the backward classes. Many of the customs and traditions of the 'gudda's of this cult contribute to this fact. Manteswamy did not confine himself to an ordinary nomadic saint instead he was a forerunner of the re-establishment of a counter-culture which he expected to stand against the culture of the communities with vested interests. The present project aimed at an objective and in depth study of this cultural reconstruction.

Neelagaras are the devotees of Manteswamy whose population could be found in Mysore, Chamarajanagar, Mandya and Bangalore rural districts. They have got their huts in Malavalli, Boppagowdanapura and Chikkalluru. Harijans dominate the

Neelagara tradition but however we find Kurubas, Uppaligasettys, Madivalas, Akkasalis, Kumbaras as well as people of parivar community in this tradition. They claim themselves to be Siddappaji's guddas endowed with the responsibility of priestly obligations.

Neelagaras style of presentation was quiet different from that of other professional singers. Their rendering was subtle and poignant that they took listeners to a different world of their own. These singers were not stalwarts like classical singers but yet their beginning of recitation and using different ragas befitting to particular characters and circumstances. The higher and lower pitch they employ-all of these elevate them to a level no less than their classical counterparts. Neelagaras are endowed with a melodious voice and their way of singing their epics helped them to maintain the tempo to a large extent.

THE PROBLEM TO BE INVESTIGATED

A host of problems were to be investigated when we took into consideration how a Neelagara performed his narration of the epic as to how:

1. He could co-ordinate a long epic of this dimension.
2. How he would appear on the occasion and disappear after accomplishing the task
3. What was the source text for his rendition?
4. How a long narrative oral epic could textualised and brought into a printed form.
5. How an authentic form of the full text of the epic could be realized in multi-facial documentation forms-audio, video, photography etc.,

While investigating this oral epic we had to take into consideration several other factors also.

1. What is a folk epic?
2. What could be the nature of its oral transmission?

   Co-ordinating the text, textual variations, inter-text performance techniques, documentation methodology, analysis of oral literature, variations in the content of the texts, codified

expressions, idioms, cultural subtleties, the economic status of the singers and their dedication to the profession and so on.

OBJECTIVES OF THE PROJECT

We had some objectives to be taken for studies under the project.

1. By way of documenting different texts of the epic on different circumstances and study the presentation techniques as well as the nature of the text form of the oral epic.
2. To make a study of the crisp style of the long epics composed pretty earlier than the writing era and attempt to associate between the oral and written structures of the epic.
3. To make a study of the repeated clusters, as well as scenarios in the context of the formulae and the considerations of the professional singer who employed such formulae within the structure of presentation instead of without it and discussing the meaning in the background of the tradition of oral presentation.
4. To examine how a repetition of idioms and formulae helped a singer to carry on his extempore presentation. Emphasis was to be given how a singer attracts the audience by way of rendering his narration employing folk music.
5. It would also be worth consideration as to how a coherence could be built up between a narration and its corresponding singing pattern and how a specific formulaic presentation could be subjected to a suitable rendering.
6. The technique of a singer in delaying presentation in order to create curiosity among the audience by way of directly teasing or charging them as well as the usage of alliteration and other forms of rhetorics. It was worthwhile noting that our folksinger made use of various aspects of poetics and rhetorics without any conventional knowledge about them.
7. It could also be observed after concentrating upon the multifold documentation and analysis how the thinking process of the singers varied from culture to culture. It was evident that just as the personality traits got reflected in these speech patterns of a person, a singer was invariably influenced by the treasure of

the formulae he made use of. It was also interesting to study whether it would be worthwhile comparing the usage of formulae when an epic was orally presented by different singers.

8. To examine the nature of the genesis of a 'sutra' or formulae. Because it was evident that a formula assumed its existence when singing became inevitable.
9. It could also be examined how the usage of formulae and the relation among them could be employed to suit a performance instead of intermingling the singing patterns.
10. Eventually, a systematic and in depth study to show that a serious exploration into Kannada Folk Epics could be very much essential to interpret Kannada culture in its totality.

HYPOTHESIS

We studied the various aspects of the epic with some hypotheses before us. Some of these hypotheses were:

1. Long oral epics are not products of memory, but they are recreated during the very performance itself.
2. The formulae employed during singing, the multi-forms and singers employ these techniques for the recreation of their epic.
3. The very circumstance during which a folk epic is performed determines its content and form. And also the context exercises its own impact on the development of a folk epic.
4. The presentation of the texts by male and female singers generally come out with gender bias.
5. After studying the content one could observe the uniqueness of the culture of the backward communities.
6. It would be possible to focus upon the episodes that stand by gender bias after standardizing the text of a multiform documentation.

RESEARCH DESIGN AND METHODOLOGY

Folkloristic importance is being given for the methodology of collecting information and studies taken up through such endeavours. Almost all aspects of Folklore primarily depend upon fieldwork. A

precise elaborate as well as scientific fieldwork only could get us great amount of information. Such a colossus of information is analysed to arrive at authoritative conclusions. And thus the method of fieldwork ultimately gives a form to a study and controls it. Present project attempts to acquire facts in their real and complete proportions during the fieldwork and attempts to render such documentation value based. In order to achieve a high level, perfect and consolidated documentation of the Manteswamy epic, it was found essential to keep equipped with VHS and super VHS tapes, U-matic high bond system, High-end Tape Recorder, Cameras, Computers etc., We could make use of some of these gadgets during the course of our study and research.

A documentation of this nature as mentioned above did not intend to glorify the project. It is a humble beginning of the realisation of our thought, resolutions and dreams. It was a project being taken up with a strong and firm commitment. The project aimed at enumerating the various source materials and an effective and useful methodology of collection and implementation.

HUMAN RESOURCES FOR THE PROJECT

About twenty scholars and researchers were expected to participate in fieldwork, documentation and translation. In order to take up a vast and effective fieldwork the team could be divided into two groups. The name of the groups, its members and a list of their addresses was prepared. The scholars and researchers for both the groups could be chosen on the basis of their academic accomplishments, expertise and experience in field work. Besides knowledge, experience, language capabilities, location, age and such factors could also be taken into consideration while forming the groups. It was expected that they should help a long way in fulfilling the objectives of the documentation project.

The project was taken up in three phases. The programme under the project was divided into three phases. Following are the details:

I PHASE

1. Co-ordinating for an excellent field work.

2. To procure the names of various traditions of singing this epic and identifying the singers after a vast survey and prepare a comprehensive list.
3. Collection and documentation of social, cultural and family background of each singer prior to the documentation of multi-forms text. Identifying the multifaceted imagination as well as talents of the singers not delimiting their faculties to the status of mere epic narrators. It would be interesting to see how such faculties contribute in their art of narration.
4. To improve upon the technical standards of documentation.
5. To put forth all efforts to take up the documentation work in natural context as far as possible in order to procure the full text of each tradition creating corresponding induced contexts.
6. While recording audiotapes, the video would also be procured in the form of clippings. Meanwhile colour photographs would also be taken.
7. The collected facts and records would be carefully preserved in archives.
8. A master copy of all the materials collected, notes and references, audio and video cassettes, photographs, would be kept ready for future use.

II PHASE

At this stage the textualisation of the documented epic would be taken up. On the basis of the textualisation, a show would be arranged for an empirical study of the narrative presentation. At least 25 to 30 versions of the narration of the epic belonging to various would be documented. Attention would be given to document every different version to at least 5,000 to 10,000 lines. After the oral presentation is rendered into writing, it would be preserved on electronic media in the computers.

During the documentation of the text the singers would be repeatedly contacted and their interviews would be taken. Oral literary criticism of the singers about their epic rendering would also be recorded. During these visits the singers would be requested to render

their narration in prose also. So that a comparison would be established between the prosaic and the poetic rendering of the epic. This comparison would help in exploring into the coordination technique in the narrative rendering of the epic.

III PHASE

At this stage an exhaustive study of the text of the epic would be conducted. The nature of the work schedule during this phase would be as follows:

1. Manteswamy epic, which is one of the major Kannada Folk epics, would be translated into English.
2. A rethinking of the coordination process of the epic would be initiated.
3. The epic would be examined from the point of view of the various formulae of the different singing traditions, their content and form, worldview, gender perspectives would also be considered from the linguistic point of view.
4. A study of the singers of the Manteswamy epic would be taken up from the point of view of social, economic and cultural point of view.
5. By way of textualisation and documentation of this oral epic, the conceptualization of the singers with respect to place, period and origin would be compared with those of conventional literature.
6. The singers or narrators would be considered as co-researchers instead of mere artists. Their worldview, reactions and interpretation of their epic would be recorded in detail and textualised later.
7. On the basis of the materials collected by way of documentation and textualisation, scope would be rendered open for a dialogue on Kannada Culture.

THE IMPORTANCE OF STUDY

1. For the first time in history, the Manteswamy epic was taken up for a systematic documentation to explore its cultural unity.

2. The audio, video as well as still photographs could be exhaustively used to render the multifaceted documentation comprehensive.
3. An exploration into the epic from various points of view could unravel newer definitions of plurality in Indian culture.

THE RELEVANCE OF THE PROJECT FOR THE PRESENT SOCIETY AND NATION AT LARGE

Though Ramayana and Mahabharata, being predominant epics of India generally believed to have been composed by single authors, their popularity and acceptance in the society are astonishing. However we also find arguments about the development of these epics by several authors or at least textualisation on the basis of available versions by single authors. Regional Languages recreated these epics on the basis of Sanskrit. These poets reflected the nature and traits of the soil in their epics, but however, they could not modify or manipulate the features of Aryan culture or the values established by that alien culture. These epics depicted enmity and differences as well as love and hatred between the ruling classes thereby focussing their concentration on imperial expansion. Our regional epics also accepted and nourished these very values.

On the contrary we find several long narratives which depict the heroic deeds of our cultural heroes. These narratives which are many often matriarchal in nature and cherish Dravidian values come out with the natural flavour of life. In fact these narratives could only bring out the real cultural history of Karnataka in their original fervour. Most often the very life and lore of the royal families are dubbed to be our glorious history. But our folk epics, specially an epic of the kind of Manteswamy, open up the eyes of such historians and urge to emphasise the history of life and lore of the common man. It becomes necessary for our backward communities and tribes to safeguard the nuances of their cultural life and submit themselves for the process of acculturation at which stage oral epics take their birth. Indian society is basically caste based and from this point of view also oral epics play a dominant role in Indian rural life. Our folk epics have always grown with protest for the established values of the caste

based society. They have strived hard to establish harmony and co-ordination among various castes and communities.

CONTRIBUTION OF THE PROJECT TO THE REPERTOIRE OF KNOWLEDGE

Manteswamy epic prevails among the rural folk of the planar regions of South Karnataka. The language employed throughout the epic which is popular in four districts viz, Chamarajanagar, Mysore, Mandya and Bangalore rural has got its own linguistic features. It is a product of the culture of these areas concerned. However, hardly scholars have taken up a study of the contextual changes of this narrative from a literary point of view. The epic, as it stands today, has been edited and studied on the lines of conventional epics only. As this study seems to have not taken into consideration the very fundamental nature and progression of an oral epic, one cannot expect to find desired results. Instead of concentrating upon the nature and style of composition of the oral epic, scholars have strived in vain to arrive at the basic form of the text. This has in other words underrated the importance of the folk traditions.

Without considering the oral texts in their cultural background it was not possible to collect and subject them to a value based study. It was necessary to take into account the co-text, context and such other items along with the text to render the study more comprehensive. It was necessary that shows earmarked for the collection of contextual information could be watched, their details documented and an analysis made amply making use of these things. Many features and insights which do not emerge out by way of mere text analysis were unraveled when they got coordinated with co-text and context. This eventually rendered a momentous responsibility on the researchers who took up the task of comprehensively collecting and documenting the oral epics and transformed them to written form. If a project like this was not seriously taken up for study, research and analysis, it could tantamount to a devastation of a living oral legend as potential exponent of a vibrant culture.

- Ambalike Hiriyanna

MANTĒSWĀMY EPIC TRADITION
OF
SOUTH KARNATAKA

Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna

Translated by
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The greatness of Dharege Doddavaru
(Master of the Earth),
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come oh Lord of Kandāya
(Consecrated rod made from the wood of *Kakke* tree symbolizing spirituality)
Come to us, oh Lord Lingayya-
Oh Guru, you have made your home
In Edatore and Chandagāla,
And Harale and Hampāpura and Mirale-
Oh you squint-eyed Rācappāji-
Oh you elderly Mother Cennāji
Oh you Swāmīji of Malaval
Oh you master of Boppanapura,
Let the cry we cry
Be heard at your holy feet,
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come to me Oh Lord Lingayya
Let the cry we cry
Be heard in the District of Koyambattūr,
In Kirudāla and Bālgunse,
In Kottannūru and Telnūr
In Bānūr and Sondralli,
In the midst of Ankanapura-
In the hut of Cikkayya
In the holy seat of Cikkallūru,
Let Lingu of Kurubanakatte,
Let Jyōti of Phalāra
Let washer man Mācayya,
Let Paramjyōti, my Father the Light Eternal-
Let the cry that we cry
Let the devotion that we profess,
Oh Lord Nīli Siddappāji-
Be heard at your holy feet-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come oh, you master of Kandāya

Oh, you Lord Lingayya,
Step in with grace supreme

This is the story of Paramjyōti, the eternal Being, Holy Figure, whole in form, Lord Allama, - Creator of the Earth and Lord of the Earth- our Master who left Mount Kailās, who crossed the overflowing ocean, appeared in the lake of Red Lotus and came to be renowned as Paramjyōti (Eternal Light) and the Master of the World (Dharege Doddavaru)

Halavāra village for your daily walk,
For your worship Boppanapura
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh Lord of Miracles, Lingayya,
Come! Oh Lord of Kandāya
Lingayya, show your grace,

For our Guru Kappadi is like Kailās,
Cikkallūru is Guru's holy residence-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come, oh Lord of Miracles, Oh Siddayya-
Come, oh Jyōtilingayya

The Master of the Earth, Paramēśwara, who had created the Earth too, settled in a place called Ulume and came to be known as Ulume Sangappa. He looked around to see the regions in the future World in the eight directions, North and South, East and West, and in the four corners:

To the holy place of Ādi Kalyān
Comes our honoured Lord
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come, oh Lord of Kandāya -
Come you Lord Lingayya-
It is the holy place of Ādi Kalyān -
The ninety seven lanes
Sees our Lord, Paramjyōti, the Light Eternal-
He looks at his seat -
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi

Come, oh, Light Eternal, Lingayya-
Come to me you yourself!

He cast his glance at the city of Ādi Kalyān. In the city of Ādi Kalyān it is the rule of King Bijjala, Mancanna is Kondakār and Basavanna is the Minister. Oh Lord! The city Kalyān has ninety seven streets, one lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas (devotees), thirty six priests, sixty six Swāmījis; Both devotees and Śaranas are a rare species. As the adage goes, just one in a crore (is) a devotee. Just one in a clan is a Śarana.

The city of Kalyān,
Ninety Yōjanas in extent
It is not Kalyān, but Kailās (the seat of Lord Śiva),
Say, suvvi, oh Mother,
Say, suvvi, oh Mother,
God of Gods-
This city is not, Kalyān
It is Kailās of Nandi deity,
There he is taking rest
The God of all Gods
Oh Basavanna You in green attired,
Renowned in all Earth,
Most renowned of the three worlds,
He is in truth the head
Of Mathas seven hundred
Say, suvvi, oh Mother,
Lord of all Lords
The Queen of Basava the Lord
Will never say any untruth
She placed milk of the cow
On the oven hot,
Say, suvvi, oh Mother,
The Deity of all Lords
placed the milk of the cow
On the hearth
She served food to guests ten,

The Lord of all Lords
Served the food to the guests
So did she earn virtue in full,
So it is, say suvvi
The Lord of all Lords

She used to feed one lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas (devotees) every day. The Prasādam (rice-offered to God and received from God as blessing) that remained after distribution during the service in Kalyān, would be used with a morsel of rice - Okka Akki - by Basavanna's wife Nīlamma. Cooking a single bringal she could feed one lakh ninety six thousand devotees every day. The remaining was carried to Kailās in a stone cart. By Kailās is not meant the Kailās of Mother Nīlamma but the bungalow in Mallikārjunagiri in Śrīśaila. One day Nīlamma (Nīlōcane) said to Basavanna: "You feed one lakh and ninety six thousand people every day. Are you not a real Guru?" "Yes Nīlōcane", said Basavanna. He did not realize what was in the mind of his wife when she put the question. "You have been made the Guru of all the 700 Mathas". "Yes". "So, let me tell you one thing," he said, "Please tell me, Nīlōcane." "You are the Guru of one lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas. It is said that those who eat salt and tamarind can not do justice to the spirituality of Kalyān, on the ground that human beings who grow teeth and shed teeth can not be trusted, as their nature is to forget their promise as soon as they have made it. You are making every one here wear a Linga to be worshipped. You are my husband; therefore a man of the World. Who is going to be your Guru?" The question quite upset Basavanna. He became anxious. The question was indeed real:

Basavanna heard the words of his wife,
There were springs of tears in his eyes.
With eyes filled with tears to the brim
Basavanna took off his saffron cloth,
Suvvi bā Cenna Basavanna
He left the company of his wife-
Filled with sadness in mind

Both the eyes of Lord Basavanna overflowed with tears. Looking at him Nīlōcane felt very bad. She felt that she was responsible for spoiling the joy of her husband. As Lord Sangamēśwara (Lord Basavanna) slept on his couch, his devoted wife laid herself down, holding his feet. As the adage goes the husband is God to the wife- wife is the goddess of the husband. As the two were grieving, the matter came to the mind of the Supreme Guru, Paramjyōti, the Eternal Light. The Supreme Guru had settled in Ulume Kādu; he came to be known as the creator of the World and the great master of the World (Dharege Doddavaru). He had got the name after creating this World. How did he create the World? He blocked the flowing water of the sea, he killed a bear and mixed its blood with water, turned the mixture into soil, he prepared the soil of the earth, spread three varieties of soil on the land, grew banyan plants on the land, plucked the banyan fruit, placed the fruit on the palm, made oil by crushing it in the palm, put it in a mud-bowl, tore his piece of orange coloured cloth, twisted it into a wick, dipped the wick in the oil, struck pieces of flint and made fire which gave light to the whole World. The Guru, who thus got the name of Supreme Light, became aware of the distress into which Basavanna had fallen:

Hearing the words of Nīlōcane
The great Guru appeared in her dream
And spoke to her in her dream

The Lord spoke to Nīlōcane in her dream. "Nīlōcane!": "Who is speaking to me?" "It is me, mother. You don't have to worry that your husband has no Guru. I am going to appear as the Guru of all: of you, of your husband, of all, of the whole of Ādi Kalyān, of the whole world," said the Lord. "Oh, I am thrilled. Your arrival here will sanctify this whole region. Please let us know at what time your Lordship will arrive in Kalyān." "Nīlōcane, at the last door of Kalyān there is Haralayya's house. The bell in his house, with no striker inside, will ring thrice: Danīr, Danīr." Then you may know that I am arriving in Kalyān". "I have noted your command, my Lord," so saying Nīlōcane opened her eyes. There was none around her in Kalyān. Lest she should disturb Basavanna's sleep, she lay at his

feet, (but could not lie for long), patted him and woke him up. "What, Nīlōcane, why did you wake me up?" "Don't worry that you don't have a Guru. The one who is going to be my Guru and yours, the Guru of all one lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas and the whole of Kalyān - is coming to us tomorrow. He told me that tomorrow the leather bell (drum) without the striker in front of the house of Haralayya in the last gate of Kalyān will sound 'Danīr, Danīr', and then you may understand that it is the hour of his arrival." Basavanna nodded his head but got a little worried too. "Oh, Lord Śīva, earlier Nīlōcane asked me who my Guru was. Now she says that the Guru is arriving. How is it that the Guru who appeared in my wife's dream did not appear in my dream? What a useless leader I have been! It was my dream to bring together people of diverse castes and make them the devotees of Linga. If the great Guru does not appear in my dream it means that I am not a deserving leader for Kalyān". Nīlōcane said, "My Lord, what does it matter, if the Guru appears before you or before me? Only the Guru of the whole World can come to Kalyān".

Our dear *Basavanna* heard
The words his wife said,
Come oh miracle-maker Lingayya,
Oh our Master Guruvanna
Hearing the words of his wife
Our *Basavanna* comes to the last gate
Come oh Gangādhara Lingayya
He sees Kadakara Sanganna
That stands at the last gate-
"Come here, - Kadakara Sanganna"
"Oh, my Lord, what is your command?"
Oh my Lord Basavanna!
"Listen with attention
To the words that I utter"
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come, oh! Miracle-maker!

"Oh, Sangappa!" "What is your wish, my Guru?" "Tomorrow the Guru of Kalyān, the Guru of us all, is coming to Kalyā. We have to get prepared to receive him, don't we? Tomorrow allow only-saffron-clothed Śaran Basavanna as, Śaranas holding the holy vessel (Kamanala), holy men wearing Linga, and mendicants can be allowed within. Don't allow any wrestlers or ruffians. Allowing them entry would corrupt our town." "Yes, my Lord". "Nīlōcane, Rācappa and I are going to take a bath. You may please get the seat of Sangamēśwara duly cleaned and decorated. Take the help of your cousin Nāgamma". Thus, taking the help of Nāgamma Nīlōcane is clearing and decorating the seat of reception.

Basavanna, he would ride a white horse
Oh squint-eyed Rācappa -
He would wear a turban of rough cloth-
He would fasten a drum on his waist-
Basavanna - would ride
A white horse – a white horse-
Oh listen to the words they spoke
Our Guru the creator of the World-
Our Guru, the master of the World
He created the man,
He created the woman
He brought the earth into being,
He brought the World into being,
He came into Ādi Kalyān-
He got Ādiśakti to his support
The primeval energy,
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Known as Lingappa in this Kali era-
Come, Oh Lord!

Basavanna went to the tank of the town. Nīlōcane and Nāgamma were engaged in cleaning and decorating the Gurumatha on the Sangamēśwara platform. The Swāmīji in his house at Ulume Kādu heard the words spoken by Basavanna to butcher Sangayya. "Oh, tomorrow it is going to be the market place of butchers. "Oh you

were waiting to unite all castes and initiate a revolution. I would like to visit your Kalyān tomorrow to see the nature of Lingavantas in your charge. You know in what guise the Swāmiji came ! Kalyān

He puts on buffalo skin,
He leaves his Ulume House
He comes to Kalyān,
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh! You great Guru!
Lingappa, oh, comes to us

To Ādi Kalyān
Is coming our Father
Full is the fort at Kalligāla-
Oh our father!
As our Guru enters the town
Sangappa sees him
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh my Guru,
Lingappa you come!

To the gate of Kalyān
My Lord great Guru
Comes to the door of Kalyānand stops,
He looks up at the door,
The Lord of the Earth comes to Kalyān
He comes at a low pace,
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
The Lord of Kandya
Come, oh Lingappa, yourself

He was going, as if he were blind, with his head exposed. At the door stood Sangappa,- with a stick in his hand: "Oh- dirty Jangama, are you in your senses?" "Why, why do you ask?" It was the day when Basavanna and Nīlamma cooked food for all. They cooked food for all by turns. Today it was Monday, it was the turn of Basavanna to offer food to all - "Since the time when Ādi Kalyān was founded and built, I have not seen such a dirty Jangama as you

here. Whom did you ask for permission to get into Kalyān?" "Father, who should I ask to get food in Basavanna's house? It is the world that is giving. Those who are hungry, those who are on the way, can relish the food in Basavanna's house. Who should I ask? It has been three days since I had any food. My legs are tired of walking without rest. I am hungry. I must eat something. I shall have the holy Darśan of Basavanna , take the Prasādam at his house and then I go my way." Hearing the words of the great Guru of the world (in disguise) Sangappa flew into anger. Staring wildly at him he said, "Oh you dirty Jangama, if I let you in, all the devotees of Kalyān will be spoilt. Get lost from Kalyān.", "Father, don't say that, please. Let God bless you. I shall sit in a corner and take my food. Please let me in." "You dirty man, don't you know the rules of Kalyān? It is only those who wear saffron, those who wear the mendicant's pot, Jangamas who wear Linga, and those who smear the sacred ash on the forehead, that are entertained in Kalyān. Somebody might have let you in at the last door." "Oh, only wearers of Linga, Jangamas, Swāmījis can have a place in Kalyān! Look, here," so said the great Guru of the World and with his little finger he split his body from top to toe into two halves, "None of the one lakh and ninety six thousand Lingas in Kalyān are to my liking.

"Look at this Linga of mine
And let me go into Kalyān-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh, my great Guru,
Come oh Guru Lingappa-

Our great Lord shows the holy Linga
To Sangappa- (the butcher)-
"Look to the fill
Oh you, oh you butcher Sangappa"
"Oh, this is a magician
Oh, this is a sorcerer
Let him be not allowed-
To get into Kalyān"-

"Leave Kalyān, you fool, at once"-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi

"You dirty beggar spoilt"-
Oh come you Lord Lingappa"

To take challenge of miracle-making,
Be on our side, oh you great miracle maker-

Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh Lord Lingayya, bless us with your appearance
You the darling of all mendicants
You Nīli Siddappāji
Siddayya Swāmi - you come!
Oh my Guru Lingappa-
Come to us, do come to us!

Oh you Guru, first ever-God,
Mantēdalingappa-
What shall I say of your motives mysterious
Hidden in your being?

Oh come oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh our Guru the great!

Oh, we may believe in God-
In Divine men we may believe-
We may believe in spirits in rage
We may believe in the tenants of cemetery
We may believe in those who have
Grown tangles of hair on head-
We may believe in Siddayya Swāmi in the earth,
Oh my Guru Lingappa

"You fool, stay there outside of Kalyān, you are trying to come in when Basavanna is not there. We don't know what you are, you may be a sorcerer or a practitioner of black magic. Are you going to leave Kalyān at my good word, or do I to have to hit you on the neck and chuck you out?" "Oh, you are hitting me on my neck and driving

me out of Kalyān?" "Yes, how many times should you be warned, you dirty vagabond?. When I say you have no entry here, you must not step in." "So, friend, I have to go now?" "Yes, you have to". "I can't, but I must, you say," so said the Swāmi and put three steps forward. The butcher Sangayya did not know the greatness of the great Guru. He held the whip in his hand, bent the neck of the great Guru of the World and whipped him three times left and right. The great Guru said, "Your three lashes are not for me, six lashes are for Basavanna who is bathing in the tank of Kalyān- three lashes are for his wife Nīlōcane, who is the light of Kalyān.." So saying he flung off the buffalo skin covering his shoulder- the skin turned into a buffalo calf and started grazing in front of the gate of Kalyān. Our Guru put his ale pot on his head

With the ale pot on his head
He leaves the town of Kalyān -
He comes to the lane at the end-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come Oh my Great Guru
Come Lingayya- come you yourself-

In Kalyān he looks for Śaranas
He comes to the lanes of Śaranas
Here is Akkayya Śarana and here Cikayya Śarana,
Here is Śarana Farmer Muddayya-
There is Śarana Honnayya among the outcastes,
Here is Śarana Cennayya of Mādigas,
Here is Śarana Bīrayya of Turukas
A Great Śarana he is
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi,
Come to Kalyān, oh Lord Lingayya,
Come, you yourself, oh Lord!

Oh, Śarana Bīrayya of Turukas
Śarana Mādyya, the farmer
Śarana Gundayya the potter
Śarana Amritha Caudayya
Śarana Mācayya the washerman

Cardamum grower Mārayya-
Great Śarana Goramma the milkmaid
He looks up in every lane
Where Śaranas are resident
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh my Guru, my Lord
Come you yourself, Lord Lingayya-

Śarana Bīrayya of Turukas
Combing Śarana's lane each
He comes to the lane last
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi

Having found Haralayya's house
In the lane last
He spreads his tiger skin
On the ash pit large
He spreads his lumps of sacred ash-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come upon the world, oh Lingappa-
Come yourself here-

As he went looking for a proper Śarana's house to rest in, none of them seemed suitable in the eyes of our great Guru. Of the Śaranas Haralayya, Honnayya and Cennayya the most favorite was Haralayya, who was an Mādiga (one of the lowest castes). In the ash pit in Haralayya's house the great Guru spread his tiger-skin and was taking rest.

In the meantime Rācappāji finished his bath and returned to Kalyān. There in Kalyān as Nīlōcane was wiping the floor clean, she got three hefty lashes on her back and with a sprain on her back, she sat up still, unable to move. Though Nāgamma called her up aloud twice, Nīlōcane sat still, unable to move. There came Basavanna . "Nīlōcane", he said. "Yes, my Lord!", "Oh, I was bathing in the tank of Kalyān; somebody beat me on my back six times with a heavy fist". "Oh, my lord, did you receive six whippings? Just as I was laying my head on the Sangamēśwara platform in Kalyān,

I got three lashes on my back! How strange! What strange events are taking place in Kalyān!" "Come, let us look up at the last gate", said Basavanna.

Taking his sister Nāgamma,
Taking his wife Nīlōcane
Taking his friend Rāchappaji
He comes to the gate last-
Oh! Basavanna, Oh Lord Basavanna -

He came to the last gate and asked, "Sangappa, did anybody come to Kalyān after I left instructions?" In truth as the great Guru was getting into Kalyān, the bell of hide did strike three times, but butcher Sangappa did not hear it. "Some dirty Jangama came to Kalyān, covered with buffalo skin and carrying an ale pot. He wanted to get into Kalyān but I did not let him. As you had instructed me, those who were not clad in saffron cloth, those who did not carry the sacred water pot, were kept out of Kalyān, however much they pleaded. One wandering beggar however insisted that he should get into Kalyān. 'If you don't listen to my good word and get lost, I am going to whip you', I said. When he refused to oblige, I held him by his strand of hair and lashed at him three times. He flung off his buffalo skin and said 'Your lashes are not for me, six lashes are for Basavanna, and three for his wife Nīlōcane'.So saying he went out in this direction."

Neglecting our holy Master,
When he was in our midst,
Into what sin we flung ourselves down!
So grieving and grieving
Goes Basavanna in search
Of the Lord of the great Earth,
Basavanna, our father, goes in search.
Where does Basavanna go?
Basavanna leaves Kalyān-
He skips the first lane,
He skips lane the second,
He skips the third lane,

He skips lane the fourth,
He enters lane the ninety seventh,
In the last lane he walks-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come oh Basavanna, Lingayya, come you – yourself
As he walks in lane the last,
He sees the ale pot
In Haralayya's house -
Ash it has heaped to height of men,
Covered in ash lies my father the great Guru-
The feet to the north,
The head to the south,
Three and six *galiges* of time, (21/2 galiges are an hour)

Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come, Oh! Our Guru,
Come Oh! Lingappa, come you yourself

You, see, Basavanna saw there
The Guru in his mind
Here framed in time and place-
Oh! What great being: what a great Guru!
Oh! We failed to see
Your whereabouts-

Husband and wife said to the Guru in utter devotion: "We are terribly sorry; we did not know you were here in this form. For our misdeed, for our lapse we curse ourselves. It was our ego that blinded us. We developed such a sense of self-centeredness. Oh! How bad it was that such a great Guru could not visit Kalyān! Oh Guru, come with us!" So saying, the husband stood on the right side, the wife on the left, and both pulled the Guru's feet- and lo, both the legs of the Guru came off in their hands. "Alas, our Guru, regretting our sin of neglect, we wished to have your Darśan, now we have your two thighs in our hands - come with us, oh Guru", they pulled his arms, one from the right, the other from the right, Lo! The two arms of the

Guru came into their hands. "Oh, Guru, please rise!" they said and lifted him by the neck and the neck came off into their hands. "Oh, Nīlōcane, we can not be saved from damnation, if we leave our Guru behind. Till we have the Darśan of his feet, till we give up our desire for food and drink, our craving for restful sleep, till we give up our vices like desire, anger, pride and jealousy and see the feet of the Lord we can not get salvation. We will not leave our Swāmi behind." So saying Basavanna took his turban off his head, spread it on the ground, and the mother put the limbs of the Guru together on the turban-cloth like sticks of firewood and tied them up into a bundle. Basavanna took the bundle on his head and Nilamma took the Guru's ale pot on her head. Basavanna went ahead and Nilamma followed him.

Thus they leave Haralayya's house
They come to Guru-Matha (in Kalyān)
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Basavanna -
Come oh Lord Lingayya-

As Bas Basavanna reaches Kalyān,
A lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas
Gape at Basavanna -
Oh- he is carrying some dirty mendicant,
The words spoken by the Jangamas
Came to the sense of our Guru-
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come you Lingappa, yourself

Thus the great Lord was coming to Kalyān. As he reached the gate, the puss from the wounds from the body of the Guru flowed from the head of Basavanna to his toes.

If anybody stood on the side, they would have to close their nostrils to keep off the foul smell. All those who stood there, all those Śaranas who had nice food said among themselves: "Oh! What a state of affairs! We thought Basavanna was our great Guru, his wife was truthful and virtuous. We fed ourselves from her hand- what

sinners we are! Oh God! This outcast Basavanna has got the post of Minister under King Bijjala, when there are virtuous Lingavantas (Linga-bearers) like us by the hundreds in Ādi Kalyān- this Basavanna is carrying on his head- this dirty carnivorous beggar on his head!" They all scolded Basavanna as the one who not only defiled himself but defiled the whole of Kalyān. Basavanna spoke not a word, he came in, bent down and placed the bundle on his head on his royal seat, and opened the bundle. Basavanna stood to the left and his wife to the right and the both offered worship to the Guru with incense-sticks and holy lamps!

Salutations to Kalyān!
Salutations to Kailās!
Salutations to Virūpāksa Linga
Of Basavēśwara- the light of the World
That rules over Kalyān
Salutations to Lord Śankara!

Basavanna and Nīlōcane refrained from taking food and drink, they refrained from going to sleep, they renounced vices like desire, anger, pride and jealousy- They worshipped the Lord for nine nights and nine days:

They perform with all devotion the Lord's worship
They wave the auspicious light (Mangalārati)
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come Oh Great Guru,
Come you Lingappa, come yourself-

We realized too late you were in such form-
My father Oh! Mantēlingayya-
Oh the Great Lord of the Earth
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh Lord of Kandāya
Come graciously, oh Lord Lingayya-
Oh you Eternal Being, Holy Form!
Of Form complete! Oh Lord Allama!

The creator of the Earth, the Great Lord of the World-
Oh you Eternal Light!

Pleased with Basavanna's devotion the Lord made his appearance before him. He said, "Basavanna, you vowed to usher in a revolution- by fastening Linga on all the one lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas- and uniting together members of all castes. The three eras of Karta, Trētha and Dwāpara are over. In the coming era of Kaliyuga- the whole of Kalyān is going to be a butcher's shop- My advice is - Don't be in Kalyān any more- Take your wife Nīlōcane to Kūdala Sangama - the junction of three rivers. There you get 'integrated': Getting integrated is not an easy thing. For the late King Mulugūdu Mahadēvappa was the Diwan. (Home Minister). Now on this earth Kappadi Rēcappāji was Basavanna's Diwan. How to leave them? He called Rēcappāji and washer man Mācappa and told them that he had kept a lump of sacred ash (vibhūti) on the Kadukalakatte (platform) in Kalyān and asked them to bring it to him. So they went to fetch the Vibhuthi. The Swāmi said, "This is the right time, you leave for Sangama." As Basavanna went to Sangama and closed the door on him, Rēcappāji arrived there. "Basavanna, how you deceived us! As your close devotees we trusted you fully and you leave us behind, go alone to Sangama!"

At this moment Swāmi, the Lord, said, "Don't worry, Rēcanna and Mācayya. In the next era of mankind I am going to grant you both salvations. Come with me." As they were following the Swāmīji, the leaves on which the one lakh ninety six thousand Śaranas, thirty three thousand priests and sixty six Swāmījis (one in a crore is a devotee one in a race is a Śarana) had taken their food, had been growing into a hillock like the hill of Kundūr. " We can not trust the people of Kali era- who have teeth in the mouth which fall off and grow again. We can not trust such men. First we have to do away with this dirt." So saying Rēcappāji struck two pieces of flint, caused a fire, made a bonfire of the hill of leaves, turned them all into ash and filled his bag with the ash. Even Dharege Doddavaru (Lord of the Earth) did not know that Rēcappāji was filling his bag with the ash.

The Guru had by now settled in Kalyān and he now was named as Sangamēśwara. He spoke to Rēcappāji. Rēcappāji asked him, "What is your wish, Oh Gurudev!" "Why did you fill the bag with that ash?" "My Lord, tomorrow we are going to follow you, wherever you go. In Kaliyuga nobody can be trusted. Only those who really worship the earth should have golden plantains waving in their garden. Devotees should be blessed. Only to those who believe we should be the Guru or Guide. The faithless should be cursed with disease. The eldest son should be given disease. The eldest daughter-in-law should be struck with hysteria. This is the first remedy. Let us go," said the great Guru and led them out of Kalyān. As they reached the third gate, there sat Holeya Mādiga. (Outcast Mādiga). "My Lord, you have spoilt Kalyān, and you are taking away these two. Give us salvation and then take them. We are going to join you. We shall carry your bundle and follow you". "All right, you carry our bundle and come with us."- Leading them he came to the last gate of Kalyān. Inside the last gate Ādi Brahmacāri, was working at the tower of Īrabhadra's drum. He stopped the work, came to the Guru and held the feet of Dharege Doddavaru.

Oh, you know the mind of the doers
You know the truth of the givers
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Come graciously, Lord Lingayya,
Oh Master, you are enemy of the wicked
You are the darling of devotees
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi
Oh Lord of *Kandāya*
Come graciously Lord Lingayya-

I know the mind of the doers
I know the truth of the givers
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi

I can in their house
Wander as a vampire
Come, oh Siddayya Swāmi

I can in the house of believers
Sway as blossoming plantains
Oh Lord Siddayya,
Lord of Kandāya -
Come graciously Oh Lord Lingayya-

He said, "Let me have salvation and then you may go." "In which life should you get salvation?" "My Lord, one who is born is bound to die. One who is dead is bound to be born again. This is not needed. Give me real salvation," he pleaded. The Lord said, "Young man, you should face all the trials and tribulations that I have undergone before, before I give you salvation. "Yes, my Lord, I am ready. Let me take an oath in the name of your feet that I undergo all the tortures that you faced. Grant me salvation". At that the Lord closed his outward eyes and saw with his inward eyes. "In which womb shell I put you?" he asked himself. As he went on to consider:

A village called Nidughatta
In Nidughatta village
Son of Annōji
Bāci Basavācāri
His wife Muddamma-
In Muddamma's womb were born
Six sons in all
Though six sons they got
For husband and wife
Cloth there was just a piece
The rice they ate was sugar for them,
The porrige they drank was their Pāyasam-
Without a dress each for the sons,
They grieved at their penury-
You gave me a wombful of children-
To feed them I have morsels none -
Oh God!
Work in places seven
Fetches not a morsel of food
To eat and nurse this limb

Day in and day out-
Sitting and standing
They made appeal to God
There he urged for salvation
Here the mother cried for succour
As her tears washed his feet
He touched his feet-
The two events met in a moment-
Oh Brahmacāri-
I shall grant you salvation,
Leave my feet,-my body-
You'll give me salvation, will you?
Yes I'll-
In village Nidughatta
The daughter-in-law of Annōji
The wife of Bāci Basavācāri
Has son- six in all-
They are going to settle in Mārehalli-
You'll be born as her son seventh

They will admire your charm and beauty and will name you as Kempācāri. Their poverty will vanish and they all will gain wealth and riches. You know where I'll settle, after leaving Kalyān and after scouting all parts of the world? I'll settle in the sheep-pen of shepherd Kurubēgowda under Boppēgowda of Hālumata. In your seventh year you will be working in the smithy- I'll take you as a gift and free you of all desire, anger, pride and jealousy. I'll make you live for twelve years in the company of serpents and scorpions - you'll have a critical time- I'll turn you, a Nīlgāra, into Siddappāji, and I'll give you eternal salvation and make you God!" "So let it be", blessed the Guru with his *Kandāya* and then and there the young man breathed his last. His body fell. But his soul flew into the bosom of Muddamma. The great Guru of the World left Kalyān and in the company of washerman Mācayya , Rācappāji and Holeya Mādigas Cennayya and Lingayya and came to the Kānda of Turukas (Muslims).

To Turuka Kānda

They leave Vijayanagara-
They reach the Muslim's colony-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
In the Turukara Kānda

Reside Muslim brethren,
As the great Guru sighted them
Allah, Akbar, they say-
"You fools, give our Guru some place to rest"
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"You fellow, you are asking for shelter?- You come with some nincompoop and ask for place of rest. This pony here is carrying. If you tell what kind of foal she is going to give birth to, we give you a place of rest. The Swami said, "Sahib, this is going to yield a male foal- of five colors. The Saheb asked, "Is this true, you Sanyāsi?" "You see, we are not givers of gifts. We are devotees of Śīva." The Saheb called his men. "If you have spoken the truth, I'll be your follower." There and then they cut the womb of the female horse. And lo! There was a young foal of five diverse colours, just opening its eyes.

2.To Kodekallu

Our father leaves Kalyān behind-
He reaches the place Kodekallu
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
In summer's sun on a slab of rock
Swami the Great settles down
He spreads the tiger's skin-
He scatters the sacred ash
He lies down on his side right
Rācappāji and Mācayya the washerman
Honnayya and Cennayya lay themselves down
The squint eyed Rēcappāji

Doesn't get it seems a wink of sleep
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

3. To Vijayanagara

Our father leaves Kodekallu behind!
He arrives in the place Vijayangara-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Don't enter the southern kingdom-
They feed poison, murder at noon-
They use magic foul- beware!
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji arrived in Vijayanagara. He spread his tiger skin and scattered the ash. He fixed the *Kandāya* of *Kakke* plant and sat near it on the ground. He sat facing the east. "Rēcappāji", he called. "Yes, Gurudēv, what is your wish?" "As we came from the North to the South we have missed worshipping the *Kandāya* for several days. We must now do the worship. For the worship we need flowers." "Yes, Gurudēv", "You, see, you may to go to the east, or go to the west, but don't go to the South". "Why, Gurudēv?" Rēcappāji asked. "No specific reason, they poison strangers, they strike them dead at noon, avoid going to the South." Provoked by curiosity Rēcappāji, bound for the east, changed his direction and moved to the south- deliberately and knowingly.

In Vijayanagara village
Seven hundred children
Of folk magicians' clan
Play the game Cinnikōlu
They play Iralegōli
They play Laggecandu
To the children of the folk magicians' clan
Came our man of miracles,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He wins the game Iralegōli
He wins the game Laggecandu

Rēcayya's triumph
Sends the Gārudiga children into rage-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
One of the Gārudiga children
Cries before his sire and grandsire,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Elderly Gārudigas gather together
"Some outsider not at all known-
Has defeated our children in game
He won the gōligajjige from them
We have to teach him a lesson-
We should throw him up a challenge
And vanquish him with our magic
Seven hundred Gārudigas
Come to the public ground
Take our challenge-
If you win
You win our title and name-
You win, you stranger brat
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Oh Lord Eternal Light, my Lord! The squint-eyed Rācappāji approached the Gārudiga children as they were playing Ranacendu game and Cinnikōlu game. "Children, are you playing?" "Yes, we are." "Boys, can you give me a chance to play, I would like to play with you. All of you stand on one side. I'll be alone on the other side. Let me have just a hollow Cinni (stick). First the children played. Rācappa Swami won all their Cinnis, one by one, and held them. Then he played. He had just one cinni. By the force with which he swayed it went up the high hill. All the children cried in pain, their stomachs swelled and they all lay dead. Just one boy survived. He rushed to the elder Gārudigas and said, "Some vagabond has defeated us all and killed all the other children. Somehow I escaped from him. The elderly Gārudigas came to Rācappaji and said, "Why do you play with our children? If you have an itch, play with us. If you defeat us- there is honour in it. "Oh! you great Gārudigas. What do you give me, if I happen to win? The Gārudigas said, "If you meet

our challenge, we give you our daughter Cennājamma- Chinnamani. They played the Rājamōdi- Rānimōdi game. They put a charm on a lemon and put it into a well. The challenge was to pick it up with the mouth and to spit it out. Accordingly they drew lines on the ground, dug a pit in the design, and placed a charmed lemon at the bottom. The Gārudigas could not win the game- they lost their lives. The Gārudiga women are also great charmers. If they place grains of rice, those who are dead, come back to life. This is their charm. If they use neem leaves as the charming object, those who lose will be bitten by swarms of scorpions.

Squint-eyed Rācāppji offers
To the great Guru of the Earth
His prayers simple and humble-
"Your feet are my shelter
Oh you Father
Lord of the Meeting Point of
Three rivers
Your feet are my succor-
Oh- mother Nīlamma that nursed me-
Your feet are my only hope-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
The Gārudigas all gather
Some magic man may some Miracle maker greet
Some man of sorcery may take the challenge,
And wrest the present from us-
We light a lamp on the head of a buffalo.
But the master of all great men of magic
The priceless Rācappāji prays to the great
Guru of the World
He supports himself bravely on the knee,
Takes the light on the head of the buffalo, oh!
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

How strange, whatever be the charm we apply, he overcomes them all- this brat of an outsider!

They lay the challenge of a coconut,
They stick a needle on the coconut,
They lay the coconut at the bottom of a ditch
Our Rācappāji raises his foreleg-
Kicks at the stem with force!
Gārudigas - three of them
Give out blood- and die on spot-
The wives of the deceased Gārudigas
Grieve to no end-
The husbands he revives-
Remembering the great Guru of the Earth
He takes some scared ash-
He scatters the ash on the deadly charm
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

When the Lord kicked off the coconut used for charm, it flew off and fell on the deity of their house. The deity was a Malayalam deity.

Thus having won the game of magic he won his title of "conqueror of Gārudigas - (Miracle makers). To keep their word, they gave Cinnājamma as a gift to the Lord.

To the Pāncāla community

As you are a the son-in-law
Of the Pāncāla group,
When you come and are seated
On the platform in front of the village
We will be thrilled to have
Our son-in-law in our midst
They'll bring you rice and condiments-
You will be their son-in-law
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Even till to-day the community treats the Lord as their son-in-law and they give him a treat of rice and condiments. They treat him like a child. They give money to his hand and apply oil on his head.

Blessings of the Great Guru of the Earth

Having won the game of charm with Gārudigas Lord Rācappāji won the titte of "Ghana Gārudigara Ganda" (Master of the Supreme Miracle makers) and the greatest in the World.

He leaves Vijayanagara behind
Reaches Śīlavantapura-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Miracle maker Lingayya, you come,
You know how to ruin the homes
Of makers of black magic,
You can make those who give you alms
Millionaires overnight
You can make those who give you milk
Bathe merrily in an ocean of milk

Salutations to Kappadi
Salutations to Kailās
Salutations to Cikkallūru Gurumatha,
Oh Lord Mantēdalingayya -
You are lying in the underworld Pātāla
In a twelve man deep well-
With the door closed with a gigantic boulder
Lest you should get sight of Kali, the evil one,-
Salutations at your holy feet,
Come, oh, Paramjyōti, the light of the World!

Now our Lord the Light Eternal, Paramjyōti, is in Śīlavantapura. Our Lord is the upholder of Dāna, (giving) and Dharma (Righteousness). Brahmins receive him with all respect and worshipped his feet. Dharege Doddavaru, the great Master of the Earth, blessed them while moving from the North to the South. "You don't have to toil in soil and soil your hands. You continue to consult the almanac and make your living. You always eat rice mixed with ghee." Thus he blessed them. The people of Śīlavantanpura named our Lord Śīlavantayya.

4. To Śīlavantapura

Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He comes to Śīlavanthapura-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Carrying the holy *Kandāya*
Carrying the *Tambūra*
Propagating virtues of giving and leading a virtuous life
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

To receive Siddayya Swami and offer him worship
Are many devotees on their toes
Haradēva was is with Bhiksa
Gurudēva is ready with Bhiksa
Sādhu Sangappa is ready with Bhiksa
Kalyānadēva is ready with Bhiksa
Trimūrtis (three gods) are ready with Bhiksa
He says that first he would receive Bhiksa
In the lane of Śīlavantas-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Lord Eternal Light, our great father, Dharege Doddavaru, was propagating the value of giving generously in the colony of Turukas. The Muslims said that because he has hands, he is propagating the virtue of giving. Lest he should beg for gifts they cut off his hands. The Lord blessed them "From tomorrow onwards in the tall-towered Darga you will pray to the Lord three times a day with "Allah Ho Akbar", with uplifted hands. Let the hands be your God".

5. To Turuka Colony:

He leaves the Turuka colony behind-
Our Lord came to Bommaratittu
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Oh Lord of *Kandāya*
In the Turuka colony
Oh our Father, Lord of Eternal Light,

There are Mussalmans
In Turuka colony-
There our Lord seeks gifts of Dharma
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Oh you light Eternal
Come Oh Lingayya yourself

6. In Bommarabetu

In Bommaratittu
Sits our Lord, our father,
The creator of the world, the master of the world,
In Bommaratittu our Guru
Spreads the sacred ash,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

He fixes the *Kandāya* of *Kakke* tree on the ground,
He sits on Bommaratittu
Facing the eastern ground
The Master of the World,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

7. To Kamblapura

He left Bommaratittu behind
He came to Kamblāpura
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
In Kamblāpura
He got fame as Kambladayya-
The creator the world, the Lord of the World,
He left behind Kamblāpura
He arrived in Cotnalli,'
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Lord of the Kandāya,
The Image of Light, do come

He came to Cotnalli and settled there. He took with him five children (disciples) and the great Guru of the world settled formally there. He was named there as Cotnalliyayya. (Master of Cotnalli)

To Sakhraya Pattana

He leaves Vijayanagara behind
He arrives in Sakhrāyapattana
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Lord of the Kandāya,
Come Oh Lingayya-

The Eternal light, my father
What shall I say
Of the greatness of the great Miracle maker
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The bringer of the earth, the maker of the earth, the great Guru left Ādi Kalyān and came to Sakhrāyapattana There the naming ceremony of the children of Vīragurubasappāji was being held. The elder was named as Senior Gurubasavarājēndra Swami, the younger one was named as younger Prince Vīrabhadraswāmi.

The king Vīragurubasappāji had no children for many years. At last he got twins as children. The King celebrated the event by announcing gifts of all kinds: Annadān (gift of food), Gōdān (gift of cows), Vastradān (gift of clothing) etc. He insisted that in the region of six miles in length and three miles in breadth nobody should go hungry. People were greatly thrilled by the prospect of eating food at the King's palace. He was known for his philanthropy. A gift of clothing was part of a wedding celebration. Our father the Eternal Light was seated on a dilapidated platform in the village. He proposed to Rēcappāji that they go to the feast thrown by the King. Rēcappāji and Washerman Mācappa, - who had accompanied our Lord Eternal Light, followed him. They came to the King's palace.

There they offered worship at the feet of the great Guru of the World and invited the three to partake the feast. To test the devotion

of the King the Swāmīji (Great Guru) did not offer worship to Lord Śīva as per his routine, and having eaten, without washing the hands, he simply rubbed them against his saffron cloth, and came off carrying his *Kandāya* - which he had brought from the North. "What a dirty Jangama', people complained to the King. The King at this moment took a wrong decision. "You see, your dishonour is my dishonour too. Yesterday the elder boy's naming ceremony was performed. Tomorrow the younger one's naming ceremony is to be held.

"Make the announcement in the town through a drummer. And when the three come to take the food, feed them with poisoned dish," he issued the command to his minister. The minister announced a feast with special dishes for the occasion and invited all people to the feast.

To the King's palace

So comes the holy Swāmīji,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Sixty six coins, thirty three trophies
Around the waist is fastened a serpent,
A talisman made of copper,
Ornaments *Butmunde* and *Butkīrti* adorn his form,
Wearing Mukkanna turban on the forehead,
For the left golden ankle an anklet of steel
For the right golden ankle an anklet of steel,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
The feet roughly shod in thorns,
Wearing the *Kandāya* of North on the shoulder,
With a mighty *Tambūra* in the right hand-
So does our Miracle maker visit the king's residence,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The plantain leaf for the feast was laid before all people. Just these three people have been left out- "Brother, let us also get the leaves for the feast." The minister said, "You are going to be specially fed by the King and the queen". "So we are special guests", said our

Great Guru and sat patiently. The King and the queen brought nine poisoned dishes and gave them three each. The Swāmīji put two of the dishes in his bag. He blessed the royal couple wishing that the house of those who fed them with rice would overflow with milk (be extremely prosperous). Then he returned to the dilapidated Mantapam.

Here the King called his servants and said, "Will those who have tasted the poisoned dishes survive? No, they will surely die. Dig three pits behind the hut." The servants dug pits and waited for the three Jangamas to die, so that they could bury them in the pits. In the dilapidated Mantapam Rācappāji made lumps of *Bhangi* (opium), and the Lord of the Earth enjoyed the smoke. The next day the children of the child were being brought to school on horseback by the servants. "See, the children of those who fed us with poison, are going to school," he said to his disciples. As the children were walking home after school, the Swāmīji unleashed torrential rains. Drenched in the rain, unable to bear it any further, the children rushed to the dilapidated hut where the Swāmīji was smoking his special stuff. The children were anxious to go home. They were hungry. The Swāmīji said to the two children, "Yesterday your father gave us special dishes. Two of them remain. You may eat them." So saying, he offered them the poisoned dish, eating which the children lay unconscious. As they came to the front portion of the house, eating the poisoned dish, the poison had affected the two children and both of them fell dead. They held the half-eaten dish still in their hands. "Oh, what sinners we are! Our children are lying dead!" said the King.

"Oh! God!"

"For many years we were anxious that we did not have children. We had two at last and now they are dead!" Thus they were grieving: The king said to the Śaranas, who had misguided them; "Holy men, I listened to your words, and you led my children to death. Bring them to life if you can!" The Śaranas left the place, one by one.

Dharege Doddavaru, the great Lord of the Earth, who came there, said, "If you give me your children, I'll give them life." "I had

got three pits dug to bury you. Now if you don't bring my children back to life, you may bury my two children, one in each side, and me in the middle". The Swāmīji said, "There is no need to die, if you give me the children as gift. Tomorrow you will have to divide the kingdom of Sakhrāyapattana between the two of them and they will rule half of your kingdom each. If you make a gift of them to me, I'll make them rulers of the whole world."

At last the King of Sakhrāyapattana agreed to hand over the children to the great Guru of the Earth. He thought that instead of burying the dead children, it would be better to let them live somewhere, that would be enough consolation and the Swāmīji had promised to make them rulers of the world. So he consented to make a gift.

The Swāmīji held a powder black-
Sprinkled it on the children who lay dead
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
As he took the powder black
And sprayed it on the children
And lo! The dead children awoke as from sleep.
Oh you great miracle maker,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Lord of Kandāya
Come Oh Guru Lingayya,
Oh Guru- Enemy of the wicked
Beloved of the Devotees
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Thus our Lord, Eternal Light, our father, the Creator of the World, the Great Guru, the Master of the World, revived the deceased children. At the end he pronounced this imprecation on the King. "We came to your house to have food. You gave us poisoned food."

Let your span of life
Be halved-
Come Oh! Jyōtilingayya-
We came to eat

In your place
You fed us with dishes poisoned-
Hear the curse upon you-
The King's span of life
Will be reduced by a half-
Come Oh! Jyōtilingayya-

Thus the Lord of the Earth cursed the King. He took the children with himself and said to the King "Don't worry about your children. I am going to make them Gods."

The Lord of the Earth, the Maker of the Earth, the Creator of the Earth, the Great Guru, went to the city of Mysore. It was a regime of Kings who had no sons but only daughters. The Swāmīji pitched a red tent by the side of the fountain. The children sitting in the tent were hungry. So they went for Bhiksa to the palace. The Swāmīji went to the palace of Queen Kamalāksi Bai and Krishnarājēndra the IV (Nalāvadi). He was carrying his *Kandāya*, his *Tambūra*. He was wearing his trophies and symbols- He came to the Mysore palace:

9. To Mysore

To the palace of Mysore
Comes our Lord himself-
Oh come Oh Lord Siddayya-
Come Oh the Eternal light,
Come, Oh! You yourself-

To the palace of Mysore
Comes our holy father
The Lord of *Kandāya* -
Mantēdalingayya-
Stands in front
Of the palace gate
The Lord of the World-
Allama has arrived for Bhiksa
He begs for alms-

Giving gift is the greatest virtue-
It is the greatest duty-
Oh Bhiksa for the Great Lord,

Bhiksa for the Great Guru
Bhiksa for Kalyān
Bhiksa for the Lord of three eyes-
Bhiksa for holy Sangayya-
Bhiksa for the Light Eternal
(Jyoti Lingayya)
In the palace of the King-
We receive Bhiksa first
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

In the palace of the King our Father the Eternal Light (Paramjyōti) announced his arrival for Bhiksa. Queen Kamalāksi Bai was excited about the arrival of a holy man for Bhiksa. She took pearls, precious stones, silver, gold, diamonds etc. on a platter, put a burning ember, burned incense powder on it, covered her head with the pallu of her sari and brought Bhiksa to the holy mendicant. In a humble voice she implored the saint to receive the Bhiksa. The Lord of the Earth wondered, "Queen Mother, why are you so silent? Why are you so sad?" The queen said, "Yes. I am sad and it has got a reason. But I don't know who you are. However my mind says you're the greatest of Gurus."

In Karagalli is reigning
Māra Nāyaka of a warrior race,
In Mysore is ruling
The race of the King-
Māra Nāyaka of Karagalli
Has issued a bitter order!

"We don't have a daughter. But still he has issued the order, 'If you get a girl child, you have to marry her off to our son'. The Swāmīji pacified her. Then he asked, "You have no children?" When the Queen replied, "No" the Swāmīji pronounced a boon on her, "You will get a girl child."

The queen said, "If you grant us a boon, grant us a boy child; if I get a girl child, we will lose her according to the command of the wicked Māra Nāyaka. " We can grant you only a girl. If you agree to give me the new born child and put their in this bag, I give you the blessing of a girl daughter. "If you agree to take, I am ready to give," the queen said. Our Lord is the creator of the world, he has got a girl child, and he has already got boys as gift. With his blessing the Mother Deity of the Earth is placed in the womb of the Queen. In nine nights and nine days she is born on the earth.

Listen, oh King, Listen oh queen
Send a letter of Invitation
To Māra Nāyaka of Karagalli

"You know, what should be in the invitation. 'All old women from your side may come for the engagement.'In response to the letter Māra Nāyaka sent a message that he would come to the event as desired. The Swāmīji ordered digging a ditch south to north behind the black stone tank of the palace. He set the Mother of the Earth on a plantain leaf and disguised himself as a priest and stood at the gate. Karagalli Māra Nāyaka came with his retinue and sent a message. "We are a community of six thousand members. The King is of our clan. Can we come to seek a girl in marriage just as ordinary men?" "Yes". "Give us a stately welcome. Let the paraphernalia of the palace be sent, we follow". The King sent his line of elephants and line of horses. He sent the guests one by one to see the infant bride. Those who went from this side fell into the ditch and died. So it is said that those who crave for a woman will all come to dust.

For seeking the girl's hand in royal home
Let Māra Nāyaka be named as Putnāyaka
Come oh Lord Siddyya,
Come oh Lord of Kandāya -
Come oh Lord Lingayya-
Wearing a waist cloth
Keep moving briskly around
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

You will come to be

Known as the Royal Retinue-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

They were named as the royal retinue- Nāyakas and fishermen. Thus the Holy Man ruined Kallagalli and revived Mysore. He blessed the royal family and made a gift of *Kandāya* to the King. The King got the name as Lord of *Kandāya*. Having got the gift of Doddammatāyi, the Swāmīji ate food at the palace. He proposed to pitch his tent near the fountain tank and waited there till Rācappāji who had gone to Kappadi Tippūr returned the next day. He asked the King to send him food to his tent. The King agreed. Thus having received six disciples Paramjyōti (the Eternal Light) continued his journey. He had got disciples. Now he go had to get places for them to stay.

10. To Elekundūru Hills

Mysore he leaves behind,
My Lord Paramjyōti
Mantēdalingayya
Southward he moves
He passes by Arekere Bannūr
He comes to Hādi Halavāra
The Lord himself arrives,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Thus our Lord, the Creator of the Earth, the Bringer of the Earth, Lord Paramjyōti, with the six young disciples, left Mysore behind, and through Arakere Bannūru the Great Guru of the Earth came to Hādi Halavāra. In Hādi Halavāra he found the house of Uppaliga Śetty suitable for his stay and there he set his feet. He laid the bowl of holy ash on one side and the bag of Bilvapatra (a kind of leaf,- auspicious for Lord Śīva). He wanted to see whether the two would balance. No, on one side it tilted slightly. So he left Hādi Halavāra and moved on. As he left, Uppaliga Śetty held his feet. The Swāmīji blessed him. "You may erect a Gaddige (Mantapam) where I had set my feet and you may build your house there", he said.

He leaves to Halavāra
He moves through Kurutūru,
With six young disciples,
Lord Mantēdalingayya
The one who got as gift a child
The one who got boys as gift-
The Creator of the Earth, the Creator of the World
Oh Guru, how shall I describe
You creator, you great Miracle maker!
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Having left Halavāra, Dharege Doddavaru (the great Lord of the World) came on the Bommanahalli route.

Our Lord comes
To Eleyakundūru hills,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Our Lord sat on top of Eleyakundūru Betta (hill) and he kept the six disciples in a cave of Elekundur hill. There our Lord got the name of Kundūru Būdadayya. As he balanced Eleyakundūru hill, he found it tilting slightly to one side. Finding this place also not quite suitable, the Swāmīji called Rācappāji and said, "What did the King of Sakhrāyapattana tell us?" "He said that we are mendicants, begging for alms moving from house to house. Where do you accommodate my children? Who ought to rule this Kingdom, the King of Sakhrāyapattana would have to partition his Kingdom between the two sons. I told him I would make them rule the whole world. These boys have to be coronate sooner or later. Till I find a suitable place during my sojourns you remain here, Rācappāji, looking after these children". Thus saying he Swāmīji gave his blessing.

I know the mind of those acted
I know the truth of those who gave
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Oh Lord of *Kandāya*,
Come oh Lord Gurulingayya
Sixty six coins

Thirty three titles,
The grand *Kandāya* on the shoulder,
Mantēdalingayya carries,
Titles and trophies and medals
He carried on his head
To provide a house proper
For the royal children
Our Lord Mantēdalingayya
Stands on top
Of Eleyakundūru hills
He looks to the north
He looks to the south
He looks to the east
He looks to the west
He looks to the north east
He looks to the south west
He looks to the south east
He looks to the North West
The four directions he sees
The four corners he sees
He sees Ādihonnyākara Halli
Paramjyōti, oh our Master,
First comes to his sight Ādihonnyākara Halli
Next comes to his sight Malavalli
To the right of Dharege Doddavaru
As the third site comes to his sight
Kurubēgowda's hut in Hālumata
As fourth comes to his sight
The washer man's home-
Parents don't give away their children
Owners of huts don't give away their huts
To the princes we must
Look for a site full suited
So he looks up in directions four
So he looks up in corners four-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

What shall I say,
Of the greatness of our great Miracle maker!
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He leaves Kundūru hills
Our Lord Mantēdalingayya
Leaving Eleyakundūru to the left,
He passes through helmets
Ancipura and Malakāna,
Kancagalli and Boragāne,
He passed through Dēvapattana

Dharege Doddavaru
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Kurubēgowda of Hālumata was the Lord of seven villages: Okralli, Onagalli, Halladāsalli, Mutnalli, Dyāvapatna and Kancagalli. He lived grandly, with his possessions: Seven herds of she-buffaloes, seven herds of cows, seven herds of sheep, six sons, six daughters-in-law, thirty six grand children, so he lived. As you know parents don't give off their children. Those who have built houses don't give away their houses. Before Dharege Doddavaru got the village, it was known as Kādankalli. To Kādankalli village our Lord set his feet. He came there at dusk, stood in front of Kurubēgowda of Hālumata and announced his arrival for Bhiksa. Kurubēgowda had grazed his sheep; he led them into their sheds.

Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Thus though our Lord called for Bhiksa right in front of his house Kurubēgowda was still lying in his coir-cot and was fast asleep. Dharege Doddavaru felt that though human beings who have jaws with upper and lower rows of teeth did not hear his call, the sheep at least should have heard. As he sounded his *Kandāya* and his *Tambūra*, the seven hundred sheep of Kurubēgowda woke up and bleated. Now Kurubēgowda also woke up. "If the mendicant had come when the sheep were coming to their pens, I could have given him a lump of cooked grain with spicy soup. I could have fed him to his fill. Now he has come at dusk-and is calling for Bhiksa at an

unearthly hour. What should I give him?" He came out with his shepherd's whip.

He comes near Dharege Doddavaru,
There comes Kurubēgowda
Come Oh! Siddayya Swami
Come Oh! Mantēdaswāmi
Come Oh! Gurulingayya
He looks in anger
At the face of Dharege Doddavaru
Come Oh Siddaya swāmi

"Oh, mendicant! Don't you have any sense of time? If you had come when the sheep were being gathered, we could have fed you to the fill. At this dusk you are calling for Bhiksa before family men?" "Oh, master, It is already dusk, my two eyes can't see. My two ears can't hear. Even if I want to walk two steps, my two legs fail. Give me space in some corner in your twenty four sheep pens. I lie there for the night and in the morning I leave." "Oh, mendicant I have to give you a place for rest? There is no space in any of the twenty four sheds. In one cows are fastened. In another she-buffaloes are gathered. Another is the dining shed. Another is our sleeping room. There is only one place where beggars like you can sleep- we have a dilapidated shed.

In the dilapidated shed,
You lay yourself down-
Oh, come Siddayya Swami

"Well, for people like us a ruined hut will do. Palaces are all for you people. But I can't see. I can't walk up to the shed. You don't have to show any consideration for me. But see this *Kandāya*, see this *Tambūra*. Give some place at least for them!- you will earn a lot of Punya (virtue)", said Dharege Doddavaru. "If I give you a place to sleep my daughters-in-law will have additional duties. The place has to be dusted, washed and decorated with Rangōli. Are they to serve you? Don't they have to clear the seven sheds in the morning? There is space in none of the twenty four sheds. Kurubēgowda did

not know that this Swami would not give up even if he denied him any shelter. "What a nuisance of a Jangama!" So thought Kurubēgowda and was about to lash at him with his shepherd's ship. But as he raised his arm, the Swāmīji took his black powder and spattered it on Kurubēgowda:

With the touch of the power black
The raised whip stands still
The raised arm stands still
Seeing Kurubēgowda
Standing and staring still
Runs up Boppēgowda's wife Kālamma

Come Oh, Siddayya Swami

Boppēgowda's wife ran up to her husband, saw him standing still and asked the Swāmīji, "Oh Swāmīji, why is my husband standing so still?" "I asked for some place to rest in the house, 'we have no space ourselves, where shall I give you any?'" said your husband and came to beat me up. So he is standing there." She said, "I shall ask him to give you place to rest". The Swāmīji held again his black dust and the Gowda breathed again and regained his senses. Boppēegowda's wife said:

We may spend money in thousands
But to see God we may not be destined

"My Lord, if we give him some place to rest, does he take it with him? A great sage has come to us. Give him some space," she said to her husband. When he asked, "Where is space?" she said, "There is a broken cot in the sheep pen. Let him lay himself down there". Then Kurubēgowda said, "That is good. That means he can keep a watch on the seven thousand sheep. What Kurubēgowda showed was the herd of sheep. What our Swāmīji wanted to have was a herd of sheep. What the patient wished to have was milk. What the doctor prescribed was milk. He gave him a coin as advance. Kurubēgowda held out his hand and accepted it. With that he invited his own doom.

To Kurubēgowda's house

He gives an advance
Oh come Siddayya Swami
Oh Mantēdalingayya
Lord of every home,
Come Oh Siddayya Swami
Paramjyōti, my Father
How shall I describe
The greatness of our Miracle maker?
Come Oh Siddayya Swami

Kurubēgowda went into his house; the Swāmīji followed him. He saw that broken cot of the sheep pen had gathered dust for six months. With his bundle of peacock feathers the Swāmīji dusted the cot, spread the tiger skin, and spread the sacred ash. Keeping his paraphernalia in front, he fixed the *Kandāya* of *Kakke* tree in the midst of the herd of sheep and settled down. Kurubēgowda was saying then, "It is difficult to believe these beggars. If they take away just four of our sheep when we are asleep, they will make a fortune of a sheep farm. Beggars earn Bhiksa in every house and sleep in the shrine of Māri deity. So he said to the Swāmīji, "Before dawn you must leave the place." "All right, sir, at the rise of the morning sun and, before the light of the dawn spreads, I leave your place," said the Swāmīji. Kurubēgowda locked up the door of the sheep pen.

Today is Monday
Tuesday is tomorrow
At the height of noon
Let me see for a while
The life-game of Kurubēgowda
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Come please Oh Lingayya

"Kurubēgowda, let me see the play of your life for a while," said the Swāmīji. He laid himself down, with feet facing the North

and the head resting in the South. Nine Galiges (Galige- unit of time- 1 hour is equal to 2 1/2 galiges) he swept and he got up on his right side and thought, " It took Kurubēgowda so much time to give a little place here. Will he give up his house of 24 pillars? Let me see the truth of this Kurubēgowda." When he was thus contemplating, the seven thousand sheep lay there, chewing the cud. Kurubēgowda of Hāgumata had his life in his sheep. He would also rise on his right side, but before looking at the face of the wife by his side, he would look at the face of his sheep.

He takes up the bag
Of Rācappāji's house
He puts it in his front
He takes six bundles of *Bhangi* leaves,
He takes six units of the sap of Ekka plant
He takes three units of cactus sap
He takes some castor oil,
He takes some green leaves,
He mixes with them poison from a tender cobra,
He washes them all with lime water,
He crushes them all into a *Bhangi* ball
He stuffs his hookah with the mix
Oh come Oh Siddayya Swami

Into the golden hookah he pushed the stuff, struck pieces of flint and made fire and lighted his hookah and began to smoke. *Bhangi* of twelve bundles of leaves did not get exhausted in two puffs but was not enough for the third puff. He swallowed the smoke and turned his great hookah upside down. At that three Khandugas of ash got scattered among the herds of sheep. The Swāmīji swayed in his stupor, bent on one side and slept aslant. Kurubēgowda had insisted that at the rise of the morning star he should vacate the sheep pen. He spat all the smoke that he stored in his stomach on the sheep. Inhaling the poison all the seven thousand sheep stretched their four legs and lay dead.

The morning cock crows
The eastern horizon grows red

The morning cock crows
It is glow-
Kurubēgowda is awake!

The loud crowing of the cock in the morning woke up Kurubēgowda. When he looked into his sheep pen, alas! All the seven thousand sheep were lying dead. Seeing all his sheep dead, he rushed home. "Oh! The estate on which I have lived so far has been destroyed. I ruled these seven villages like a king. That has now been destroyed. Kurubēgowda was the master of the region. If any thing went wrong, they brought the complaint to him. He would give the judgment. The Swāmīji sat silently on the coir cot. If he spoke a word, it might cost his head. "As per the word of my wife I gave this beggar shelter." He called his wife three times: "Hē, Kāli", Kāli!" Hearing the shouts of her husband, the woman who lay in sleep, got up hurriedly and rushed to her husband and asked, "What is your wish?" "Listening to your words, I lost my all. You asked me to give shelter to some vagabond of a Swami. In return I see to-day my seven thousand sheep are dead." They say if the husband is stupid, the wife should be wise. If the wife is stupid, the husband should be wise. Then the household can go on. If both are stupid it is as good as throwing it out. Either the wife should obey the husband, or the husband should obey the wife. Then it is like a carriage drawn by two horses well balanced. Only with a single mind people can run a good household. Kālamma was wiser than her husband. "Why do you scold me, sir? If the Swāmīji has come to ruin us, let him do so. If he has come to bless us, let him do so. Who knows, he may have come to test our mind." The couple held the feet of Dharege Doddavaru, who asked, "Why do you touch the feet of this beggar?"

"Swami, with your stay here, my seven thousand sheep are dead. For what reason?" "Hear me, oh Kurubēgowda, don't worry that your sheep are dead. I can give you seven plus seven fourteen thousand sheep. Will you grant a single wish of mine?" said Dharege Doddavaru. Kurubēgowda was tempted at the thought of getting double the number of sheep. "What is your wish, sir? I am ready to fulfill it!" "Kurubēgowda, I will make you the owner of seven plus

seven fourteen thousand sheep. "Will you make a gift to me of your four and twenty houses?" Kurubēgowda pondered. "If I get extra seven thousand sheep, I can build seven such houses. "Give me the sheep. You may have the 24 huts built by my father."

He heard Kurubēgowda's words,
Oh Guru! Oh Lord Śhankara!
Hearing the words of Kurubēgowda-
Our father Paramjyōti

As Kurubēgowda gifted his twenty four cottages the Swāmīji said to him, "Kurubēgowda, take your shepherd's staff, count your sheep and drive them off." The Swāmīji took the black powder in his palm, chanted (33 birudu), eighteen purānas (epics), four Vēdas (sacred scriptures), performed Hōma and chanted Śadaksari Mantra:

Ōhm Namah Śivāya Namah!
Let all obstacles be off!
Ōhm Guravē Namah!
Ōhm Śāntih, Ohm Śāntih, Ohm Śāntih!
So saying did Dharege Doddavaru
Holds black ash in his herd
Sprinkles it on the dead sheep
There are seven thousand more
In the herds of sheep-
Come Oh! Siddayya Swami
Oh the miracle of our Miracle maker!
Revives he all the sheep dead
Oh Lord of Kandāya,
Come Oh, Lord Lingayya
None has measured your charm
None has known your truth
Oh my father Paramjyōti
Mantēdalingayya

It took half a day for Kurubēgowda to count the seven plus seven fourteen thousand sheep gifted by the Swāmīji. Having taken them out, Kurubēgowda milked the sheep, plucked mango leaves,

came to the house, placed them on a wooden seat, brought scented water in a vessel, washed the feet of the Swāmīji, waved a sacred lamp and made a formal gift of the cottages:

Putting embers of coal,
Putting perfumed Sāmbrāni shreds
He waves a Mangalārati (sacred lamp)

At the Swāmīji's feet-
The plantain plants bow
He waves the sacred lamp
The plantain plants bow

The moon is setting down
Rangōlis lie in shine,
For the worship of our Dharege Doddavaru
The plantain plants bowed-
Whole coconuts two hundred
Split coconuts three hundred
There flowed a stream of tender coconut fluid-
The plantain plants bow-
Rangōlis lie in shine
The moon is setting down
Rangōlis lie in shine
For the worship of our Dharege Doddavaru
The plantain plants bow
Why you, great miracle maker,
Is your face filled with gloom?
Onlookers may hate you,
All plantain plants bowed
Oh! Onlookers may hate,
All plantain plants bow
The moon is setting down
Oh the Rangōlis lie in shine
Oh! The plantain plants bow.

Our Hālumata Kurubēgowda waved the sacred lamp at the feet of Dharege Doddavaru and gifted off his houses. He loaded seven

buffaloes with his household goods, took his six sons, six daughters-in-law, and thirty three grand sons, and drove six herds of she-buffaloes, six herds of cows and fourteen thousand sheep. With his wife Kālamma he had laid six and three nine steps and then he got worried. "Even the birds in wilderness, after searching for food throughout the day return to their nest in the evening. Where should I take this full-fledged family, having given away this home that I have built?" The Swāmīji said, "Don't worry that you have given away your home. God will not deny a place to those who have given him a place. You may settle in the village of Ādi Honnāyka." "My Lord, in Ādi Honnāyka village there are six thousand Gangadakāras. There is a saying - "Shun the company of Okkaligas- though they may give you plenty of Rāgi (a kind of common men's staple food)." "There is no problem. If we adjust ourselves with them, they look after us as tenderly as parents look after their children. They let you lie down on their side".

Having heard the words of Kurubēgowda, Paramjyōti, our father Dharege Doddavaru said, "Other communities may be jealous. If Siddanna prospers, Linganna burns in envy. I hear he has bought a carriage. I hear he has bought three-acre property- "Why not, he can afford to buy something every year." Thus they speak in envy. But Gangadakāras are not so envious. If some body thrives and prospers, they love him. If Linganna lives well, they like him. If we live by the side of good people, our children also learn good manners. Kurubēgowda, in Ādi Honnāykara village you just put four stones in a place you like. I shall get the place transferred in your name. I will make the six thousand members of Okkaliga community obey you fully. I'll make you their great leader, but don't get into head that the whole of this community supports you." Thus saying, the Swāmīji left.

"Live you like a simpleton,
I'll make you a peasant great
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Don't try to settle disputes
Between families fighting-

Wink at them
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Be first for a meal
Be last for a meet
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Give up not what is just
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Listen oh, Kurubēgowda of Hālumata - you will be the first when you go to a feast, you remain last when you have to attend a meeting. Don't try to settle disputes between people. Don't try to intervene between people in dispute; you may wink at such quarrels. But don't give up what you see as truth. If you live a simpleton's life I will make you a great peasant. Live wisely, be intelligent- "he said. Listening to the words of Dharege Doddavaru, Kurubēgowda agreed to follow the good advice.

"But I am worried that when I die the members of the will touch me and defile me but bury me"."Don't worry, Kurubēgowda. You will not be buried. You will be made a God by name Biradēva."

Let me make you God Bīradēva,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Hālumatada Gowda
Come Oh Lord Lingayya

"Listen, oh, Kurubēgowda of Hālumata. I am going to make you the Lord of the whole Kuruba (shepherd's) race."

You'll rise as
Maralli Bīradēva
You'll stand as God incarnate
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come, oh Lord Paramjyōti
Come, oh Lord Lingayya

Let the sickle cutting leaves today
Be tomorrow garden shears
Let your shepherd's staff

Be the Nandi pillar
In Mudukutore village
I will make you God of glory great
Oh Kurubēgowda!

"Kurubēgowda, you will carry the coveted Vīrabhadra Halage (drum) on your chest. At every meet let there should be more and more troupes of Kurubas. "My Lord, you have blessed me abundantly, I fall at your feet". "Kurubēgowda, never say 'no' to anybody, who is hungry and who seeks food from you. Let there be perpetual feeding of the hungry in the house of Hālumatas. When you will build your house let there be enough space for a corridor of three feet. The corridor is the space for strangers. Not everybody has concern for strangers. Not everybody leaves room for them when they build houses. Kurubēgowda should however build a house with a spacious corridor. If a mendicant or beggar like me desires to sit there, let there be some space for him.

Let the house you gifted be called
King Kurubēgowda's house
Where princes play
Come oh! Jyōtilingayya (Lord of Light)

"Kurubēgowda, you have given your house. Let it be named as Rājaboppēgowdanapura, where royal children move about. Don't have any worry. The house will be mine, but it will bear your name. Hence the place is still called Boppēgowdanapura.

Leaving behind Boppēgowdanapura,
Hālumata Kurubēgowda
On the Ancedoddi road,
Come to Kandagāla village
Kurubinalli village to the left
Mattitālappa shrine to the right
Comes to Ādihonnāyaka village
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Gangadakāras saw Kurubēgowda moving with his family, with his goods loaded on seven buffaloes. Their curiosity roused, they

stopped him. They thought this was an ideal householder holding his family intact". "Let us make them settle in our village. Let our children learn the lesson of living together." They surrounded Kurubēgowda and said, "Who are you, master, where do you come from?" Kurubēgowda said,"Friends, I lived in Rājaboppēgowdanapura. Our Guru came there and wished to live in our house. So we have moved here in order to settle here." The Gangadakāras said, "You don't have to seek any more for the place of your stay. Your settle in this village in whichever spot you choose." Thus they gave him shelter. Kurubēgowda settled in Ādināyaka village.

Here in the house of Hālumatada Kurubēgowda Dharege Doddavaru, Paramjyōti built a house of twenty four pillars.

12. To Maduvāla Mācayya's house

For the royal children
A house is ready
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Guru arranged for the stay of the royal children whom he had brought with himself. Now he had to look for a proper place of stay for the supreme head of all Māri deities- Doddammatāyi, the Mother of the Earth. Sitting in his house, he was ruminating on this issue. He looked in the North-eastern direction, where Maduvāla (Washerman) Mācappa's house was situated.

When the Swāmīji s eyes
Fall on Mācappa's house
Dharege Doddavaru
The Lord of the Earth
Kandāyada Odeya sees

Maduvāla Mācappa's house
The washer man is settled
In villages Okralli and Onagalli
In villages HalladāsanallI and Mutnalli
In Kodagalli, Dyāva Pattana

and Kancagalli
He settles in villages seven

He settled in seven villages- and from these seven villages he gathered soiled clothes. He would make steam by burning varieties of firewood: Kottimullu and Karemullu (both prickly plants). He would blow air on the fire and he would wash the clothes in steam after soaking them in water mixed with varieties of clay: chavlumannu, kemmannu, eremannu. The clothes he washed would smell fresh and clean.

To the house of Maduvāla Mācappa
Comes our Miracle maker Supreme
Come Oh! Lord Siddayya,
Lord of Kandāya
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Leaving behind Kurubēgowda's house
To our Mācappa's house
Comes our Miracle maker supreme
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Paramjyōti Lingayya-
Come, oh! You yourself!
Carrying your Kandāya,
Carrying your Tambūra
In front of Mācappa's house:
He seeks alms and gifts
Come, oh Lord Lingayya
Bhiksa for Haranadēva
Bhiksa for Gurudēva
Bhiksa for Sādhu Sangayya
Bhiksa for Jyōtilingayya
Bhiksa for the God of Kalyān
Bhiksa for the God of Kailās
Bhiksa for the Gods Triumvirate,
First Bhiksa I have
In the house of Mācayya
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

My Father Paramjyōti first sought Bhiksa in the house of Mācappa. Though he called for Bhiksa, washer man Mācappa was not aware of it. He was busy blowing air through the pipe on the burning firewood of prickly trees: Kottimullu and Karemullu. Lord Paramjyōti waited for a while. Then he took some black dust on his palm and blew on it so that it would fall upon the burning firewood. As soon as the dust fell upon the smith's fire,

The flames rise high,
The fire burns apace,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Seeing the hearth that gives forth flames
Seeing the smithy going up in flames-
Mācappa rushes home-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Oh Mācayya Śarana,
Oh! Come, oh gracious Guru Lingayya-

Looking at the scorched smithy washer man Mācappa rushed home. The smithy had gone up in flames. He was deeply grieved. All the clothing inside had been reduced to ashes. "I have collected soiled and dirty clothes from seven villages to be washed. I don't know on which tamarind trees the seven winds lay in wait and crept into the oven when the fire was burning. One wind feeds the fire, one wind puts it out and one makes the fire emit sparks. "When the Śaranas demand their clothing tomorrow, from where should I fetch them?" That was Mācayya's worry. That was not all. The matter of the clothing could be kept aside for a while. But the winds have a special liking for women. "Suppose the winds catch hold of my wife?"

Washer man Mācayya abandons the hearth
He runs up to his house
And calls out "Mādēvi"-
He calls up his wife

Hearing Mācayya's voice, his wife asked, "My Lord, have you boiled all the clothing?" "As I was blowing the fire in the hearth, seven winds got into it and began their dance. One caused the flame

to rise, one raked it, one made it fly in sparks", said Mācayya. Hearing his words his wife said, "If the winds come into the house at an auspicious moment, they will turn it into an ocean of milk (sign of prosperity). If they come in at an inauspicious moment they will ruin the house. Hence the saying, "In a house robbed by thieves at least speech may remain, but in a house haunted by winds, even speech will be destroyed". So we have to see at what moment the winds visited our house. Please consult good astrologers in the neighbouring village Okralli".

The Swāmīji stood on the way as Mācayya was about to go to the astrologer's village. Mācappa greeted him "Mācayya, what is your errand?" "My Lord, I am going to consult the astrologer in Okralli village". "Why, what is the matter, Mācayya?" "Some untoward thing has happened in our house. So I am going to consult the astrologer." "Oh! Mācayya, what do you mean by consulting an astrologer? If there is any threat of misfortune, I assure you I'll prevent it." "My Lord, are you really going to safeguard us against any threat of misfortune?" "Yes, Mācappa. Just give some space for this *Kandāya* that has come from the northern part of the country and for this *Tambūra*. Let me then remove the evil that haunts your house." Washer man Mācayya said "You are asking me to give you space in my house?".

You are a hermit.
Wearing saffron cloth,
Holding the holy pot (Kamandala),
Wearing the holy Rudrāksi and Bhadrāksi
And Linga in addition
I am a humble washer man,
Washing dirtied clothes

If you go to the house of a Lingayya
Linga will be worshipped there
If you go to the home of a Śaiva
Lord Śīva will be worshipped by devotees there
Come oh Lord Siddayya
Lord of holy Kandāya

Would you come to this house,
Dirtied and sullied by uncouth clothing?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come Oh! Gurudēva!
Oh! Come here, Lord Lingayya

"May a holy man, a saintly man like you, enter this foul house of a washer man?" Oh, Mācayya, on our way from the northern country to the south we have been fed in the houses of shepherds, of potters, of kings, of Brahmins, of Lingayats, of men of eighteen different castes and communities. You are concerned about cloth sullied by unclean menstrual flow? Don't you know the secret of uncleanliness Mācayya? Uncleanliness is death, uncleanliness is birth. The two times twenty crore varieties of living species are born in uncleanliness, dies in uncleanliness. They say there is uncleanliness of childbirth. They say uncleanliness of death. Can you show me a place which is free from birth and death, which is free from impurity?" "So, you are coming to my house?" "Yes, Mācayya". "My Lord, I may have built the house. I may be the master of this house. But at home there is my wife Mādēvi, (as beautiful as a doll). I shall ask her opinion about giving you space in the house. If she says 'Yes', I give you shelter, if she says 'No'. I don't"

Test I would
The truth of this man
Who seeks his wife's word'
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

More often than not the key of the house is given to the wife so that life becomes smooth. Mācayya called his wife three times: Mallige Mādēvi rushed to him and asked him if he had not yet gone to Okralli to seek the advice of the astrologer.. "Oh, Mādēvi, there is a Sanyāsin in front of our house. He asks for shelter in our house. Shall we give him shelter or not?" "Oh! That he is asking space in our house is greater, not our giving space." In a single breath Mādēvi agreed to offer shelter to the saint. They shelved the soiled the clothes into a corner, cleaned the house.

She drew a Rangōli in front of the house and decorated the hearth.

Come into this poor people's house,
Set first your right foot
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Mācayya leads him in,
The Swāmīji goes behind
He goes to Mācadēva's house
Our Miracle maker Dharege Doddavaru
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come Oh Mantēdalingayya-
Do come, I implore,-

To Mācadēva's house
Comes our miracle man great
Carrying the *Kandāya*
Carrying the *Tambūra*
Lord of *Kandāya* -
Mantēdalingayya-
He comes to the place of the hearth-
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Seeing the place of the hearth
He spreads his tiger skin-
He spreads the holy ash-
He takes out his *Kante* and *Bonte*
And places them in front
He installs his *Kandāya* on the hearth,
Our Lord Dharege Doddavaru
Sits grandly on the hearth
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Lord of *Kandāya* - Dharege Doddavaru, settled on the hearth. "My Lord, you have come to our house as a guest. Let me worship your *Kandāya* and *Tambūra*", said Mācappa. "What do you offer by way of worship?" "Let me offer rice, groundnut, honey and fried Bengalgram", said Mācappa. "Mācappa, you know when

Bengal gram is offered to *Kandāya* during the evening worship. In the morning we move out of the house. Holy food is offered lest the *Kandāya* should be defiled. (During day time there is no restriction). "My lord, you are going to eat in our house?" "Yes Mācappa, we don't make any distinction between one community and another (That is why in Boppēgowda's Matha they have put a board (This matha knows no distinction of caste). "My Lord, let me make rice and rasam. And pāyasam too. And let me fry a few pappadams. Naturally there will be pickles and crushed vegetables.

"Oh Mācayya, on our way from the northern parts of the country to the South we have eaten in the houses of shepherds, potters, Brahmins, Lingāyats, even in palaces. We have been fed up with eating dishes fried in ghee. I wish to eat some spicy food in your house," said the Swāmīji. "My Lord, what do you mean by spicy food?" asked Mācappa. "Spicy food, don't you know? Meat, spiced meat." "What, my Lord, you eat meat!" "Yes, Mācappa, by the way, which is the tastiest meat, tell me," said Dharege Doddavaru.

"Chicken they eat
Kotti's meat they eat
Wild animals they hunt
And eat their meat"
He is about to say
Goat's meat is the tastiest,
But the word fails him
And he says, "Of all kinds of meat in the world,
The human flesh is the best."
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
"If man's meat is the best,
He should not be older than seven
Nor should he be younger than seven
He should be the lone son of his mother
Such a son should be cooked,
Such meat should be offered to our *Kandāya*."
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Mācayya, the son to be offered should be neither older nor younger than seven years and should be the only son of his mother. Make an offering of such a son to our *Kandāya*." At these words of the Swāmīji Mācayya, was extremely grieved.

Alas, it was like saying 'come home'
To the evil spirit passing by.
Shall we cut up some one else's son
As sacrificial beast?
Will the parents leave us alone?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Mādēvi, the Swāmīji asked me what the tastiest kind of meat is. My tongue failed to utter mutton is the best, but I happened to say man's meat is the best. Now the Swāmīji says we should offer to his *Kandāya* a boy who is just seven years old and who is the only son of his mother.

Whose child do we bring,
As offering to *Kandāya*?
Suvva bā cinna
Oh Lord Śiva
Take us others' children
And make of them the sacrificial beast,
Will those who do so
Leave us alive?
Suvva bā cinna
Oh Lord Śiva

"If we sacrifice strangers' children to the *Kadāya*, those who witness the scene will definitely punish us. My master, my husband, my son young Vīranna, goes to school. We shall cut him up and offer him as sacrifice to the *Kandāya*," said Mādēvi.

Oh our Guru
What misfortune you brought us!
Do we have to cut up the neck,
Of our beloved son?
Whom we kissed and fondled,

Whom we brought up with tender care!
Oh Lord Mantēlingayya
Oh Lord Śiva, oh Lord Śankara!

Mācappa and Mādēvi's sorrow knew no bounds. They lamented thus:

A lone son is no son
A lone eye is no eye
Suvva bā cinna
Plantain bears a single fruit
For humans a single son
Suvva bā cinna
Oh Lord Śiva!
You oh Lord Brahma
Author of writings of fate
On the foreheads of humans
What a script you wrote on ours!
Suvva bā cinna
Oh Lord Śiva!

"Oh master, God has given us a single son like the lone fruit that a banana tree bears in its life. They say a single son is no son and a single eye is no eye at all. Lord Brahma's writing on our forehead is like scorching the forehead with a burning stick." Thus the two grieved inconsolably.

Doddavaru thus tested the truthfulness of the father and the mother. Now he wanted to test the truthfulness of the son, the subject of sacrifice to the *Kandāya*. He vanished from the hearth in a moment and appeared before the school in Bommanapura. He stood before the children coming out of the school.

Who among these children
Could be Mācayya's son?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
I'm the one, oh Tātappa, oh Tātappa
He comes running to Dharege Doddavaru
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

“Are you Mācappa’s son, my boy?” “Tātappa, I am Vīranna.” “As I was coming to your house some Swāmiji in beard and moustache, draped in saffron cloth, holding a holy pitcher in hand, wearing a Rudrākśi necklace, stood in front of your house. I overheard your parents speaking to each other; they are planning to cut you up and to offer you as offering to the Swāmiji’s Kandāya. Therefore it is best you seek shelter in your uncle’s house or your teacher’s house. Don’t go home.” To that the boy Vīranna of just seven years replied:

“If I die in the hands
Of those who bore me for nine months
And brought me up
It is my rise to heaven
If it’s their will, so let it be, Tātappa”
So said the boy, Vīranna.

Do you think today’s children can say so? “If you don’t pay my school fees, I’ll kill you,” they say today. Vīranna thought that if his parents, who had borne him for nine months and nursed him had to sacrifice him, they should be having some good reason and by submitting to their will he would earn his place in heaven which is everybody’s ultimate goal. Then the Swāmīji realized that the parents had no reservation for the sacrifice, nor did the boy have any. “Go home, Vīranna, let god bless you.” He vanished from the school premises and was found seated on the hearth in Mācappa’s house. Vīranna came home, with the slate in his left hand and the piece of chalk in his right hand. Lest he should be restrained from making the sacrifice by affection at the sight of his son Mācappa stood behind the door. Mādēvi told him to cut off his son’s head as the boy was about to cross the threshold. Holding the knife in his hand, Mācappa waited behind the door.

Amma, Amma, he calls
Three times he calls
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
As the boy cries three times
Amma, Amma, Amma,
The mother that bore him

Mādēvamma weeps still,
Who will call me Amma
When tomorrow comes?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Oh my son,
Come, oh Lingayya
Amma, Amma, Amma he calls thrice
Though he thrice cries
His mother speaks not a word,
Appa, Appa, Appa he calls thrice
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Mācappa who stands behind the door
Weeps and sobs in silence.
Oh my son Vīranna,
You cry for father in full mouth
Who will call me Appa
When the morrow comes?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Whose children shall I fondly fondle?
Whom shall I take up on the lap,
And shower kisses of love?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Alas, my son,
Come, oh Gurulingayya,

As Vīranna heard no response to his repeated shouts he thought his mother and father had gone to wash clothes.

He raised his foot right,
He set to cross the threshold,
Come, oh Gurulingayya,
Maduvāla (Washer man) Mācayya
Grasps the son's head by his hand left
Presses it on his knee,
He takes off his knife sharp
And cuts off the head of his son
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

As washer man Mācayya took off his knife and cut off his son's head the head and the trunk fell asunder. Lying in death the boy gasped for breath. "Alas, my son, Vīranna," cried out his mother and dropped three drops of water into his mouth. It was now impossible to speak to him any more, but she thought by preserving his skull, she could at least console herself by looking at her son's face, so she covered the head in a piece of cloth and placed it in the Nellidakālu (a contrivance used to hang up vessels of milk or curds, hanging from the ceiling or roof by means of ropes). Mācayya chopped the meat of his son, washed the pieces well and handed them over to his wife Mādēvi. Mādēvamma washed herself; put on clean clothes brought from the potter's house a fresh mud-pot and placed it on the fire-place.

Crushed onions she puts,
Crumpled pieces of garlic she puts
Mādēvamma stirred and stirred,
Her son's meat that boiled
Oh, what a sight!
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Mother Mādēvamma mixed her son's meat with salt and spices, cooked it in a fresh cooking pot brought from the potter's house, cooked rice in milk, cooked dhāl in water, took off small pumpkin from the attic, cut it into pieces and fried the pieces into a side dish. Thus she prepared nine varieties of dishes for the distinguished guest. The food is ready

Seeing this Mācayya invited the guest to eat. "Revered Sir, you may eat." The Swāmiji, Dharege Doddavaru asked, "Have you served everything without any deception?" According to Sage Sarvajna, the sin of the man who deceives while serving food can not be alleviated even if the ears of the man who does so are pierced through with a hook. The guests should be equally treated, without distinction of caste or age. The Swāmīji leaned on his *Kandāya* and said, "There seems to be some deception in cooking. "What deception, my Lord?" asked Mācayya,. "You know there is meat in the head attached to the fibres of the brain. There is no such meat in the food you have

served!" Mācappa replied, "My Lord, I have minced the meat and washed it. It is my wife who has cooked it. I shall ask her." "This man waits every time for his wife's opinion".

"I must test the truth of this man,
Who always waits for his wife's view,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come, oh, Lord of Kandāya
Come, oh Gurulingayya

Dharege Doddavaru was waiting to test the truth of this man who always sought the opinion of his wife. He sat silently on his seat on the fireplace. Washer man Mācayya rushed to his wife. "Has the Swāmīji taken his food?" asked Mādēvi. "Alas, Mādēvi, everything has been ruined, your Swāmīji's house and your dining house. What did you do with the meat in our son's head? The Swāmīji doesn't want food not containing the meat from the head!" Mādēvamma said," I've left our son's head in the attic, so that I can at least see his face everyday!"

Fate would not spare
Even our son's head, alas!
They call up Lord Paraśiva
And strike once upon the son's skull,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
As they call up Lord Paraśiva
And strike the skull,
The dead skull cries "Amma"
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
As they strike the second time
The dead skull cries "Appa"
Oh Guru, as they strike thrice
The dead skull cries, "Paramjyōti!"
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
The mother makes on the spot
Meat from the boy's head
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
From the meat from the head

She makes *Bhangi* meat
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

As they served the meat from the boy's head as meat, the Swāmīji said, "Before we eat we have to perform the worship of Lord Śiva. When we worship Śiva it is our custom to see if any children are playing around and if there are any we sprinkle the holy ash on them and bless them. Let the children of your house come here! "Alas!

The lone son we had
We cooked and made offering
To your *Kandāya* holy
Which children shall we bring,
To get blessed by you and live,
To get blessed by you and thrive?
Oh Guru, Oh Paramjyōti!

"Mācayya, look here. We don't eat in houses where there are no children." The Swāmīji stood up, as if to leave. Mācayya, who had never uttered a lie in his life before, who had never sought the time to utter a lie before, said, "Swāmīji, as we were washing clothes at home yesterday, we happened to beat him. Getting angry he has gone to his uncle's house. It will be late when he comes back. Swāmīji, you may please eat!". He told the untruth just to persuade the Swāmīji to partake the food. "Mācayya, why are you telling a lie? Both of you, man and wife, stand at the last gate and call up your son. "Alas, how can our son, dead and gone, respond to our call?" Still the two of them called out:" Vīranna, Vīranna!" On this Doddavaru sprinkled the black dust on the cooked meat and the deceased boy revived at once. The parents regained their lost son.

The boy, getting up from his deep stupor, prostrated at the feet of Dharege Doddavaru. The devout couple said, "Swāmīji, you have restored to life the son whom we had lost. We offer him at your feet."

From tomorrow, the beginning of Śivarātri
Till the beginning of Yugādi,

In Kappadi Kailās takes place a month-long fest
In honour of Rāçappāji, the great
Having witnessed the fest,

And having given away the Mangalaprasādam to the people at large, riding his silver (white) horse he arrives in the monastery (Matha) of Boppēgowdanapura, in search of a place for his settlement. "He will come to the grove of Mutnalli and pitch his tent. Dharege Doddavaru said to the devout parents, "I'll make him Rācappāji's Mēnia (companion).In the old tradition the companion of a bridegroom will also be dressed like the bridegroom. I'll make your son come to be known as Mutnalli Phalāradayya.

Let the first service of the day be offered to you,
Let the last service of the day be for me meant,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Let Madimudre service be meant for your son,
Let Phalāra service be meant for him too,
So let it be, let the *Bhangi* service be for us, you see,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Maduvāla (washer man) Mācappa, please let our revered mother Doddamma occupy the house built by you, she needs a house at once." "My Lord, we have offered you our son. If we now give away the house in which we have lived so far, where should we live?" "I'll show you, Mācayya, the place where you live and live well.

That you have given away your house
That you have given away your son
Feel no sense of regret
Your hearth will be known tomorrow
As the seat of Fire (Urigadduge)
The tank where you washed clothes,
Will be the tank of Doddammatāyi
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Let the spot where you dried the clothes
Be known hence as the Kappadi of the grove.
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"The house where you ate will be known in future as Gurumatha. Your hearth will be famous as Fire seat (Urigaddige). Let the pole where your donkey is fastened become famous as a battle pole. Let the tank where you used to wash your clothes come to be known as the tank of Doddammatāyi. Let the place where you used to hang the clothes to dry in the sun be known as the Kappadi of the grove," blessed the Swāmīji. At the same time he uttered a curse on him too, as he had told a lie, though a single one in his life, that his son had gone to his uncle's house. He said, "Mācappa,

Let sullied and dirtied clothing
Be your burden always to be borne
Royal clothing they might be,
You'll carry them for a while every day.
As you get up in the morning on the right side
Get sight of your *Kante* and *Bonte*
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Settle in Okralli village
And make a decent living
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
The house he had built
And the son he had brought up
Gives away Mācappa as a formal gift
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

In a formal ceremony Mācappa made a Dān (gift) of his house and his son.

Sing Rāgas all
Play Tālas all
Light mriad lamps
Burn incense lumps
Who did you bless?
By whom did you settle?
Oh you made Rājaboppanapura
Your residence divine

Sing Rāgas all

Play Tālas all
Light myriad lamps
Burn incense sticks

Put burning embers
Put incense lumps
Wave the auspicious lamp (*Mangalārati*)

Sing Rāgas all
Play Tālas all
Light myriad lamps
Burn incense balls

In the company of wife Mādēvamma and driving his herd of donkeys

Mācappa migrated to Okralli village.

Dharma Guru Paramjyōti
Fill the house of your devotees
Fill and fulfill their house,
Oh Master of *Kandāya*
Come, oh Lingayya
The bringer of the earth
The creator of the world
The residence of Hālumata clan
Is today the royal court
Sitting in the main hall
Of the house of Kurubēgowda
Of Karalekempana Doddi
Our father looks grand
What shall
I say of the greatness
Of the Miracle maker supreme?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji settled in the 24 pillared house of Hālumatada Gowda. The earth is the middle of the world, the house of

Kurubēgowda, in Karalekempana Doddi in Rājaboppanapura is the first Kailās. He made Mutnalll, the seat of Phalāradayya.

The house of Washer man Mācayya became the residence of Doddatāyamma. The place where princes played became Rājaboppēgowdanapura. The eldest of the princes of Sakkarepattana had got a house. The younger one Cennarāja Aras was yet to get a house. With this intention

With love at heart he leaves behind
Rājaboppanapura
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He passes by OkralII, OnagalI, Hallaāsali on the right
Passing through Nanjanāyakana Doddi
And Dēvapattana
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come my father Paramjyōti
He passes by Eleyakundūru on the left
He passes Māralli, *oh my Master*,
He arrives in Malavalli
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He wants to get in Malavalli
Mācayya's house for Prince Cennarāja
With this desire in mind
He stands before Ganaśarana's house
Seeks gifts and alms
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
At an auspicious moment on a Friday
He seeks gifts and alms
The Lord of *Kandāya*
Carrying the *Kandāya*
Carrying the *Tambūra*
The *Dharmaguru* seeks gifts and alms
My master Mantēswāmi
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The washer man Ganaśarana, who had no children, spent all his time in meditating on Lord Śiva. Both husband and wife were so

engaged. At that moment Paramjyōti stood before the house and announced his appeal for gifts and alms. The washer man said, "Swāmīji, I don't know what hermit or sage or saintly gentleman you are. Please sanctify our house by setting your feet in our abode. Let us have the blessing of your Darśan. We will be your tenants." "You see, you yourself said you will be my tenants. You great devotee (Ganaśarana), if you offer this place of yours you will be providing accommodation to our royal princes," said the Swāmīji. As soon as he set his feet in the tiled house, Ganaśrana said to the Swāmīji: "So let it be, my Lord, we keep this house at your disposal. Any way we have no children. We will remain here meditating on you and spend our time usefully." So saying he formally gifted his house in Malavalli to the Swāmīji.

The Swāmīji crowned the elder prince in the northern kingdom and the southern he presented to the younger prince. On his way to Tammaralli village he came across a place where Lingēgowda was ploughing and leveling his field. The Swāmīji called him and asked him if he could fetch him a little ember from which he could light his hookah. "If I go to fetch you the member who is going to plough the fields?" The Swāmīji said that he would do all the work on behalf of the peasant. Lingēgowda had come to Tammaralli village. As soon as the Swāmīji swung his trident the whole village had been leveled as if by means of a water level. Lingēgowda brought the ember for the Swāmīji's hookah. As he looked up his fields he saw them all ploughed as if by magic. Lingēgowda brought the burning ember as requested and looked at his fields, and lo! He saw that by his powers of truth the Swāmīji had finished in one day what he and his people of the village would require months together to finish. Nay, he had finished the work in an hour. With great joy he performed the worship at the Swāmīji's feet. The Swāmīji blessed that Lingēgowda might erect a seat for the Swāmīji and plough the field in the name of the Swāmīji and it will yield in plenty.

Passing Ancedoddi village,
He steps into Kandagāla village,
With Mandalagalli to the left, he walks on and on,

Tired of the sojourn,
The Guru lays himself down
Under the *Kammatti* tree,
Resting his head on the ground, he lies
What shall I say of your greatness!
Oh, you Guru the Miracle maker,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji laid his head on a golden anthill and slept. As he so lay down the King Cobra lay in great pain in the nether world. One of the Swāmīji's twenty seven twisted strands of hair dropped down one of the holes in the anthill, with a single touch of the hair, the King Cobra got sudden relief from his excruciating pain. He wondered which saintly man gave him this blessing and came up to see. He saw the Swāmīji in sleep. Scorching sun shone on his body. The Kālinga spread his hood wide and held it above the sleeping Swāmīji. As the Swāmīji slept under the shade of his hood Kālinga kept a watch. The Swāmīji woke up and saw the hood of Kālinga. "Ādiśēsa, so you are doing the favour of giving shade. I bless that you settle here permanently. This will come up as a temple and will be known as Mattitālayya's temple. If anybody, may be infants, may be children or adults or grown-ups, if anybody suffers from snakebite or any other poison, they could come to you, take a bark of this Matti tree, make a paste of it in coconut oil and apply it on the affected spot. All the pain and the attendant sickness will disappear." Kālinga asked who would offer him worship. "There is a child in Kandēgāl village. If you sting the boy to death, I will revive the boy and he will be your worshipper. Accordingly Kālinga went to Kandēgāl village and bit the boy to death. The parents grieved at the untimely death of their son. "What a misfortune! After long waiting we got at last a son and we are not destined to keep him," they moaned. As they were lamenting the Swāmīji came there, carrying his *Kandāya*. "Don't grieve that you have lost your son. I will restore his life on one condition that you offer him to me as my disciple." "Yes, we shall obey your command," the parents said. As the Swāmīji sprinkled the black dust on the child, he got up and started playing. For having got

the child as offering in Kandēgāl village the Swāmīji, Dharege Doddavaru got the name "Kandēgāladayya."

My father leaves the Mattikālēśwara temple
He set his holy feet in Ādi Honnāyaka village
In the Ādi Honnāyaka village
In front of the house
Of Baleya Lingamma
Of Okkaliga community
He seeks gifts and alms
The front house in the north
A house of Okkaligas
Comes to the mind and heart
Of Dharege Doddavaru
There he seeks gifts and alms
Come oh Lord Mantēdalingayya
Bhiksa for Haradēva,
Bhiksa for Gurudēva,
Bhiksa for Sage Sangayya
Bhiksa for Jyōtilingayya
Bhiksa for the Lord of me,
Bhiksa for the Lord of Kailās,
My first Bhiksa today
In the house of Lingamma
Of the Okkaliga community
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come, oh Lingayya

The Swāmīji thus made his first appeal for Bhiksa in an Okkaliga house. Lingamma put pieces of silver and gold and precious stones like pearls in winnowing tray of bamboo and held it before the Swāmīji. He said, "Mother, I am hungry. Give me some food, please." "Which Guru or Sage is this who is ready to eat in our house?" She fed the guest with great devotion. In Lingamma's house a cow would always kick at the person trying to milk her. Now Mantēswāmi gave her the dark dust and asked her to milk the cow. When Lingamma placed a pot under the udder and began to milk, the cow stood in quiet

compliance and stood there giving her succour and support. The reason for this miracle was that the Swāmīji had made his appearance in the cowshed as Linga. For having so well established himself Lingammma called him "Cennamantēdaswāmi. Thus having taken possession of the front house in the north the Swāmīji blessed that the house of the Bangleseller Lingamma should prosper as Matha. The cow should be so bounteous as the Kāmadhēnu and Kalpavrikśha (which fulfill all the desires of devotees.) "If any cow in any village refuses to be milked let one take the dust of this place and sprinkle at the cow. The cow will at once start yielding milk without any protest." Thus Dharege Doddavaru blessed them all. In Ādi Honnāyaka village he got the good name Cennamantēdaswāmi.

Leaving Ādi Honnāyaka village
Our Miracle maker comes to Kundūru hill
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

We remember that in the cave of Elekundūru hill he had left six children. Dharege Doddavaru told them now that he had found for them suitable houses and establishments. He left Elekundūru hill and took the children to Rājaboppēgowdanapura. He called the sons of the King of Sakrēpattana and took them to the house of Kurubēgowda in Karalekempana Doddi of Rājaboppanapura and said to them, "My boys, you had asked me earlier how we mendicants were going to celebrate your coronation. I have found you decent houses and accommodation. The southern kingdom is for the elder brother and the northern region is for the younger brother." He gave the charge of the two halves of Kappadi Kailās to the younger and elder brother by rotation. He assigned the Matha of Boppēgowdanapura to one other boy and Malavalli to the fourth boy. "Doddammatāyi, you may settle in the house of Maduvāla Mācappa." Accordingly she stayed there.

In the house of Hālumatada Gowda the Swāmīji lay, stretching his legs to the north and resting his head in the south. For about six hours Jade Lingappa, the puppeteer of this world, was half asleep. He got up on his right side and thought of smoking a *Bhangi*. He inserted his right hand into his bag and groped for *Bhangi* leaves but

did not find them. But he had laid his hand on a copy of a bundle of palm leaves called Kalipramāna written by Swami Rudramuni. "Oh, the three good ages Krita, Trētā and Dwāpara are going to end and tomorrow the age of evil the Kaligyuga is going to commence. I cannot see this Kali in my eyes. I should vanish before the advent of Kali on this earth. Let humans look up to me for help but let me not look up to them for any favour. In heaven they worship the head, in the nether world they worship the feet, the humans in this mid-world are meant to perform the Linga-worship," said Dharege Doddavaru. "They say all images are like us, all of us are like Śiva. But for men who seek God and go on visiting temple after temple find only stone. In Kāśi there is only stone; in Rāmēśwara there is only stone. In Śravanabelgola also there is only stone. There is no place, where he is not present as stone. We have already enthroned the princes in appropriate places. Before vanishing into the netherworld, I must find a sound sage to hold this *Kandāya* and this *Tambūra*." So thinking he called up Tōpina Doddamma who had in her command seven thousand evil spirits (Māris).

13. Obtaining child Siddappāji as Gift

There is none to perform
Worship on Mondays and Fridays
None to gather flowers
No child I have
To pat me to sleep
To touch me in worship
No child I have
To bring burning ember
When I want to smoke *Bhangi*
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
I must get a son
Meet for my feet
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Doddamma, There is nobody to perform the services to God on Mondays and Fridays. There is none to fetch flowers and there is nobody to pat me to sleep and touch me to offer worship. There is none to fetch burning embers to me when I have to smoke a *Bhangi*. I must get a son, fit to be at my feet," said the Swāmīji. If I should disappear into the nether world, I should get a living God to carry my *Kandāya* and *Tambūra*."In the regions of North and South, East and West, South-east, South-west, North-west, North-east, in four corners and eight directions, there are forty eight princes of the Ksatriya clan. Which prince do you want to adopt as a son and make him Nīlagāra of the house of Hālumatha clan?" Then the Swāmīji said, "Doddamma, I have already brought princes and made them rulers of some kingdoms. That is enough. Princes can not carry this Kandāya or *Tambūra*." "Where do you propose to get the son?" "In Māralli village. There lives Annōji's son Bāchi Basavācāri. His wife is Muddōji, a devout Śarane. She has given birth to seven sons. The last one is a fortunate one, is like a golden idol, Kempanna by name. Let me get him as a gift". Doddammatāyi said, "Brother, they are lakhiers. We are beggars going from house to house seeking alms. Do you think they will consent to give their son to us? " Dharege Doddavaru said, "Who is a lakhier? Who is a beggar? Who is virtuous? Nobody can say. They were formerly in a village called Nidughatta. At that time the rice they ate was their gold. The porridge they drank was their pāyasam. The husband and wife had just one piece of clothing. The six sons did different jobs, but all that they earned was not enough to feed with a morsel of food every day. Poverty is the mightiest in this world. But nothing is permanent in this world, not even poverty. You know how this woman with six children tried to make a living?"

Sons six in number
Husband Basavācari,
SuvvI bā CInna
Oh Lord Śiva
In village after village
They offer to work
SuvvI bā CInna

Oh Lord Śiva
We can build houses
We can repair sheds
We can make plows
We can water gardens
SuvvI bā CInna
Oh Lord Śiva

"We can build huts, we can turn wheels, we can fix windows on walls, we can make plows; we can water the gardens. You pay us what you wish; we work as much as you wish." Even then they cannot earn their day's porridge. In those days Muddamma would pray to Lord Śiva when she was sitting and she would pray to Lord Śiva when she was standing," My Lord, Mantēdalingayya, when do you end our penury and our misery? When do you make us prosper?" She would implore every stone image of God that she saw with uplifted hands, in the days of her abject poverty. Hear, oh Doddamma, in such a situation, with my blessing they got a seventh son, the sign of their prosperity, Kempanna by name. She gave good advice to her husband, "They say you may get spoilt and get into the city, but you must bring up your children, doing hard work like pounding grain. Thus they left Nidughatta village and got into Cikkarāyana Pattana. Thereafter the hall of their house became a palace. Just five days after the birth of the last child

With the birth of the last child
Their penury leaves them for good,
Wealth holds them in embrace,
Their poverty leaves for good
Their gold they measure in winnowing tray,
Their walls they build of shining coral
The front door they make of pearls bright
The roof that cover their house
Is made of tiles of copper solid
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
They eat *Sannakki*, the best variety of rice
They drink milk of the best breed of buffalo

They sleep on cots
Made of gold and silver
They wash their feet on emerald stone
The pole to which they fasten the calf
Is made of gold and silver, in truth
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
So it is in Māralli village.

As the youngest son Kempācāri was born in Māralli, their poverty vanished and good fortune blessed them. They started measuring gold in winnowing baskets. They built their walls out of precious coral beads and they cast their doors in bronze, the tiles they used for the roof to cover their house were out of solid copper. They cooked Sannakki, the best variety of rice, and they drank the milk of Saralemme, the best breed of she-buffalo. Their cot was made of a special bronze, the alloy of gold and silver. The stone on which they washed their feet was of precious emerald stone. Muddamma managed seven households and lived a fabulously rich life. She engaged each of her sons in a specialized profession:

One son works with gold,
One with silver
One son works with copper
One is in woodcraft skilled,
One son works with coral beads
One is skilled in work with pearls
The son born as the last
Works with solid steel
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Kempācāri worked with iron and steel. Thus making each of her sons specialize in a field the fortunate Muddamma lived a life of fabulous luxury. With the intention of getting this last son as a gift Swāmīji at an auspicious moment on a Sunday sat in his house of *Ugrāna*. He put on his insignia. On his head he carried *Śivakante, Butmande* and *Butrkīrti*; on his left foot he put on an *Eladhāri* of iron, on his right foot he put on an ornament called sarpana suttu, he laid the *Kandāya* of *Kakke* tree on his shoulder. His *Tambūra* he

hung from his shoulder on a side, he stuck the bundle of peacock feathers on his armpit, he wore sandals with heels fitted with nails.

He came apace. He reached Māralli village with the intention of getting the gift of Kempācāri. As he was leaving Doddammatāyi waved an auspicious lamp before his feet.

As the squint-eyed god came
Carrying his *Kandāya*
Shook then the globe of the earth
Suvvi bā Cennabasavayya,
Leaving behind Rāja Boppēgowdanapura
Carrying his *Kandāya*
Carrying his *Tambūra*
Passing by Halladāsalli on the right,
On the way to Rāja Boppanapura
Walks our god Dharege Doddavaru
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He climbs fast
The hill of Elekundūru
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji, the great master of *Kandāya*, stood on top of the hill of Elekundūru and cast his glance at the Māralli village. Before Kempācāri was born Malavalli village was a god-forsaken spot with just three tiny huts. It was just a brushwood of Honge trees. Cikkarāyana Pattana in Māralli village was different. Śarane was a virtuous wife. Her seventh son was the son of the Goddess of wealth. What is the use of even twelve spoilt children? An only son like Kempācāri would be a blessing. To give this dear son some fresh milk with candied sugar she was engaged in milking her cow.

Taking the silver tumbler in the left hand
Taking the bronze vessel in the right
Sitting on the silver tumbler kept upside down
Holding the vessel between her knees
Freeing the calf to suck the udder
She milks the cow with loving grace.

Releasing the calf to suck at the udder of the cow Muddamma, the virtuous wife was milking the cow. The Swāmīji Dharege Doddavaru left Elekundūru hills and arrived in Māralli village just when the virtuous Muddamma was milking the cow. The Swāmīji or Lord Paramjyōti stood in front of the house of prosperity and announced his appeal for gifts and alms. He announced: "Bhiksa for Haradēvaru, Bhiksa for Gurudēvaru, Bhiksa for Sādhu Sangayya, Bhiksa for Kalyānadēvaru, Bhiksa for Jyotilingayya, Bhiksa for Kailāsadavaru, Bhiksa for three gods, Bhiksa for the three-eyed God", and Muddamma was so absorbed in milking that she hardly heard the words of the Swāmīji. She did not move her legs, she did not see the image of true devotion before her, she did not burn an incense stick, and she did not fold her hands in respect. She was still milking the cow, allowing the calf to suck at her mother's udder. The Swāmīji waited for some time, he waited for some more time. He did not find it strange that man who grows teeth on both lower and upper sides of the jaw did not notice his arrival, but he felt it was strange that the cow, the earthly image of the divine cow Kāmadhēnu did not become aware of his call. He showed the light of the *Kandāya* and struck at the strings of the *Tambūra*. Then he sounded his gaggaras (strikers attached to fingers to strike strings).

At the sound of the *Tambūra*,
At the jingling of the *gaggaras*,
The cow being milked
Was taken aback all at once,
She jumped hither and thither
Raised her legs high
And kicked off the milking pot,
Come, oh Lingappa Swami

"Hear me, when I got the command of the world I came to be known as Dharege Doddavaru: As I brought light to the dark world they called me Jyōtilinagayya. In Ulume mūle I came to be known as Ulumesangappa. In Ādi Kalyān I got the name of Allamaprabhu. In Kodēkallu they named me as Kodēkallayya. In Śīlavantapura they called me Śīlavantayya as I gave the Brahmins their almanac. In

Bommanatittu I was known as Bommayya. In Turkarakānda I got the name of Allah O Akbar. As I won the magic contest with Ganagārudigas I came to be known as Ganagārudigara Ganda. When I blessed the royal palace of Mysore and gifted a *Kandāya* I was named as Kandāyadodeya. In Ādihonnāyaka village I got the name Cennamantēswāmi. Halavāradayya was the name I got in Ādi Halavāra. When I grew a beard and moustache in the hills of Elekundūru they called me Kundūrayya. As I revived the dead sheep in Boppanapura they called me Gollaguriyayya. At this auspicious moment on this Monday I came to your door and asked for alms. You called me Mantkolla and asked if I was going to be the keeper of your house.

Mother, you me Mantēdalingayya
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Let the name you gave me
Stand for ever in all places
And in countries all.

Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Śarane Muddamma,
Come oh Lingappa Swami
Tomorrow Honnayya and Cennayya
Will get Gouda released
They will get Gurumani (mark of priesthood) fastened
The *Kandāya* of our house
The *Tambūra* of our house
Our Lord father is going to carry
Those who carry this *Kandāya* and *Tambūra*
Will be known as Mantēdavaru
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Mother, Tomorrow Honnayya and Cennayya will get Gudda released and they will get the Gurumani fastened. Let those who carry the *Kandāya* and *Tambūra* of our house be known as Mantēdavaru. Muddamma let the name you have given me become permanent." "However much I scold him he does not get angry.

What sort of Jangama is this! I must report this to my husband Bāci Basavācāri." So thinking she hurried to her husband's workshop in Nidughatta, where he was making some woodwork containing one hundred and one pictures. Surprised, her husband asked her, "Muddamma, when we were poor, not once did you come to my workplace. Why did you come today? Don't you have enough pearls? Or enough silver? Or gold? Or did any body insult you? If you just tell me who tried to harm you I will cut them up with this chisels and hang up the pieces on the door." Hearing his words Muddamma said, "Nobody told me anything in Māralli village. In our village we are the only lakhiers. We are the only fortunate ones. But today some Swāmīji in saffron cloth holding holy pot and wearing garlands of Rudrākśi and Bhadrākśi and carrying a *Kandāya* and *Tambūra* came to our house and standing at the door begged for alms. However much I scolded him he would not get upset and is still waiting for his gift. What can I give him?" she asked.

His stomach should be full
His bag should be full
Give such gifts and send him to the next lane
He will praise us in every lane
He will praise us in every village
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"If you give him enough to fill his belly and his bag he will go happily and praise us wherever he goes. That is what we also do. If we go to Mysore if somebody feeds us well and takes good care of us we will praise them wherever we go." Hearing the words of Bāci Basavācāri, Muddamma came home. She could serve the guest only after washing herself, she thought and

She goes to the bathing room
Washes and makes herself fresh
Three Pāvus of pearls
Three Pāvus of stones precious
Three Pāvus of shining gold
Five Pāvus of white raw rice
She fills in vessels large

"Take these gifts and bless us,
Oh Master of our race, Mantēdaswāmi," she says.
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Take these as our respectful tributes, oh Guru Mantēdalingayya, the master of our race Mantēswāmi," the wife of a virtuous family said. "Mother, but who wants these pearls, these stones and pieces of gold? The goddess of wealth is ever fickle-minded. Today she may support us, tomorrow she may abandon us. She may be there tomorrow, but she may desert us the day after. Therefore hear Muddamma, you have at home a talking pearl, give him to me as your gift. I will grant greater fortune to you than what you have," said Dharege Doddavaru. "My Lord, pearls, precious stones and gold lie in our house like dust. But I don't know anything about a talking pearl. There were coins of gold and silver in the past. In the days of the Vijayanagara kings in their capital Hampi there were streets selling pearls and precious stones." The Swāmīji asked how many children she had.

Not one, not two
Not three, not four,
Not five, not six,
Seven children, my Master,
Were born in my womb.
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"My child, six sons are enough for you to rule over this village of Māralli. Give me as gift your last son, the fortunate son as beautiful as a doll of gold. If you give me your son Kempācāri I will grant more than your present fortune." Hearing these words of the mendicant Muddamma rose in anger. "Is there any one who gives away his children and the crop that he has raised? If you had asked for any other son, perhaps I would have said "yes". But Kempācāri is the apple of our eye, our golden doll, the source of all our good fortune. How do you have the heart to ask him in charity? Do beggars choose? The one who comes for food asks for a feast. The guest who comes to sleep asks for the senior wife (of the host) to sleep with him. Your request reminds me of these sayings among the folk.

For having spoken these foul words, let your mouth be paralyzed. If at all my husband happens to hear your words he will chop you with his chisel there and then. Before he returns home get lost from this place, you Pardēsi (outsider, foreigner)", she said. The Swāmīji said, "My child, if you make me a gift of your son, I will retire and be a god in rest, and your son will be the real ruling deity of the world." Muddamma taunted him, "You are yourself a beggar and go from house to house for alms. What is the fortune that you can bring us? The fortune that my son brought us is enough for us. What should you give us and what should we take from you? Leave this village and leave us in peace." The Jangama said, "My child, what I can give and take let me explain. I will silence the speech of those who utter lies. I will by noon bring down the house of those who feed others with poisoned food. I bring down the houses of those who indulge in slander. But I will bless those who feed others in charity and pronounce them as virtuous men. I will pulverize the houses of those who feel jealous of others. The adage goes that if Linganna burns in jealousy at the prosperity of Siddanna, the wall of Linganna's house developed fissures in north-west corner. What is needed is not jealousy, but the urge to equal others in competence.

Let my hut get wholly ruined,
Let my cowshed get wholly emptied
My youngest son I will not give as gift
Let the whole of Māralli village get destroyed
And let the Malavalli village verily prosper,
My youngest child I cannot give as gift
Let all the evil spirits of the world
Gather to haunt my house
Let me not give away my youngest one
Let six units of cooked Rāgi turn into seeds
My youngest son I will not give as gift.
Let my six other sons vomit and vomit
And die in their place of work
I do not give away my youngest son
Let my six daughters-in-law
Be turned into demonesses and haunt my kitchen

Let me not give away my youngest son
Let my husband Bāchi Basavācāri
Die on the spot of his daily chore
Let me not give away my youngest son
Let the pupils of my two eyes be enlarged
My youngest son I will not give as gift
Let my two eyes be turned into two lumps
And fall on the ground
I don't give away my youngest son!
Who is going to give away,
The young one of one's womb?
Who is going to give away,
The harvest in the field?
Who is going to give away
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Miracle maker Siddayya Swami,
Lord Lingayya, bless us all.

"Let my hut get destroyed, let my cowshed be shorn of all cattle, let Māralli be ruined and Malavalli prosper, let my six sons die in the place of their work, I am not going to give away my youngest son as a gift. Let my six daughters- in- law stand as stone, I am not going give away my youngest son. Let six measures of cooked cereal Rāgi be turned into seeds, I am not going to give away my youngest son. Let my husband Bāchi Basavāchāri lose both his eyes, let my own two eyes turn into beads of glass and fall on the ground, I am not going to gift away my youngest son. My house of fortune in Māralli may turn into ruined walls, but I am not going to give up my youngest son." There is a saying, "The young one is a darling, even if he plucks away your ear." Muddamma did not know that the very God who had given her all the good fortune was standing at her door and testing her. "Why should I speak to this beggar any more?" she said to herself and closed with a bang the seven doors of her big house.

It was a Monday. "Tomorrow, on Tuesday, by noon, I'll see that the doors are not opened," said the Swāmīji. He left Māralli and on the way from Māralli to Kengēri he rested at the foot of a banyan tree.

In Rēcappāji's house
He takes out the begging pouch
Sets it down on the ground
He takes out six Khandugas of *Bhangi* leaves
He takes out six Khandugas of tobacco leaves
He crushes them in the sap of Ekka and cactus plants
He mixes them with leaves of betel
He mixes them with the poison of cobra
He washes them all in quicklime water
He makes a paste of Ganja strong
He pushes lumps of the paste into the golden hookah
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He strikes two flint stones and strikes a spark
He lights a fire and makes ember
Pieces of ember he puts on top of the hookah
Holding the pipe he inhales the smoke once,
And he leans to the right
He inhales the smoke a second time
And he leans to the left
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Once more he the smoke inhales
And he leans forward
Twelve bundles of *Bhangi* leaves
Are more than needed for two puffs
But for one more puff they are not enough
He filla his lungs with smoke to his fill
He turns the hookah upside down
There drop three Khandugas of ash to the ground
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Bhangi smoker feels it hard
To keep his senses within bounds
The smoke he has inhaled into his lungs
The Swāmīji exhales and spits on the Māralli village
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

As he let out the smoke which he had held within his lungs the smoke darkened the sky of the village at mid-noon. In his intoxication

the Swāmīji calls for the seven thousand seven hundred seventy one evil spirits under his control. There were as many names as there were spirits.

Yakama Cikkamma
Bhadramma Mānkāli
Mūgmāri Mukhamāri
Jwara Māri Vānti Bhēdi Māri
Māri of Malavalli border
Arise and come, oh my child
Bannūr Hēmādri Sōsale Dēvi
Mullāci of Mudugunda
Māri of Bankāpura
Arise and come, oh my child
Hālu Māri, Sīgumāri
Māri of Pālya
Paramjyōti my father calls them up all
Aruna Dēati Tāyi
Gōdalli Hombātēri Māri
Arise and come, oh my mother,
Agaradindi Māravva
Kollēgāla Durgi
Mangalada Māri
Arise and come, oh my child
Sattigālada Māri
Māri of Jāgēri
Māri of Hanūru
Māri of Rāmāpura
Arise and come, oh my child
Śimśa Muddu Māri
Our father calls up
Dharege Doddavaru calls up
Māris seven thousand
Dharege Doddavaru says
Cāmundi, come here running up

As the Swāmīji called them up the seven thousand seven hundred and seventy one evil spirits gathered in front of Dharege Doddavaru and danced with abandon. They wore a sari of the colour of the crow, they wore a blouse of the colour of the peacock, they made a twig of Honge tree their walking stick, they brushed their teeth with the crushed twig of the Neem tree, and vied with one another to stand before Dharege Doddavaru. "There is a village where on Monday they would eat food that would be soothing, Tuesday they would eat rice mixed with jaggery, on Wednesday they would dance. For the festival dance they would slaughter a buffalo and cook his meat. Would you like to go there?" he asked. Māramma of our village enjoys watching Māri dance where Māris fasten ankle bells, scream and crow aloud and get beaten up by one another. "You go to Māralli and ruin the house of Muddamma," he expressed his wish. Hearing the mention of Māralli the Māris sat down and remained still. "Father, in Māralli there is Bhadrabalumakāli, the deity of the Ācāris. She was lying alone in the stone shrine with twelve sections.

Teeth as long as a radish each
Eyes as large as *Ondri*
Ears as wide as a winnowing tray
Tongue as long as a *Honga*
Nose as long as a *Kolaga*,
Applying six carriages of Kumkum on the forehead
Smearing six carriages of turmeric on the cheeks
Wrapped in a sari eighty feet in length

The stone shrine with twelve sections around
She fills, lying in sleep all sound
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Six months she lies in sleep
Six months she keeps herself awake
Now in deep sleep she lies
Bhadrabaluma Kāli
Humans she swallows down
Like banana, one after another one
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Māramma was not an ordinary deity. Her teeth appeared as long as a radish each. Her eyes were as big as the *Ondri* fruit.. Her ears were as big as a winnowing tray and her nose measured a Kolaga in width. She applied six carriages of kumkum on her forehead and six carriages of turmeric on her cheeks. Clad tightly in a sari sixty yards in length she lay in sleep in the stone temple so large as to have twelve yards within. If we happened to step in, there she would swallow us wholly as if we were just a banana fruit. "My lord, call her up here. We will go behind her," they said. The Swāmīji threw a fistful of dark ash on the stone shrine, it looked as if there were a downpour of rains on the temple. That woke up Bhadrabalumākāli who lay in sleep. As she opened the door of the temple, she saw the Swāmīji stood there holding his *Kandāya* and *Tambūra*. She thought some young man born just the day before had come there to make a show of his prowess and she rushed to him in order to swallow him as if he were just a Banana fruit. The Swāmīji said, "Any way you are going to swallow me. Before that I have a wish to fulfill. I wish to see you do a Māri dance."

She tucks up her sari to make it whirl round
She steps backward and put the steps forward
Having jumps forward she jumped then backward
Around Dharege Doddvaru she dances 'thai thai'
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Our father sees Māramma dance in abandon
By chanting a mantra you can't make a mango dro
Soft words this Māramma cannot bend,
He stares at the dancing deity in a frown
He holds his lower lip tight with the upper teeth
He pounces on the dancing damsel and holds her tight
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

He holds her in his left hand and a stick of an itching plant
Ursusangi Hard he thrashes her thrice
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
As the father thrashes Māri's anger flashes
Had I known that my father was such a God

I would have been in your camp
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Relieve me of this burning flame
Let me be your daughter loving
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Let me do all your bidding
Let me go where you bid me go
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"My Lord, I did not know that you are such a powerful God; had I known you I would not have raised any objection to your wish. Please free me of this flame that torments me. I will obey all your commands." "Oh! Māri, you rushed to swallow me up! Swallow me now! Māramma, are you ready to go where I want you to go?" "Yes, my Lord. Only let me be relieved of this tormenting flame." Now Dharege Doddavaru relented."Yes, it is a great sin to kill cows, to kill children and to kill women. They say 'Let the female child die, let the male live, which is source of strength." That is wrong." He dropped some black powder on Māramma's head. It was cool for her now. He said, "Māramma, if there is cholera in the village the first medicine to be used is this black powder. In the past if a village was afflicted with cholera or plague, if one got dressed in saffron cloth held *Kandāya* and came to the village in accompaniment with the great Uritammaa (a kind of drum) of Mādāra Cennayya and the big horn of Holāras at the very sight of the saffron cloth all the Māris or evil spirits would at once clear the place and disappear. Māramma was worried when she was asked to destroy Māralli. "Oh my Lord, they say those who have fed us with food should be remembered for good, those who have given us shelter should ever be remembered. The people of Māralli trust me and offer me worship. How do I fulfill your wish to destroy them? These people are all my devotees. They first perform my worship and then start on their daily chore at their workshop. The women folk draw Rangōli in front of the temple and remember me as the deity who blesses them with iron to work with and they pray to me to grant them always the status of being an auspicious wife.(Not a widow). They first offer me worship and then start cooking in their kitchen. My Lord, how do I cause havoc in the

very houses where I am worshipped? "Don't you want to go there then?" the Swāmīji asked. "No," she said. At that moment the Swāmīji raised his feet and put them on Māramma's head. She sank to the depth of twelve wells under water. Māramma relented. She said, "A dying cow doesn't think of feeding her cow before dying. If I am going to die myself, what do I do hanging on to my devotees? Lift me up. Let me afflict their houses," she said. She then realized, "If I go ahead and spoil them, the Swāmīji comes behind and takes away the eight Goddesses of good fortune and wealth.. Even one Goddess of Fortune is enough to make one heady, what to say of one who is blessed with eight Goddesses of good Fortune? The Swāmīji is calling up the eight Goddesses of good fortune or wealth to abandon this house of good Fortune.

Come oh Goddess of Wealth,
Come oh Goddess of good Fortune
Thus he calls up the eight Goddesses of Fortune
In loving devotion and veneration
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

At the burning mid-noon of that Tuesday all the eight deities of Good Fortune left the house of this family of wealth. So long as Goddess Lakshmi (wealth) rules the house all secrets of the house are well-guarded. Members of a family who are in poverty are found to be shouting all the day.

Ruined by arrogance rash
Muddamma has at last of wisdom a flash
To the Swāmīji who from me demanded my youngest son
Let me give him my old plot of land
She comes to the Lord and says
My youngest son I am prepared
To give you as our gift

Approaching the Swāmīji who had come on the previous day Muddamma expressed her willingness to offer her young son as a gift to the holy mendicant. Dharege Doddavaru stood up in thought. "I have tested the parents, now I must put the son himself to test. I

must discover this son Kempācāri" and he focused his view on his workshop. A question may arise here. The whole of Māralli had been destroyed. Did nothing happen to Kempācāri? You remember Muddamma had wished that nothing should happen to the boy, no matter what might befall the others. The Swāmīji fulfilled that wish.

With the help of seventy two smiths engaged in sixty two kilns Kempanna was working in his smithy. In Halagūru and Cillāpura there were 700 smithies and 700 workers. Of them Kempācāri alone maintained 62 smithies and 72 workers. His work place was Kulume Doddi in the midst of Ondalagēri of Uspūru. The Swāmīji focused his view on this Kulume Doddi. He approached the spot, carrying his *Kandya*.

He left Māralli village in joy
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He arrives in Kandēgāla village
He left Ondalgēri
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
To the smithy he came
There came our Lord himself
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji passed through Ondalagere and arrived in front of the smithy. As he was approaching with his *Kandāya* Kempācāri saw him. "My sixty two colleagues, I always get angry when I look at these mendicants coming with their *Kante* and *Bonte*. Our Lord Dharege Doddavaru overheard his words. "So, you don't like the sight of this *Kante* and this *Bonte*. But tomorrow I am going to make you wear these paraphernalia, go to Halagūru Panchālagēri, get Bhikśha of iron from there and get the house of Rājaboppanapura constructed. Then I vanish into the netherworld of Pātāla. If not I wouldn't be called Mantēswāmi, the name your mother gave me." Thus saying the Swāmīji is approaching the smithy, carrying his *Kandāya*, the symbol of his mendicancy. The children of the rich should be addressed respectfully; then only they will respond. If they are addressed familiarly they may get angry. Accordingly the Swāmīji addressed Kempācāri politely and respectfully.

The Trial of Siddappāji

Who is the master
Of this workforce so large?
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Who is the honoured owner
Of this smithy so huge?

"Who is here the honored owner? Who is the master of so many workmen?" asked the Swāmīji. Kempanna remained silent. "What is there to speak to this beggar?" he thought and sat on his chair, facing the south. How grand he looked! A golden ring on each of the ten fingers! A sacred thread made of Rudrāksi passed across his neck. He wore a crown on his head. He wore on his feet a pair of golden sandals. When, seated on his golden chair, he turned to the left or to the right, his ornaments flashed brightly. He wore a long garment studded with diamonds. Kempanna does not worship any female deity, Bhadrabalumākāli does not worship any male deity. Let me the servant of Pattarangaswāmi," so thinking Kempācāri sat in his smithy, fixing a chariot on a bronze pole. On this side Dharege Doddavaru.had these reflections in his mind. "I don't know if he has been the son of his parents, or if he is going to be the servant of Pattarangaswāmi, or if he is going to be a mendicant God of Boppanapura. Let me make a trial of this young man." And he addressed him now in a familiar informal tone.

Who is called here Kempa
In this wretched camp?

"Who is Kempa among this body of workmen? Who is the Kempa of this wretched camp?" When Kempācāri heard these words he got into a rage. "You strange beggar, who told you about the name given to me by my parents? Who showed you the way to this office of this smithy? If you go to the lanes of the village, they will give you grains or cereals. What does a beggar have to do in a smith's workplace? If a fly settles on a piece of jaggery it can understand

jaggery taste. But if it settles on a rod of iron, can it feel anything?" When the Swāmīji heard the words spoken by the seven year boy Kempācāri

I don't want any gifts
Nor anything in charity
Nor anything to beg
I got in youth some vice
Which I should not have

"In this wretched world each one is caught up in a vice. Some are addicted to snuff. Some are accustomed to chewing pan. I shouldn't have got this vice, but in my younger days I got enslaved by it. I need a piece of ember for my hookah, give me one, you will get blessed." "What, if I give you a piece of ember, my 62 kilns will have two flames too few. I'm not going to give you any, you strange mendicant," "You don't have to give me any regard, but look at this *Kandāya* and this *Tambūra*. At least looking at them please grant me a piece of ember," said the Swāmīji. "He, wanderer, you want me to look at your *Kandāya* and *Tambūra* and consider you a God?"

Kandāya, who has made it?
Tambūra, who has framed it?
Cymbals, who has forged them?
Carrying *Kandāya* and *Tambūra*
You move from place to place
And beg for alms?
You long to be called God?
The first God here is me,
The next God here is you,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"Who makes *Kandāya s*? It is we. Who makes *Tambūra* s? It is we. But you carry them and show off yourself. In fact I am the first God, you are only the second, you strange wanderer," said Kempācāri. "You can of course be a God, why not? But please give me a piece of ember, so that I may smoke a puff of the hookah," said Dharege Doddavaru. "Who goes to the woods and collects stone,

black stone? It is we. We try to give it shape. If it doen't suit, we spit at it or kick it off. If it is sound, we sculpt it and make out of it a linga. You take the linga that we make, put it on your palm and worship it with your chanting Namah Śivāyah. It is me that is the first God. You are only the second. I make a God out of wood, I make a god out of gold, I make a god out of brass, I make a God out of bronze. And I keep them all in a line. We don't offer them any water or sandal stick or flowers. We are members of the Pāncāla, a Brahmin community, do you know, you beggar? "Let your word come true and remain true. But let me have a piece of ember. "Before giving you ember I will ask you a question. If you answer it, I give you two pieces of ember. Which is the moment that comes between Yugādi and Śivarātri? It is the marriage season. If we goldsmiths are not present man woman cannot become husband and wife. Even if the sister and the brother-in-law are absent the marriage can take place. Even without rice and grains a marriage can be performed. But if we goldsmiths are not present there can be no husband no wife, you understood?" "How?" asked the Swāmīji.

The groom is from Mysore
From Malavalli the bride
It is agreed in days fifteen
Should the marriage be held.

"Where do they come now? To the goldsmith. 'Oh, brother, we have an alliance for our daughter. We must get all ornaments made for her.'

Anklets we make
The jewels for the feet we make
Ring for the toe we make
Chains for the ankles we make
Pendant for the necklace we make
Ear-ring of diamond we make
Besides these, you know Jangama,
We make the wedding pendant
The pendant that we make
You take to the marriage pendal

You turn to the east,
You raise your hand
And fasten the pendant on the bride's neck
She is your wife true,
Is she not my wife too?
I am the husband who made the pendant
You are the husband who tied it up
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
You dirty beggar
I am the first husband, you see
You are only the second.
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"I am the husband who made the wedding pendant. Because you only tied it on the neck of the bride you are the second husband. If you can explain this I will give you the ember that you ask. If not I'll scorch your thigh with a heated iron rod," said Kempācāri.

"Alas, my boy, as a boy of just seven years you have cast your eye on my wife? But you see, I am a hermit, if you are my wife's husband, you are soon going to be a God without a wife. Where? In the District of Coimbatore, in Kollegāl Taluk, in Iradālu Bānunse in the midst of Kotnūr, Telnūr, Banūr, Sundralli and Ankanapura will create small village Cikkallūr and I will make you a single God to rule alone under the lonely tamarind tree. Even the tamarind tree will be devoid of any fortune. It will have neither buds, nor a single fruit. It won't yield a single fruit. Thus Dharege Doddavaru cursed him, not openly but within himself.

I cannot answer your question
But I plead, give me a piece of ember
A single piece of it please

"How do I give you ember?" he asked the sage. The Jangama said that he could use a small flake of timber lying there to carry the ember. "Has your father got ready a flake for you? I cannot forsake a piece of wood on this day,

Hold forth your palm

I'll put the ember on your palm
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"So, when I ask you for ember you want to make a trial of me? All right."

A glowing piece of ember
Kempanna takes off the kiln
And put it on the Swāmīji's palm

The ember was of the size of a Bēla fruit. But the Fire God himself appeared as shaking lotus flower and prevented any form of harm to the Swāmīji's palm.

By the time I have finished smoking at my Hookah,
You may finish saying farewell to your kith and kin
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
You may finish invoking the elders of your clan
Through you your race will be defiledī
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji is mixing with his *Bhangi* leaves fourteen forms of poison.

The bane inducing ecstasy,
The bane inducing hallucination
The bane of Ekka plant's sap
The bane of sap of Cactus plant
The bane inducing dullness of mind
The bane of Mollagara
The bane of cactus plant
The bane of Ekka plant's sap
The bane that longs for homage from the poor
The bane that inducing the desire to hurl stones on passers by
The bane inducing idiotic mind
The bane that goes up the door
The bane that drops from the tree.

He fortified his *Bhangi* mixture with these fourteen kinds of poison and smoked it with vigour. He blew the smoke vigorously on

the forehead of Kempanna. Kempācāri was at once afflicted with a strange kind of insanity.

In his insane mind
He tears down his clothes
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
His sacred thread of diamond
He tears off and casts away
The rings in his ten fingers
One after another he removes
And throws them aside
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
His seventy seven workmen
He thrashes left and right
As if they were hay with corn
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

He beat up his assistants as if they were the hay with corn to be thrashed. He held the Swāmīji by his tuft of hair

You are my father
You are my mother
You are my kith and kin
Oh my Guru ……

"Swāmīji, before your holiness arrived, our young master was quite all right. After your arrival he has suddenly changed. "He will be so hereafter. All of you may leave the place and go home." He said to Kempanna, "Till I myself call you, you will be dancing around in this kiln." With the intention of getting as a gift from his parents he came to Maralli village. We know Muddamma, the blessed Sharane, wife of the most virtuous man of Māralli. All her good fortune had by now vanished like a dream and she had turned blind. "If the Swāmīji comes, I will give him my son." The Swāmīji came there. "My child, yesterday, as I was passing by your village, it looked as though your house were an ocean of milk, so full of good fortune. For what reason has that life been ruined today?" he asked. "Swāmīji, yesterday a holy man called Mantēswāmi of Boppanapura was here. He asked

me for my youngest son as gift. I scolded and insulted him. I refused to comply with his wish, come what may. All the misfortunes that I said I wouldn't care, he has caused to come to pass. Have you ever seen the mendicant? If I see him today let me gift him my youngest son, my dear doll of gold, by all my will." "So Mantēdalingayya of Boppanapura was here? I am his younger brother Lingappa," said the Swāmīji. "Is that so? If you are his younger brother, you may be able to counter the black magic."

The younger brother might
Remove the charm of the elder
The elder one might
Remove the charm of the younger
Please see holy sage
The wreck of my fortune all
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"If I restore your fortune, will you give me your son? If you don't there will be quarrel between us the brothers." Muddamma said that she would give her son. But the Swāmīji wanted to make sure. "The tongue that eats raw things tells shameless lies" is the meaning of a saying in Kannada,"*Hasi tindu husi bogaluva nālige*". "How should I believe you?" the Swāmīji asked Muddamma.

I swear by my life
I swear by my eyes
I swear by your holy *Kandāya*
I swear I give my son
She touches the *Kandāya*
She backs up her oath
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Muddamma came groping in her blindness and told the Swāmīji that she would stand by her word. She swore in her own name, she swore in the name of her eyes, she swore in the name of the holy *Kandāya* of the Swāmīji. So saying she touched the holy *Kandāya* and convinced the Swāmīji of her sincerity. "Let me give you this black powder, open your eyes," the Swāmīji said. As he applied the

sacred powder on her eyes, she regained her sight. The lost fortune was also restored. Muddamma's six children are doing their work as usual; Bāci Basavācāri is also working in his place.

Take him if he is ready to go
Leave him if he is not

Dharege Doddavaru got angry beyond words. He cursed that the community of smiths should be known as liars.

One family for a village
One family for a lane
Above five clans
Let there not be of you Pancālas
Let Māralli be ruined
Let Malavalli prosper well
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Let there be just one family
To settle in Māralli
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Let there be no more than five clans of yours in the region.

Carrying the anvil
We make ear-rings,' you announce
'We make wedding pendants,' you announce
'We make ankle chains,' you announce
Gold of the poor
Gold of the rich
May come to your house
The client is ruined for sure
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
You strike three strokes on the anvil
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Leave this place for good
Look for stay in the village next
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"No matter who gives you gold to make ornaments, a poor man or a rich man, you take it for granted that he is the loser and so

you strike three strokes on your anvil with your hammer. You mix the gold with brass and give the ornaments to the owner and migrate to the next village. Live a wretched life," cursed the Swāmīji and called up the name of Kempācāri . Whistling and shouting in his state of insanity Kempācāri has come to Māralli. He recognizes neither his mother nor his father. The parents call him up, "Kempanna, Kempācāri," but he does not hear and therefore does not respond. The Swāmīji contemplated how he could make Kempācāri forget his mother and his father, overcome vices like craving, anger, arrogance, envy, passion and greed and acquire the knowledge and humility of a Guru. In his mind's eye he saw the hills of Elekundūru.

He leads Kempācāri
To Elekundūru hills
So comes our Miracle maker great
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
On Elekundūru hills
Are seated seven sages wise
Seeing the saint Dharege Doddavaru
Seated in meditation serene
Kempācāri in frenzy of his insane mind
Issues shrill whistlings
Gives out loud shouts of idiotic laughter
The Elekundūru hills shake at the sound
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Mantēdaswāmi, come with your grace

The seven sages woke up from their meditation and rushed to the spot. "I am going to make this idiot the darling of you all successful sages. Let me send this young man to you. Keep him for twelve years under you, give him all your knowledge and wisdom and make him an enlightened one. But Kempācāri in an orgy of his bouts of insanity held all the seven sages by their hair and swung them left and right. "Alas! We cannot teach this idiotic stripling. Take him to the Kālinga in the North East corner. That is the most suitable spot for him. There serpents, scorpions and insects will torment him and he will gain wisdom. Then he will attain the true knowledge of the Guru. Please let us attain our own salvation," said the sages.

Oh, you become Rasasiddha
And you Rēvanasiddha
And you Kārayyasiddha
And you become Monagārasiddha
Basayyasiddha you will be,
Thus each of the sages seven
Is made to settle in hamlets seven
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The Swāmīji sent the seven sages in seven different directions and

He brings Kempācāri
To Elekundūru hills
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
He holds a pinch of the powder black
And calls up Kālinga the serpent
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

As the Swāmīji summoned him, the Kālinga serpent came up. The holy man splashed the black powder on the serpent at which Kālinga raised his hood and danced in unbounded beauty and charm in front of the holy one. The sage urged Kālinga to keep Kempācāri in his control and teach him to conquer the vices of craving, anger, arrogance, envy etc and to accept the concept of the Guru.

15. Bathing in Talakādu Lake

Arise and come to me, my dear disciple,
Maduvāla Mācayya
The Swāmīji calls up
Mācayya takes the words
As the words of Doddammatāyi
Post haste he gets up
Post haste he dresses himself up
He rushes to the feet of the holy sage
He falls at the feet of the holy sage
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Mācayya girded up his loins and rushed to the feet of Dharege Doddaavaru and asked him what service the Lord expected him to do. "I have been polluted by the touch of that blacksmith boy. I must bathe in the Mālangi lake of Talakā du, will you guide me in the purification rite?" "My lord, you were born in the same caste, and you did the same duty of washing. Don't you know the rules of purification?" "Śarana, we have to wait for the proper moment for our bath. It is not now. It should be the time when stone melts in water and the Ganga-river will be in sleep. There should be no chirping of birds or insects. No humans should be in sight. In such a moment of stillness only two of us, you and me, should go to bathe in the lake. At the same time our *Śivakante* also has to be cleaned. This is not an ordinary *Śivakante*. The living beings like lice or their eggs should not lose their lives in the process.

It cannot be soaked in water
It cannot be boiled in steam
It cannot be thrashed on the stone
It should not harm any living species
Thus should the *Śivakante* be cleaned.
So says Dharege Doddavaru in sum
Alas, oh Guru
Alas, oh Śankara

"The *Śivakante* is not to be dipped in water, not to be thrashed on stone, not to be boiled in steam. Not a single living being that might be sheltered in it should be hurt in the process of cleaning it. The front portion has to be let hanging, the back portion has to be held high, and two torches, Veeranna and Bommanna should be held in the hands. The work of four persons should be done by you alone," said the Swāmīji. "My lord, shall I take the assistance of my wife Mādēvi?" asked Mācayya. "No, no. only two of us, you and me should be there, not anybody else."

Maduvāla Mācayya came home, worried and anxious. Looking at his cheerless face, his wife asked him, "What did Dharege Doddavaru say that has made you so sad?" "Mādēvi, what shall I say? They say a wife should share the sorrows of her husband and

the husband should share the miseries of the wife. But this was true only in the past, it does not hold good now. Husband and wife are like the two bullocks drawing a cart. The weight is equally borne by each. So the problems of life should be borne equally by wife and husband. My loyal wife jasmine-like Mādēvamma, my tongue refuses to articulate what I have in my mind, but if I don't speak my mind refuses to stop bothering me. Mādēvi, our lord wants me to clean the clothing during bath." "Why are you worried about it?" "I am not about cleaning as such. I am supposed to drop the front of the cloth and hold up the back. In addition I am expected to clean the *Śivakante* too. I am also to hold two torches and put up an upper knot. I am to do alone the work that needs four people to do. No living creature of the *Śivakante* is to be hurt or harmed or killed. It is not to be thrashed against stone, not to be dipped in water, not to be boileld in steam. How am I going to clean this *Śivakante*?" It is for this reason that they say if the wife is a muff the husband should be clever, if the husband is a dullard, the wife should be shrewd. The clever Mallige Mādēvamma said, "My dear husband, if you take an oath of following my advice holding me by the right hand I'lltell you how to clean the cloth." Neither knowing nor guessing what could be in store for him he gave his word by holding forth his right hand. Thus he paved the way for his doom. "My dear husband, you have given me your word. You are not to raise any objection hereafter. I'll take a bath in the pond and bring water in a copper vessel. Don't entertain any feeling that I am your wife. Just hold me by the front part of my head and press it on your knee. Cut off my head with a sharp knife. Gather my blood in a bowl and soak the cloth in the blood. It will be automatically clean. No living creatures will be affected in any way. In the right hand let the cloth to hang down and in the left hold it forth. Fasten the two torches Īranna and Bommanna on your arms, remove the fat and use it as oil for the torches. Once lighted, the torches will not go out. Fasten the over cloth around your head. You can do the work alone and you can do the work of four labourers. Put a turban around your head. You will do the work of the four men.

Alas! What a fate is mine!
To cut off my wife's head with this hand

Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come, oh our Guru great
Up the sand-hill of Talakādu
Comes our Lord Supreme
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Paramjyōti Lingayya

The Swāmīji thus arrived on top of the sand-hill of Talakādu. He took off all his paraphernalia like the saffron cloth, the holy pitcher, *Rudrākśi* and *Bhadrākśi*, *Kandāya* and *Tambūra*, festoons and badges and laid them on the ground. "By the time I go to the tank and take my bath and come back, you may decorate the *Kandāya* with banana shoots," said the Swāmīji. Mācappa said, "I wish to attain Mōkśha (salvation) too. After your bath when you are going to worship your Ātmalinga (image of the soul) please call me." The Swāmīji said, "A Śarana cannot see Ātmalinga." "No, Swāmīji, let me see please." "If you are so insistent, I'II call you," said Dharege Doddavaru. The Swāmīji started his bathing sport in the lake. He had his thousand strands of twisted hair and some he let down on the left side and some on the right. By this time Mācappa let them be soaked in his wife's blood and the lice and the eggs of the lice got bundled up together and they were allowed to dry in the sand-hill. Mācappa adorned the *Kandāya* with flowers and leaves. The Swāmīji cut open his heart and took out his Ātmalinga and put it on his palm and called up Mācayya. The words struck Mācappa like lightning in the monsoon. Mācappa lay unconscious in front of the *Kandāya*. Mācappa had seen only the light but not the Ātmalinga. The Swāmīji finished his chanting of Mantras and meditation and put back the Ātmalinga into his heart. The great Lord of *Kandāya* came near his seat. The Swāmīji sprinkled the black powder on Mācappa and heaving a sigh Mācappa sat up. "Spread the sacred cloth, Mācappa," said the Swāmīji. Mācappa spread the cloth and the Swāmīji walked on it six steps and three spans (of the hand.)

In the meantime Kalipurusa was moving from the southern regions to the northern regions. He let his wife sit behind him and rode his horse, while his parents, who had given him birth and brought

him up were going on foot. He made his mother carry the bag and he made his father carry the bed and pillow meant for the husband and wife to sleep. Thus he came from the south to the north. The Swāmīji knew about the arrival of Kalipurusa. He had decided not to look at the form of Kalipurusa

As Kalipurusa was approaching, Paramjyōti sat down. Mācayya asked whether there was any mistake in his behaviour or in his words. The Swāmīji assured him that there was no mistake on his part. "Somebody is coming from the south to the north. If he is good allow him to cross the river, if not sink him." Thus saying the Swāmīji gave three fistfuls of charmed sand. Mācappa went across the river and asked the man who he was. "I am Kalipurusa." Asked who was riding the horse along with him, he replied that it was his wife. Asked who was walking behind them he said that they were his parents. "Oh, this man is letting his wife ride the horse and making his parents walk the distance. What the Swāmīji said is true." So saying he dropped the three fistfuls of the enchanted sand on Kalipurusa, who, along with his wife, got drowned. The parents were grieved."Good or bad we had a son. Why did you drown him? Now you should show us the way." "You see, there three lingas in Talakādu You make your appearance there as two more lingas. In the year when five Śravanas and five Kartikas are born there will be a festival called Pancalingadarśana. You will also receive worship on this occasion". Thus the Swāmīji blessed them.

"My Lord, you mentioned the name of Kali. What does it mean?" asked Mācappa "We cannot see in our own eyes Kali who is going to make his appearance soon." "If you tell me what it is, I will be all ears," said Mācappa.

Tomorrow is coming
The evil spirit of Kali
Forest will be village
Village will be forest
The chores of the forest come to the town
The chores of the town go to the forest
Like the ruined village temple

The whole village will be ruined
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
In the age of Kàli
Come oh Gurulingayya
Hillocks and hills will be bulldozed
And used as fields large
But people will die with nothing to eat
If food there is enough to eat
There will be no people to eat
People there will be enough tomorrow
But there will not be enough food to eat
In scales to weigh gold
Rice to eat will be weighed
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
The low will be high
The high will fall below
Women will be in plenty
No men tomorrow
For one husband
There will be wives seven
Who quarrel among themselves
"The husband is mine." "No, he is mine."
Unable to endure their dispute
The wedded husband goes up the Hadadi tree
Unable to remain on the tree
He attempts climbing down
"Climb not down, climb not down" they urge
One holds a club in hand
Smashes his head as he does descend
With husband dead they live as widows undignified
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
The widow begets by and by a blooming son
Who enjoys in all the village high acclaim
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Maduvala Siddayya
Hear me my son Maduvala Mācayya

The brother's words will not be heard
The sister-in-law's words should rule
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Worn and torn is the mother-in-law's mat
Trim is the three-legged cot of the daughter-in-law
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Tomorrow will the father's words be meek
The words of the son will rule the roost.
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Tomorrow for the loan papers of the son
The father signs as guarantor
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
There comes tomorrow
Kalipuruśa in human form
All the scriptures go in exile
Guddus all will die dealing blows to one another
Waterfalls all will sing only a lullaby
Celibate Swāmījis ruling Mathas holy
Will have company of two wives each
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

The brother elder eyes the younger one's wife
The younger one eyes his elder's spouse
The wife of the son
The father takes in his possession
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
A palace will turn into a famished house
In the age of Kali tomorrow
Not kings with a moustache but queens will rule
Old measures of sēr and pāv
Will yield place to kilo weights
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
A seven year girl
Will reach menopause
Oh, I can not have the glimpse
Of Kali lying in wait

Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Oh Mantēda Gurulingaswāmi, come
Through blouse and sari the body is to be seen
Blouse and sari should yield place
To jeans trousers and T-shirts.
Those who go to village tank
Will fight to death a small measure to drink.
Those who go to the village well
Will snatch from one another the pot of drink
Those who go to the flowing river
Will hit one another to death
I cannot bear to see
The Kali lying in wait to break in
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

After hearing the words of the Swāmīji Mācappa asked when the onset of the Kali age will be felt. The Swāmīji said that the grunting of the stone image of Basava and the rise of Pattarangaswāmi by his right side will signal the arrival of the Kali age.

Thus he enlightened Mācappa on the advent of Kali age and before leaving Talakādu forest he made this pronouncement: "Let Talakādu become a Kādu and Mālangi a pond. Let this place where we are standing now be known as Karibasavanakatte. Let Kalipurusa also be established in the grove of Kallūru and a festival be organized for him and let there be a worship in his honour."

Lord Paramjyōti leaves Talakādu
And graciously arrived
In Rājaboppanapura
Come, oh our Guru great
Come oh Lord Śankara
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh darling of Cennājamma great

The Swāmīji spoke in great appreciation of the sacrifice made by Mācappa. In preparation for the construction of the monastery for Doddammatāyi he offered his own son as sacrifice to the holy

Kandāya. When he had to perform the ritual of *Śivakante* he sacrificed his own wife." "Mācappa, there is no equal to you in the whole world." Pleased with his devotion he revived his wife Mallige Mādēvi and blessed that they would live forever happily. The he urged Doddammatāyi to send for her son Kempācāri. He should be got to leave his hill and go to Halagūru Cillāpura, where his kith and kin live, get steel and steel implements as gifts and with them he would like to get a monastery built for himself where he would at last vanish into the nether world at the onset of Kali age. At the rear door Doddammatāyi spread a dark coloured carpet, burnt camphor and incense sticks and called up her son Kempācāri seated on the Elekundūru hill.

Come oh son of Dharege Doddavaru
Come oh the heroic king of ours
Come oh darling of Cennājamma great
Come oh darling son of Rēcappāji
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

Kempācāri did not hear the call of Doddammatāyi. Lying on the bed of snakes and resting his head on scorpions he was busy taking off the scorpions that were stinging him and throwing them away. If he rolled to the right the snakes would obstruct him, if he rolled to the left the scorpions would block him. Thus was the state of the fortunate Kempanna. Doddammatāyi anxiously ran to Dharege Doddaavaru and said, "Cousin, my son would have been running if he were alive. I fear he is dead." The Swāmīji said, "Doddamma, you do not know the greatness of your son. He will prove the dictum that a smith ö“•Mā“§□son will have a long span of life. He is not going to die. So saying he held a quantity of black powder on top of Elekundūru hill. And lo! You remember they had blocked the Kālinga cave with a big rock. It seems Kempācāri saw a small ray of sunlight passing into the cave on the edge of the huge boulder. With that he was filled with frenzy. With his toes he kicked the rock blocking the cave. And lo! The boulder kicked off by Kempācāri flew across the sky and fell, turning like a top on the yard in front of the monastery of Boppanapura. "Cousin, some big rock boulder is turning like a top in the yard", cried

Doddammatāyi. "You said your son is dead. See, this boulder has been dispatched by him. This is the right boulder to block the well in which soon I am going to disappear into the Nether world. Offer a service of an auspicious lamp in its honour," he commanded. Accordingly they washed the big boulder in rose water in a pitcher, burnt incense sticks and camphor and waved the auspicious lamp. Here the seven year old Kempācāri lamented.

You brought the son of a chieftain,
Made him a hapless orphan
Deprived of father, of mother deprived,
Deprived of kith and deprived of kin
Made me a hapless orphan
Pushed me into the cave of a cobra king
And drove me out of my mind
Is this fair my lord,
Oh my lord Dharege Doddavaru

Kempācāri, standing as naked as a new born baby asks: "What was my life when I was younger, what kind of life I am leading now! One could rather drink a portion of poison than getting in touch with these spiritual men like vagabond Swāmijis." He covered his nakedness with a few 'Ugani' leaves, carried a load of snakes and scorpions on his head

Where the stone ball had come
Come also Kempacari
Come oh Siddayya Swami

Mantēswāmi became aware of the approach of Kempācāri, "The mad chap is coming, close the door against him," he said. It was an order which they could not disobey and could not obey. Finally they closed the northern door. Kempācāri laid the bundle of snakes and scorpion on the bank of the lake and stood at the northern gate. He called up, "Lord Paramjyōti, Mantēdalingayya, what are you doing? Have you forgotten me?"

The Swāmiiji did not give any response.

Kempācāri gets wild.
Frenzy of joy
Frenzy of descent
Frenzy of Ekka sap
Frenzy of cactus sap
Frenzy of climbing trees,
Frenzy of climbing trees,
Frenzy of eating up clay –
Frenzy of cutting shore
In this spirit of frenzied mind

He lifted his foot and kicked at the door which gave in splitting into two. Even till this day the northern door of this building has remained open. Kempācāri held his Guru's feet and prayed.

Father you are, mother you are,
Kith and kin you are
Oh Paramjyōti Mantēdalingayya

His rebellious mind has at last turned obedient. Seeing this Mantēdalingayya asked Doddammatāyi to arrange for a holy bath for Kempācāri. Let his head be shaved in the shop of Barber Hampanna. He should be consecrated and he should be made to settle in a Gurumatha and he should be pure. They made him drink gōmūtra (cow's urine) and Gōranja, thus purified him. "Let him be given fresh cloth. He should be given new clothes to put on and he should be consecrated All devotees of the place should be present," he commanded. He was thus consecrated as Nīlagāra.

Salutes to Akkayya and Cikkayya,
Salutes to you, Okkaligara Puttayya,
Salutes to you, Honga Dāsayya,
Salutes to you, Bēdara Caudayya
Salutes to you, Maduvāla Mācayya
Salutes to you Holāra Honnayya
Salutes to you Mādigara Cennayya
Salutes to you Lord Śankara,
Salutes to you Father, Basavēśwara

Doddammatāyi invites all devotees
She gets Kempācāri to bathe in the village lake,
Gets him ritually purified
By making him take cow's urine
Takes him to Kurubēgowda's home of Hālumata tribe
Mantēswāmi gets him to sit nearby and gives him
Initiation to sainthood

"My son, you need only this sacred thread tied on your wrist by your teacher. Don't aspire for any favour from humans," he said. As he wore the paraphernelia of a consecrated devotee Siddappāji shed a stream of tears from his eyes.

Come oh Siddayya Swami.

When he said that his master had made him a beggar Dharege Doddavaru got very angry "Let the name he received from his parents be lost for ever. Let him be hereafter known as Sidda or Siddappa. Thus he cursed him, "Siddappa my son, don't utter the word beggar again." Kempācāri said, "Master, you have made me lose the name I get from my parents, haven't you?" Yes, I have. Let the name I gave you remain for ever. The wealth of a palace is not permanent. It is transient. But the bags (Guru *jōlige* and *Mathru jōlige*) which the master gives will never go empty. If you take your bags on Mondays, Fridays and your appeal for alms – if one landlady asks you to move forward, nine will call you in and give you Bhiksa. Palaces may become ruins. But the Guru's blessing will never lose its power. The word 'beggar' should never be uttered in your mouth. After today's consecration, you are Gurumaga (son of a Guru – or Master). Even if you are scolded by somebody, don't scold him in return.

"Are you going play cards?" "No".
"Are you going to gamble?" "No"
"Are you going to drink ale?"

"No, master" "Are you going to feed men and women who come to you for food?" "Yes, my master." These are the questions asked when one is consecrated. Mantēswāmi sent Siddappa to receive the Bhiksa from Doddammatāyi's house.

I crave for alm,
I crave for gifts,
Bhiksa for Lord.
Bhiksa for Guru, the Lord
Bhiksa for Sadu Sangayya
Bhiksa for Jyōtilingayya
Bhiksa for Kailās,
Bhiksa for the gods three
Bhiksa for the three-eyed god
Bhiksa for holy Kalyān,
In Doddammatāyi's house,
Let me have the Bhiksa first
He says
Come oh Suiddayya Swami

When Siddappa announced his arrival for his first Bhiksa in Doddammatāyi's house, she brought in a bamboo tray, gold, silver, and precious stones and gave them as gifts Rācappāji said, "Take the Bhiksa". Siddappa held this bag forward "Doddammatāyi said "Bless the house where you received Bhiksa."

Let the home of those
Who give Bhiksa with pleasure
Prosper in ways all
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Let the house of those
Who give Bhiksa with all their heart,
Be filled always with gold and silver
Come oh Siddayya Swami

He blesses that those who had given him Bhiksa would proper. Their house would be full of gold and silver. Siddappāji was taken round in seven villages for the purpose of getting Bhiksa and then he came to Boppanapura. Thereafter he was found visiting the monastery of Boppanapura and that of Tāyi Doddamma quite frequently. Mantēswāmi found Siddappāji in the monastery Boppēgowdanapura and felt that Siddappāji should be made to undergo, as a form of trial, the sufferings of hell, the abode of Yama,

the god of death. He called up Doddamma "Doddamma, please send to me your foster son, Siddappāji. The greater the difficulties the young people undergo, the greater will be their happiness later. Today's' suffering is tomorrow's reward of well-being."

Come to me, my son,
Ghana Nīli Siddappāji,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
You have a challenge to take–
Come Lingayya, you yourself come –
Hearing Doddamma's call
He rushes to her presence
Come, oh Siddayya Swami.

He came to Doddammatāyi in a hurry and asked why she had called him. She replied that Dharege Doddravaru had desired to see him and therefore she asked him to see the Swāmiiji. Siddappa went to offer his obeiscene, performed worship at his feet and asked why he was summoned. The Swāmiiji's said, "You see, the Kali age has begun. There is more knowledge of the times now. Let the world be beholden to us, let there be no need .for us cury the favour of humans. It is high time I vanished in the Nether World.

'High time it is
I vanished in the world below.

"Gurudēv, what service can I do to you?" Mantēswāmi said, 'Before I disappear you should carry out the task of building a monastery here. Siddappa felt happy, listening to the words of Mantēswāmi.

My sire let me crush the Kundūru hill
Make it all a lump of gold
My sire, let me crush Basava's hill
Make it all a lump of silver
Let me bring them by and by
To Rājaboppanapura,
Come oh! Siddayya Swami.

I will build for you a house of gold and silver. But Mantēswāmi said, "My boy, who needs gold and silver, precious stones and pearls? They say even if you put a little quantity of gold as a matter of formality one should expiate the sin by performing a thousand worships to Linga. Firstly there are thieves and robbers who have an eye on gold and silver. You see, that Lakshmi, is the deceptive goddess of wealth.

The first thing that a widow would need is steel or iron. Without iron man can not even dig out a piece of stone.

To get gifts of steel
Pay a visit to the villages
Halagūru - Cillāpura
Come oh Siddayya Swami.

"Siddappāji if you do me the favour of building Rājaboppanapura with streel got as Bhiksa, I will be the god lying down and you will be the god of all grandeur and glamour, getting highly agitated with these words of Siddappāji. "It was not a matter of gold, not silvers just for the sake of a single ember. The people of Māralli destroyed the whole village. Do I have to go to their village and beg for Bhiksa of steel?" He pleaded. "You don't have to wander through the whole world for the sake of steel"

I greet you, oh Lord elephant-faced God!
I greet you, oh Lord of all Ganas
Riding a mouse as your vehicle,
You explore the worlds three
Oh Lord, son of Goddess Gowri and
The Young one of Lord Śiva,
Giver of Knowledge, give me wisdom
Let me at the outset fall at your feet and offer
Humble salutations to you!
Oh Lord Śankara,
Fill with abundance
The houses of those,
Who have in you all their trust,
Come oh Siddaya Swāmii

Come oh Lingayya
Paramjyōti, my father, oh!
For our Guru Ḥalavāra is the path,
Boppanapura is for him the street
Cikkallūru is the holy monastery,
Come oh Siddayya Swāmi
For our Swāmiiji Cikkallūru is the monastery
For him Kappadi is Kailās,
For daily worship Boppanapura
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Our Lord Mantēdalingayya
Lying in all abandon
In the shed of sixteen sections
Of Kurubēgowda's house
In Taralakopanadoddi
Of Rājaboppanapura
Let our humble voice
Reach your gracious feet
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Fire-eyed Rācappāji,
Elderly Cennājamma
Doddamma of the grove,
Malavalli Swāmiiji
Lord of Boppanapura
Let our humble voice
Reach your gracious feet
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
Lord of Kandāya
Come oh Lingayya,
My father Mantēdalingayya
Sitting in the cowshed
Of Kurubēgowda's house
In Taralākempanadoddi
In Rājaboppanapura
Called up in all the monasteries
Nīli Siddappāji

Come oh Siddayya Swami
Paramjyōti, oh come!
Come oh the bringer of light!
Heeding the call of the Guru
Nīli Siddappāji wears Rudrāksi
Chains to the full on the neck
He briskly comes up
To his master beloved
Come 0h Siddayya Swami
*Come oh charmer Lingayya – you com*e!

My lord Dharege Doddavaru, Mantēswāmi, who is Paramjyōti, the source of eternal light, calls up his favourite disciple Siddappāji. And all at once, realizing that his beloved master desires his presence, Siddappāji makes haste and rushes to the cowshed with sixteen sections in the house of Kurubēgowda. There he sees his master Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi seated on the ground. Siddappāji fell at his feet, raised his head and saluted with folded hands. 'Oh my Lord Guru, "Why did you call me up?" "So you want to know why I called you up. You see, the effect of Kalipurusa is on the increase. I have become conscious of the change of times. But I cannot have a glimpse at the spirit that causes all these changes. Before the actual advent of Kali age, I have to vanish in the nether World. In the sheep-pen of Kurubēgowda you should sink a pit as deep as twelve humans, there I should go, hide in the dark and lie down. Let humans depend on me, but let me not depend on humans," said the Swāmiiji. "Hear by boy, to get a monastery built here we need a good quantity of steel.

We need all implements and tools
Of steel solid and strong
*Come oh Siddayya Swami*ji
We need twelve pickaxes

And spades too
Oh Nīli Siddappāji
We need beams also twelve
Come oh Siddayya Swami

Come you yourself, Mantēdalingayya,
Hearing the words spoken by the Guru
Siddappa sits down without a word,
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
Oh great Nīli Lingayya, come

Hearing the words of his master Siddappāji sat down in utter shock. At last he said, "My Lord, as I was a boy of seven, I was working as a blacksmith in my smithy in Māralli. I was a rich man's son. You got me from Māralli, though my mother Muddōji persistently refused to give me away. But you persisted and brought me here. Here in this Ashram at Boppēgowdianapura, you gave me a new name Siddappāji, in the place of the name given by my father and mother: Kempācāri. And you kept me in your charge. Now you command me here in Boppēgowdanapura to fetch steel and to fetch steel tools. How strange!

Where shall I go
Where shall I fetch the steel strong?
Come oh! Siddayya Swami.

The Swāmiiji said, "Siddappāji, there is no need to explore the whole world. You ask where you should go? Let me say where steel is available."

In the North east corner
Is found iron in abundance
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Oh! my son!
Lingappa, you yourself come!

The North-east corner
Is of Lord Kubēra
Close to the eyes
A little distant for the legs
The woods are not strange
Men of your caste
Men of your creed
Seven streets in Halagūru

Seven roads in Cillāpura
To Halagūru of Palegārs
Let me make a journey, my sire,,
Come, oh Lingayya,
"To men of our caste,
Send me not, my Lord!"
Come oh Siddayya Swami
My Master dear
Come oh Lingappa, you yourself.
He heard the name Halagūru
He shivered from head to foot
Come oh Siddayya Swami
GhanaNīli Siddayya
Come oh! Lord Lingayya!

"My Lord Mantēdalingayya, you want me to go to Halagūru and Cillāpura where people of my caste and creed live and fetch iron paraphernalia. Right from the days when Halagūru came into existence and when Cillāpura came into existence, no one has gone to any of the houses of the men of my caste and my creed for alms or gifts. Foreigners, outsiders, hermits, street players, beggars, foresters, water-charmers, Muslims, Marathis, Magicians – nobody has ever approached these people for any favour. The man is not yet born on this earth, who can go to the houses of my caste-people, meet them, talk to them and fetch any gifts from their hands. To such a wretched place you want me to go and fetch steel as gift, my Lord Paramjyōti, Mantēdalingayya.

My father, you speak at ease,
My life is in danger –
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Hearing the news of those ruined
I shiver in all my stomach and entrails
Come oh Gangādharalingayya –

"My Lord, the moment I hear of the wicked people of Halagūru and Cillāpura - my stomach and by intestines begin to churn in fear. Let me go to any place but these two god - forsaken places," pleaded

Siddappāji "Siddappa, if you don't want to go to Halagūru or Cillāpura, where else can you go?". "It doesn't matter if we leave out the villages of Pāncālas, Halagūru and Cillāpura. If you just say 'I want this', I am ready, even if the Kali age begins, to bring all the devotees of all the fifty six regions and make them fall at your feet with folded hands. I will make them burn incense sticks in your service." "Where do you bring them from?" "My Lord, just give me your command to go anywhere barring these two villages. I am ready to proceed tomorrow to Coci, Coimbatore, Andāru, Bādāmi, Bannūru Mūrusāvira, beautiful Bangalore, Martalli, Heggadēdevana Kōte, Piriyāpattana, Santekani, Santemāralli, Rāmanagara, Chennapattana, Chitradurga, Hāsana, Bairapattana, Duggati, Honganūru, Narasīpura, Uttūru, Malavalli or from anywhere else.

Let me make the people of all the kingdoms in the world your serfs and tenants.

Send me not, I plead,
To men of my caste, my Lord
Come oh Siddayya Swāmi,
My Guru Great,
Come oh Lingappa you come, yourself.

"Siddappāji, that means you don't follow my words?" My Lord, I don't say that I don't obey you. But I plead, "Don't send me to the people of my own caste." "Siddappāji, don't you know that saying which means "till you become the underling of your master, you have no salvation". That is what all the sages declare. Now you are going against the wishes of your Guru. You are meant to attain salvation. But Siddappāji, if you disobey my words uttered in this Boppēgowdanapura,

My disciple you are not,
Your Guru I am not,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Lingappa, you yourself,
Take off the stone I fastened –
Leave your bag aside,

Leave this Boppēgowdanapura
Come oh Siddayyua Swāmii
Oh Lord of Kandāya
Come oh Lingayya – you yourself!

"If you don't listen to my words, I am not your Guru, you are not my disciple. The precious stone I tied upon your neck and the bag that I fastened on your frame - you put them down and get lost." The moment the Guru admonishingly asked him to go to the house of Boppēgowda Siddappāji had no courage to stand at his feet and plead any more. He left the house and grieved about his fate:

One like me should not be born
Sinners like me should not grow up
Born of a smith
This son did only acts of sin
Paramjyōti,
Light of the world! Oh Lord!

Doddammatāyi lives in the house in the grove. "Let me go to the feet of Doddammatāyi and tell her what my Guru ordered me to do. She may pity me. She may go to Dharege Doddavaru and say to him, "Brother, don't send my son to Halagūru or Cillāpura." Guru will grant all that she requests. Let me go to the feet of Mother Doddammatāyi."So thinking, he left Kurubēgowda's monastery.

With tears overflowing in the eyes
Hesitation leading to swaying of mind
He comes to Tāyi Doddamma -
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
The Doddamma of the grove
Sees the weeping son arrive
Siddayya, my child,
Why are you weeping still?
Siddappa, are you still not
Free from tears?
Come, you Siddayya Swami,
Alas! My son!

Lingappa you yourself
Seeing the young man
Coming to her there
Doddamma of the grove picks him up,
Made him sit on her lap,
She wipes the tears out with her sari
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come you Lingappa you yourself.

As the young man came weeping to her Doddammatāyi took him in her arms, set him on her lap and asked why he was weeping, whether his tears did not cease to flow in Boppanapura. She asked him who hurt him so much by word or deed. When Doddammatāyi said, "Mother, nobody scolded me, nobody hurt me. But Paramjyōti Mantēdalingayya of Boppēgowdanapura is asking me to go to the street of Pāncālas in Halagūru and Cillāpura and get steel implements made by them.

If I should die,
I should die in your hands
If I should live,
You should save my life-
Let me be spared
The errand of visiting Halagūru
And Cillāpura too.
Let me fall at your feet
So saying, he held the feet
Of Doddammatāyi aright.

"O my boy, nobody can disobey the words of the Guru. Don't fear that you have to go alone to Halagūru and Cillāpura. To your left there will be Rēcappāji. I will send Cennājavva to be on your right side. I will make Mutnalli Phalāradayya to go ahead of you. In the mark of your forehead I will myself be present. With a *Kandāya* of North India on the shoulders Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi also will give you company. In addition seventy seven Māris will be behind you. Let the smiths comply with our request. Even if they don't you don't have to fear." "Mother, you say that you are going to send

seventy seven māris in support. But of what use? The people of Halagūru and Cillāpura have kept Māris to guard the villages, lest any outsiders or alien people should come to their village in their absence and manage to get some alms from their wives. There are seven chieftains Muttōji, Siddōji, Puttōji, Ratnōji, Kendōji and Bettōji who have engaged the Māris to guard the villages.

Doddammatāyi asked who the Māris were. Siddappa said that there were Mūgumāris on guard at the eastern gate, Sunkadamāri at the southern gate, Mandamāris at the western gate and Ankadamāris at the northern gate. Besides these there are guards all round the village holding unsheathed swords. In the midst of the village mother Kālamma is performing worship. Do you know what sort of goddess she is?

Tummy of the size of a rock
Nose measuring three miles in width,
Eyes as large as *Ondūri*
Ears as large as a winnowing tray
Tooth like a radish root,
Tongue as wide as *Konka*
Kumkum to fill carriages five
She smears on a single cheek,
Tying up her twelve yard strands of hair
Putting on a blouse sixty yard wide
Wearing a sari of eighty feet
in one round around the waist
The Mother Goddess of Ācāris
Lies on twelve platforms joined
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Oh Kālamma
Come oh bringer of light!

"Doddamma, a single Kālikādēvi fills twelve platforms. If you send the 77 men of Boppanapura near her, she will trample them all as the peels of banana. Like bundles of hay she will thrash them on the cot. Such a wicked spirit she is Kālikādēvi.. "Siddappāji, you think that the Māramma who rules over the corpses of Pāncālas of

Halagūru and Cillāpura is the greatest of all spirits in the world? This Māramma is not the greatest. Behind the monastery of Boppanapura I am maintaining three Mārammas. "Who are they? " "The first one is Haralukattadamāri. I'll bring her to Halagūru. All kids in the village will get chicken pox. If one boil bursts it will immediately create nine new boils. "If the Pāncālas of Halagūru and Cillāpura are not afraid of this Haralukattada Māri I shall send another - virulent measles. The moment she arrives all children will be affected with measles.. With the attack of the measles there will be rashes on the body, there will be bleeding. All children will scream in pain. Trying to pacify them their mothers will put them in the cradle and rock them. When they put the children into the golden cradle they will see the puss and the blood and the mothers themselves will feel nauseated. Māramma will take away the lives of children. If the Māramma of Measles is not able to frighten the Pāncālas, I will send another: the biggest Māri of the world: the Vaididya Māri (Cholera). She has 68 joints, 8 crore shoots of hair, her whole body is full of eyes She has seven pores on the body and seven tongues. She is Durgi, the toughest Māri of the world.

Of all the Māris, my son,
The greatest one is cholera
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
Charmer Lingappa you come
If cholera invades
Halagūru village
Barring the chieftains seven
In the village's front
I give cholera to every one
There is vomiting in front
There is emitting at the back
Thrice in front
Thrice at the back
If there's watery discharge
Then the Pāncālas of your caste
Will wander in the lanes

Will tumble on the roads
Come oh! Siddayya Swami

The corpses of these "widow's sons"
Will be carried in cartloads
And buried in the ground
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Lingayya of Halagūru
Come oh, you yourself come.

If I usher in Cholera Māramma in Halagūru, people will die of discharge from both sides of their body, they will die an instant death. Their bodies will be carried in carriages and buried in the valley of Basavara Betta. The seven chieftains will gather in the court yard and discuss the crisis. "Oh Muddōji, Siddōji, Puttōji, Lingōji, the villages of Halagūru and Cillāpura, which were as healthy and pure as milk, are afflicted with the dreaded cholera. So many of people of our caste are dying, We have to save them. Look for people who may cure the disease!" They will go round the villages riding a buffalo-driven carriage and carrying pieces of silver and gold. There will be none who could treat cholera. Then they will come to know that in the town of Māralli there are physicians who could treat the disease. Seeking the physicians they will come to Māralli, Mārāpuripatna and Cikkanāyakana halli. "Revered Pandits, our villages Halagūru and Cillāpura are affected by the big disease. Give us at least the native remedies and save the dying patients" they will plead. They will offer them rewards in gold and silver. Thus the chieftains of Halagūru and Cillāpura will meet the Pandits of Māralli village and urge them to help. Not knowing that we have deliberately unleashed the pox, and tempted by the gifts of gold and silver, the Pandits will come to the villages, hoping to cure the afflicted people at last with native medicines. Thus the physicians and Pandits will start from Māralli town. Siddappāji, do you know what I am going to do?"

"The ailment that I have given
The people of our caste
I will give to both Pandits and Physicians
I will flow in the gutter

In the dirty water,
I will see physicians and Pandits,
And ask what the matter is!
"We come here to treat people
Who suffer from disease,
We come in with the blowing breeze,
The big hill holds the wind from the eastern hill!
The wind blowing is held by Basavana Betta
And we have got the disease
This is disease contageous,
Is beyond our ability to cure
I'll make them say
I'll make them wallow
In the rivers and lakes of Gundapura
I'll make them exhausted
Come oh GhanaNīli Siddappa
Come oh Lingayya, please!

"Sidappāji, I will make the Pandits and Vaidyas suffer immensely in the lakes and rivers of Gundapura. The chieftains will cry: "You see, we brought them hoping to get the disease treated by them. But the disease that has caught the villages has caught them also. When they came here they were hale and healthy. Now if their wives come here and complain that we brought their husbands here to contract the fatal illness and die, what shall we do? We should go to Basavanabetta, fell young bamboo trees and make hearses for the dead Pandits and carry them to Māralli Village." "Siddappāji, your Pāncālas of Halagūru Cillāpura villages will try to find out whether there are any more people to give a cure for the disease. They will load their carriage with gold and silver and explore all the world to find out if there are people to treat the disease. Finding none to cure the diseases we will have unleashed, they will at last come to Boppanapura and ask us to forgive their mistakes. If they take our dark ash, the *Kandāya* of our house, our Basappa, our saffron cloth and make a procession of them in the disease - ridden parts of the villages, the Māris that will have haunted the villages will have run away. Therefore don't be afraid; you may go to Halagūru without

any fear. This assurance of Tāyi Doddamma instilled some courage in Siddappāji.

Let me go, dear Doddamma,
Let me go, you plead so much,
Let me go to the home
of Halagūru Pāncālas,
But let me not take
The *Kandāya* of your home.
Nor the gong of your home.
Nor the trident,
Nor the sandals of pricking needles
It does not matter
If, the Pāncālas
Don't look upon me with respect
But if I have on my shoulders
Kandāya or the gong or the trident
They hurl on me their ridicule!"

"How will they hurl on you nay ridicule?"
"Looking at my *Kandāya*
They'll say it is a spade too huge
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
They'll look at by tufted hair
They'll call me a celibate fool!
Come oh Siddayya Swami

Looking at my Matti black
They say it is gādi block
Come oh Siddayya Swami

Looking at my Rudrāksi
They'll say it is castor fruit
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Looking at my limbs smeared with sacred ash,
They'll say it is ash from the kitchen!
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Looking at my saffron cloth

They'll call it all soiled
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
How should I go
To the homes of those
Who laugh at me foully so –
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Doddammatāyi
Come you Lingappa, you yourself

Doddammatāyi pacified Siddappa by pointed out that such men who cast ridicule on others will be punished;

Ghana-Nīli Siddappāji,
The houses of those who ridicule
We will destroy, oh Siddappāji,
If any one indulges in black magic,
His house we are going to bring to ruin
Who has in us full trust,
Who burns the incense stick
and prays with raised hands
to Lord Paramjyōti
Will receive blessings abundant
His house will turn into an ocean of milk
Fear not Siddappāji
That you will ridiculed be
Don't leave your paraphernalia behind,
With *Kandāya* and gong and trident all
Go to the houses of the men of your caste,

"In that case, mother, I will visit the house of the Pāncālas of Halagūru. Get me some *Bhangi* leaves from our sage Mantēswāmi. Inhaling the smoke of *Bhangi* I'll go to Halagūru and Cillāpura," said Siddappāji. "Is that your wish?" "Yes, mother" 'Come with me, then,she said and took him from Tōpina Kappadi to the shepherd's house.

Seeing Siddappāji the Guru said, "Doddamma, I had told Siddappāji not to remain in the Boppanapura monastery. Why did

you bring him back here?" "My dear brother, don't speak so harshly of my son. I have persuaded him to carry out your command. He is ready to go to Cillāpura. He desires a little quantity of *Bhangi* leaves before going. "So you are going to take *Bhangi* leaves? Come here," said the Swāmiiji and spread the tiger skin on the ground, laid his bag (*Muttina Jōlige*) before himself.

Six Khandugas of *Bhangi* leaves
He crushed into powder nice
Six more Khandugas of tobacco leaves
The Swāmiiji mixed
Six units of cactus sap,
Six units of Ekka sap,
Castor oil and Paccepatre
The poison of young cobra
All ingredients properly mixed
My Lord Mantēdalingayya
Come oh Siddayya Swami
My Guru great,
Come Lord Lingappa, you come yourself!

As soon as the holy personage of Paramjyōti handed over the hookah stuffed with properly processed *Bhangi* leaves Siddappāji took it with both hands and greeted the *Kandāya* of the northern land and prayed to Lord Śiva that all obstacles might be averted. He raised his hands, folded them and raising his head -

One puff he inhales
He leans to the right
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
Two puffs he inhales
He leans to the left,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Three puffs he inhales
He leans to the forefront,
Come oh Siddayya Swami.
Twelve bundles of *Bhangi* powder

Are for two puffs a little too much
But for three a little too little
Not letting the smoke escape,
He inhales the smoke
As he turns the hookah upside down,
Six units of ash
Drop on the ground again.
Come oh Siddayya Swami

As Paramjyōti of Boppēgowdanapura gave the hookah to NīliSiddappāji to smoke, he had mixed with it seven plus seven varieties of poison. He had noticed Siddappāji's fear and he made him overcome his fear by getting him intoxicated with 14 kinds of poison mixed on seven varieties of *Bhangi* leaves. The fourteen varieties of poison were: Anondu Nīli, Avatārada Nīli, Nīrubalada Nīli, Marahatto Nīli, Kallu Kadiyo Nīli. Nīli which swallows *Toppe Hunde* in a single gulp, Nīli that makes one bite one's teeth at sight of the milk of the mother's breast, Nīli that gets excited at the sight of the Ekka sap, Nīli the makes one throw stones at people approaching, Nīli that makes one salute respectfully to those who are leaving, Nīli that causes the mind to turn insane, Nīli that makes one stupid, Nīli of *Mollagara*, Nīli that makes one bark - such fourteen kinds of poison were the ingredients of the smoking mixture stuffed into the hookah. With the intoxication of the *Bhangi* Siddappāji jumped up and down in the yard of Boppēgowda's monastery. Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi saw his boy dancing in abandon under the influence of the intoxication. Jestingly he called up Doddamma. "Doddamma, see the face of your darling son for some time," he said.

Mother, will this one opening his eyes so wild
Spare the lives of Halagūru men?
Come oh Siddayya Swami
When he opens his eyes of fire
Will the Pāncālas ever survive?
Come oh Siddayya Swami
When he opens his eyes of hot ember
The Pāncālas will be ruined

Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Lingappa, you yourself
Ready to go Halagūru
Residence of men of his caste
First goes Siddappāji to his Ugrāna house
Come oh Siddayya Swami
The three eyed God,
In his *Ugrāna* house
Wears his badges and titles great
Nīli Siddappāji
He wears elabhāri of iron on the left holy foot,
He wears on the right foot the mark of the
Fire on his forehead.
Treading by sandals of pricking needles
Covered with tiger's shiny skin
Nīli Siddappāji
Holding the gong in his right hand
Holding the mighty trident in his left
Letting down his strands of hair
Strands seven hundred seven and seventy
Spread on his back large and wide
Nīli Siddappāji
The Lord lifts up the *Kandāya* of Kakke tree
And places on his shoulders broad
He comes in steps quick and at ease
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Ghana Siddappāji -
Come oh Jyōtilingayya great!

Paramjyōti Ghana Nīli Siddappāji thus prepared to go to the villages of the people of his community - Halagūru and Cillāpura. He started from the Ugrāna house, after putting on his insignia, his badges and his titlas. When, thus well- adorned, in his beautiful figure Siddappāji came out of the hall of Kurubēgowda's house, Doddammatāyi looked at him. "How great! My son Siddappāji is going to my caste people in Halgūru. Today is a holy day – Monday. It is time for us to perform the worship of this holy sage's feet. "Let

us bring burning pieces of coal, put incense powder on them, burn camphor and have an auspicious lamp before him." Thus saying she brought a wooden plank, put it on the ground in the mid-hall, brings in a plate dried pieces of sandalwood paste, camphor and other perfumes and she washes his holy feet and all: Rēcappāji, Cennājamma, the Swāmiiji of Malavalli, the Lord of Boppanapura, Doddammatāyi, Paramjyōti Montēswāmi.

Waves the auspicious lamp
Before the feet of Siddappāji
Oh! Mother Doddammayya –
Oh! The Mother of the World!
Doddammatāyi waves the auspicious lamp
At the feet of Swami Siddappāji
It is a Monday, the first day of
The Karkātaka month.
Kandāya to the left
Tambūra to the right
In the midst stands our charmer great
The banana plants are bending
In the midst stands Ghōra Nīli Siddappāji
They wave the lamps auspicious
The banana plants are bending
The moon is descending
The Rangōlis are shining bright
For the worship of Lord Siddappāji
The banana plants are bending
Oh Swami
Path means Halavāra
Road means Boppanapura
Monastery is for Cikkallūru Swami
The banana plants are bending
The moon is descending
The Rangolis are shining bright
For the worship of Lord Siddappāji
The banana plants are bending

Why, our charmer great,
Why is your face so dull?
Those who see you laugh
The banana plants are bending,
Those who see you laugh
The banana plants are bending
Like the jasmine flower
Spread your valour great
Oh our player and charmer great
The banana plants are bending
What grandeur in all Cikkallūru
The fumes of perfumes darken the horizon –
The banana plants are bending
The smell of incense spreadsin all the region
The banana plants are bending!
The moon is sinking
Rangōlis are shining bright
By way of offering service
To Siddappāji the great
The banana plants are bending!
Ammayya on an elephant
Siddappāji on the horse
Paramjyōti on the sacred palanquin
The banana plants are bending
Lord, let our shrill call
Oh Paramjyōti, oh charmer great
Reach your holy feet –
The banana plants are bending
Let our shrill call
Reach your holy feet
The banana plants are bending
The moon is descending
Rangōli is shining bright
For the worship of Paramjyōti the great
The banana plants are bending

On the auspicious day of Kārtik Doddammatāyi offered worship at the feet of Ghananīli Siddappāji and Paramjyōti. When she asked washerman Mācappa to spread the clean carpet –

On the sacred cloth of Mācadēva
Walks slowly Siddappāji the great
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
GhanaNīli Lingappa you come yourself,
Thus they reach Kappadi of the grove,
They walk at a low pace,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Charmer Lord Lingappa, you come yourself
Come, oh Lord!

Well adorned Siddappāji in his charming form stood before the Kappadi of the grove. (Tōpina Kappadi). "Doddammatāyi, which way should I choose to get into the villages of Halagūru and Cillāpura, the habitation of the people of my caste?"

Then Doddammatāyi showed him the route leading to Halagūru and Cillāpura.

You pass by Onagalli and Okralli
Dāsalli with the river on the right
You pass by Nanjanaik's hut on the left
Proceed on the road
Leading to Dēvapattana
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Oh Ghananīli Siddayya Swami
Come oh Lingayya in all grace
Pass on the road to Dēvapattana
On the outer edge of Kancugalli
On the slope of Kemkere
On the road to Kādu Basayya's mound
The road leads to Eleyakundūru hills,
Take the road to Eleyakundūru hills,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Pass by the Eleyakundūru hills on the left

Pass through Dāsanāykana Doddi
Pass through Banduttalli and Bācanalli
On the Odehalli road
Goes the route of Doddanalli and Cendalli
Take this road my son,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Pass by Arasalli cave on the left
Hear my Nili Siddappāji
You pass through the woods, my son,
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
GhanaNīli Siddappāji
Come oh Lord Lingayya
"Siddappāji, did you follow?
"Yes, I do, my mother!"
Doddamma, if I come back alive
Your dear son I remain,
If I to the magic tricks
Of the smiths of Halagūru succumb
Unable to play any counter – trick
I am the son of Brahma the great
Come oh! Lingayya, come.

If I do not come back alive for any reason, don't forget me as the son of a smith, dead and gone. Let me be buried at the back of the Rāja Boppanapura monastery and you may do me the favour of burning an incense stick three times a day."

"Why do you say so, my son Siddappāji?

If any body puts an end to your life in Halagūru and Cillāpura, do you think this Doddamma of this Boppēgowdanapura will keep her life and live on in this world? No. I wouldn't live on. The very next day of your end, I will end my life." " Don't speak such words in this holy place of Boppēgowdanapura".

"Go to Halagūru and Cillāpura, ask for steel and request them to make implements for you. If they refuse, don't argue but simply come back. At last Siddappāji raised his hands, saluted Boppēgowdanapura and set off on his journey.

Mother of the Earth, which goddess,
Which god can I trust?
In this Boppanapụra
The fault of being the disciple
Of this bearer of *Kandāya*
Of this bearer of *Tambūra*
Of this Paramjyōti of Boppanapura
Is on my head, oh Guru,
On Guru, my Lord.

Swami Siddappāji, ready to set off for Halagūru Cillāpura of the people of his community, has his eyes overflowing with tears that flow down his cheek and chest. Still in sorrow he goes up the bank of the village tank, stands up and bids good bye to Boppēgowdanapura with his folded hands:

The Swami has moved
To the habitation of his caste men
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Oh my Guru Lingappa, come, I plead
Passing by Onagalli and Okralli on the right
Passing by Nanjanāyakara Doddi on the left
On the Dēvapattana road
Comes our Lord with grace
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
On the Dēvapattana road
Nīli Siddappāji passes through
Kancagalli Puragāne
Hancipura Malagāne
Swami proceeds at slow pace
To Eleyakundūru hills,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Māri sees
The Māri of Kundūru hills sees
Some one coming up Kundūru hills road,
The first gate to defend Halagūru
Is in truth the Kundūru hill

On the hill reside the Pāncālas
Of Halagūru and Cillāpura.

Māris were bought to offer security to the region. If strangers were to intrude into Halagūru or Cillāpura, they were to hold them back and refuse to allow them to get in.

The Māri of Kuntūru hill
Sees with her own eyes
Swami Siddappāji's approach,
She issues a scream aloud,
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
To Siddappāji she makes haste
Runs to him in hurried gait
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Māramma is running to Siddappāji
Come, oh Lord Lingayya with grace.

Māramma still did not recognize the person whom she thought to be an intruder. Some intruder from outside is trying to get into her fort, she thought. She chased him and started dancing in front of him. "Oh, outsider! What are these overhangings? Throw off these items like *Kante* or *Bonte*. Let me swallow you in one swing". Our charmer Siddappāji was not unnerved. He boldly challenged her but in pretended jest he said, "Yes, Māramma, you will of course not stop short of swallowing me in one morsel. But before being swallowed I have an ardent wish. They say the Māri festival is the most beautiful festival in the world, and the Māri dance is said to be the most wonderful."

Dance your Māri dance,
Let me fill my eyes with the charm
Come oh Sidayya Swami
Oh Māramma mother
Come oh Lingayya with grace

"Its that your wish, you stranger? All right. Let me dance." She starts.

Fastening tight
The sari she is wearing
She dances in abandon
In front of Siddappāji
Come, oh, Siddayya Swami
Mother Māramma springs in a spirited dance
Come Lord Lingayya, Come, you yourself
Swami Nīli Siddappāji
Sees Māri in a dancing spree
By chanting magic slogans,
We can't make mangoes drop
By speaking words mild
We can't subdue this woman wild
So saying Swami Nīli Siddappāji
Holds up the dancing Māri damsel
By her forehead in grip firm
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Guru Lingappa, you yourself!
Quite in front of the palatial house
Where he sat to watch
He holds her by his left hand
Takes off from his mendicant bag
The whip of the prickly plant Urusingi
Lashes three times on Māri's back
Come oh Siddayya Swami
You yourself come, oh charmer Lingappa

No longer did he take out the whip from his bag and lash three times on Māramma than she screamed in burning pain.

Help! Oh Paramjyōti
Save me from this burning fire
Had I known you were such an evil God,
I wouldn't have ever you approached
I swear by your holy feet,
Save me from these burning flames –

When Māri screamed so loud Siddappāji dropped the dark ash in his hand on the limbs of Māramma. Her burning body felt soothing relief. She asked, "My Lord, who are you?" "I am Nīli Siddappāji, disciple of Mantēswāmi of Boppēgowdanapura". "Where are you going?" "Our Guru Mantēswāmi desires that we build a house for him in this Māri Boppanapuri. As per his command I am going to Halagūru - Cillāpura to get steel and steel implements from our caste people. So I am going there." "Is that so, my Lord? All right. You may go to them. At the next gate there is my sister Kurubaradoddi Māramma. Don't beat her up, as you did in my case. "Oh, when you got the whipping, she has also got its taste." When Siddappāji gave three lashes with the whip on Māramma of Kundūru hills, Māramma of Kurubaradoddi got six. What was aimed at the elder sister landed on the younger one, say the elders of the village. When the younger Māramma of Kurubaradoddi got six lashes as a sequel to the three on the elder Māramma of Kudure hill, she issued loud screams. At that time Dāsappa Muttattirāya was going to Kurubaradoddi for Bhiksa. He used to go there every three days. As Māramma screamed in pain, Dāsappa thought that Māramma had seen him trying to get into the village and was therefore shouting at him. In fear he started running. As he was running, Māramma of Kurubaradoddi was screaming aloud. When the black ash fell on the elder Māramma and gave her instant relief from pain, the younger sister too, simultaneously, felt sudden relief. "Māramma, you know, your younger sister Kurubaradoddi Māramma has also realized the truth about me?" said Siddappāji.

"My Lord, today you please stay in the place. My sister and I will both go to Basavanabetta and bring you 12 bundles of *Bhangi* leaves. We will be waiting for you at the platform under the neem tree in front of the Kurubaradoddi Village. When you proceed to Halagūru, you may please pass through Kurubaradoddi. "Is that your wish? All right, you proceed, I'll be coming behind" So he let her proceed further. He stood on Kundūru hill and raised his folded hands to Rājaboppanapura.

From Kundūru hill

He flies to Basava hill
Come oh Siddayya Swami
My Master great
Come oh Lingappa, you yourself come –
From Kundūru hills
He flies to Basavanabetta
Like a fawn he jumps
Charmer my father
Flies in magic flight
In the thick forest
Of Basava hills
There is no trace
Of birds or herds
Of men or beasts
Alone and aloof
On the Basava hill
Stands our master great
He views four corners
And directions eight
Come oh Siddayya Swami
The ruler of Māris all

As he stood on top of Basava hill and looked in all directions he spotted Muttattirāya. The man had tripped on the day before while trying to run away from Māramma, who he thought was chasing him and hurling shouts at him. In truth she was screaming in pain after receiving lashes from Siddappāji. He had dropped, while running away his conch, his gong and his bonāshi. Today he was trying to find them out. He was also calling up Māramma. Siddappāji caught his sight. "Oh, I thought there is no one in this forest. Now there is somebody going in the valley; eying him closely he said that his Bhāva (Cousin) was coming and he called him up "Bhava. Dāsappa heard it as Bā (Come) and he wondered who was calling him up. He recalled how Māramma had shouted at him and today somebody was welcoming him. He was caught by fear: "Alas! My fate!" he said.

Holding his cloth high

He runs and trips
Come oh Siḍdayya Swami
Lingappa, you yourself come,

As Muttattirāya was running away, Siddappāji called out: As he heard the word Bhāva he wondered who acknowledged him as his relative. He stopped and Siddappāji approached him and held his hands. Caught by fear, Muttattirāya asked, "Who are you?" "Oh, Cousin, don't you recognize me? I am Nīli Siddappāji, son of Mantēswāmi of Rājaboppanapura." "Oh, you are Siddappāji!" "Yes, I have to build a monastery for Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi. My Guru wants me to fetch the necessary tools and materials from the villages of Halagūru and Cillāpura. So I am going there. My cousin, you also join me. We shall both go to Halagūru." "You see, in the two ages of Trētāyuga and Dwāparayuga there is no unity between Dāsappas and Goddappas. You know why? Dāsas would not take a bride from the family of Guddas, because it is believed that if a Dāsa enters a house of Guddas, it will be ruined." "Not so, Dāsas perform the worship of God Hari. If a Dāsappa, who has performed the worship of Hari, enters a Gudda's house, the effects of all kinds of black magic,sorcery witchcraft, drugging etc. will totally disappear." "Let it be so. But in this Kaliyuga let us be cautious and let us go together to Halagūru, Cillāpura." "Oh Siddappāji, of all the villages, you invite me to Halagūru - Cillāpura? I was there fifteen days ago. It seems nobody has ever gone there with my request. I went there, stood before a well-known chieftain's house and blew my Conch. "Damn them, I don't know where they were. Seven or eight of them chased us with cow dung cakes. You are inviting me to such a wicked village?"

Nīli Siddappāji asks
More about the villagers wicked
More he does not know
He asks the name of the chieftains wicked
That he does not know
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh our Master great

Come oh Lingayya, you yourself,
Don't invite me to such chieftains wicked
Let me pray at your feet –
Come oh Siddayya Swami

Muttattirāya insisted that he would not like to accompany Siddappāji to the villages of Halagūru and Cillāpura. Then Siddappāji asked, "Cousin, if you don't agree to come with me to Halagūru, you may come with me at least up to Kurubaradoddi." "Why?" "That Māramma has urged me to have a puff of the hookah she has prepared." "Siddappāji, that Māramma hates my very sight. How do I make my appearance before her?" "Don't worry, cousin, I shall manage her. Don't be anxious." Thus the two proceeded to Kurubaradoddi.

Basava hill they leave
To Kurubaradoddi they come
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Charmer Lingappa you come,
Reaching Kurubaradoddi
On the platform under a neem tree
Siddappāji spreads a tiger skin -
He burns an incense stick
Come oh Pavāda Lingayya, you come!

Siddappāji reached Kurubaradoddi and spread a tiger skin on the platform under the neem tree in front of the village. Before him Muttattirāya sat. Māramma brought *Bhangi* leaves to Siddappāji. Siddappāji pressed a few leaves on his palm, crushed them with his fingers, made them into small balls and thrust them into the hookah pipe.

He took one puff of the smoke
He prayed to Doddammatāyi
He took two puffs of smoke
He prayed to Swami Rācappāji
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Three puffs he smoked

He chanted "Paramjyōti"
Come oh Siddayya Swami
My Lord Lingayya, you come yourself.

As Siddappāji was inhaling the puffs of the *Bhangi* leaves, Muttattirāya sat still looking at him. "Cousin, I have brought me with you as my companion, I should not ignore you. One who treats others in an unequal manner will not be liked by God. Sitting with me, you may also have a puff of smoke," said Siddappāji. Muttattirāya said in a tone of flat refusal, "No, I am not used to smoking *Bhangi*. Excuse me. If you ask me to sing - Bētemane. I can do that gladly." "What is that?" The Dāsas sit around a heap of Kadle (Bengalgram), in the middle of the road and sing "Oh, Parāk' in abandon. If you are so insistent give me a little. Let me see how it tastes," said Muttattirāya. Siddappāji mixed a little quantity of *Bhangi* leaves, a little tobacco, spices and a little Haranāgara poison, made a couple of *Ganja* balls and handed over to Muttattirāya, who had never smoked *Bhangi* before.

One puff he inhales
He coughs 'buch, buch,'
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Muttattirāya
Come oh Lord Lingayya with grace
He takes a second puff
The dark pupils of his eyes roll round
The white portion of the eyes looms large
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Come oh Miracle Lingayya you, come

Siddappāji looked at Muttapparāya who had lain unconscious, with no signs of breathing. " If I have to keep guard of Muttattirāya in this condition, when do I go to Halagūru? When do I fulfill the challenge of getting the steel and building the home?" So thinking Siddappāji took out a little quantity of sacred ash and applied it to the head of Muttattirāya. The intoxication gradually left him. He uttered, "Oh Parāk, O Gōvinda Nārāyana" and got up.

They leave Kumbāradoddi
They come to Basava hill
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Gana Siddayya Swami
Come oh Lord Lingayya with grace.

The cousins both stood on Basava hill and looked around in the four directions and in eight corners. They looked up in the North-east direction and Muttapparāya said, "Cousin, that is Halagūru with seven roads, that is Cillāpura with seven roads. There are 770 families of your caste. They work in the level ground in the middle. They dig in the earth, they dig out pieces of iron ore, which melts the ore in thin kilns, make steel implements. Their workshop is called *Oudi*. In 776 kilns you see the sparks of fire. You see, that is the road of your Halagūru - Cillāpura.

Two are better than me
Better to celebrate a marriage
Than to perform a festival

"After I have obtained steel from this place and built a house and settle as God my Guru Mantēswāmi will erect in the eastern direction a light-house called Candramandala in Cillehalli village in Cikkattūru. This Candramandala will be the service for Cennājamma. On the second day they will perform a service called "Doddōra sēve, involving a feast with sweet Pāyasam. That is meant for Dharege Doddavaru, Rācappāji and Doddammatāji. On the third day the devotees and pilgrims perform what is called - Mudisēve. Let this service be meant for Madivāla (washerman) Mācappa. The fourth day's service will be mine." "What are you going to receive?". "There will be many devotees on visit":

"Their offering of *Bhangi* will be to me
Their offering of Mane will be to you
Come oh, Siddayya Swami
Behind my shrine in Cikkallūru
I'll get a smaller shrine
For you made, my cousin,

Devotees will perform Muttatti sēva
That will be for your sake
Oh Siddayya Swami,
The Lord of Cikkallūru
Come oh Lingayya with grace

"Cousin, I will get a service called Muttattirāya sēve done in your honour". "Fine", said Muttattirāya and went to his place Muttatti.

Siddappāji, left alone on the Basava hill, went to the Mallamma tank in the grove of Honge trees in the valley, bathed and made he fresh. As he was cleaning the *Kandāya* he addressed Muttattirāya thus:

"You are going now. Let me give you a word of advice." "What is your advice?" "When you have to beg for alms in the road of Bhagyavantas, take this *Tambūra* I give." So he gave him the *Tambūra* along with the Cymbals. Then he gathered *Kakke* flowers and decorated the *Kandāya* with them, adorned himself well and before going to the Halagūru - Cillāpura village of his caste people, he once raised his folded hands paying his respects to Rājaboppanapura.

Still I am on the way
To the people of my caste
On this sinful son of yours
Have pity, my mother,
So saying he raises his hands
And folds them in prayer
Ghananīla Siddappāji

Standing on top of Basava hill Swami Siddappāji turned round and saw the lane of the chieftain of his community in Halagūr- Cillāpura village.

I come, I come
Brahma Pāncālas,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
People of my caste

For three days you have been spoilt,
Come oh! Gangādhara Lingayya
Holding on his head large
Kandāya of the north
Nīli Siddappāji
He approaches Halagūru
The village of men of his caste

Thus started Paramjyōti GhanaNīli Siddappāji for Halagūru-Cillāpura, the village inhabited by his people, and reached the village. He asked himself through which gate he could enter the village. Mandamāri kept guard at the southern gate, on the western gate there was Ankadamāri on guard. "If I go to these gates, I would have to get beaten up by these furious women. I would be a victim of ridicule among the chieftains if they come to know of that. It would be best to pass through the eastern gate which is in charge of Mūgumāri.

To the gate in the east
Comes our charmer great
Come oh Siddayya Swami
When he comes to the eastern gate
He is sighted by
Mūgumāri the wicked
She hurls abuse at Siddappāji.
Come oh Siddappāji
Siddappa Swami sees
Mūgumāri coming
He sees her coming from the other side,
He sees her coming,
He raises his leg right,
He kicks her off with all his force,
With the force of the kicking
Flows Māramma into the sky
In Halagūru she is kicked off,
In Boppanapatna she lands anon
Come oh Siddayya Swami

When Siddappāji spurned her at the eastern gate she flew like a dry leaf caught in a storm and fell down at the last gate of Boppanapura. As she fell down she screamed aloud and Doddammatāyi came and saw the woman lying on the ground. "Māramma, who are you?" "My Lord, I am Mūgumāri, keeping guard at the eastern gate of Halagūru - Cillāpura village. Some young chap was trying to get in. I went to stop him. Oh! How he hurled me with his leg! I have fallen down here. I was born dumb. But the moment I fell down here I gained the power of speech. Oh, now I know. Doddammatāyi, I am the first Māri to be kicked off by your son Siddappāji. My Lord, Permit me to go back." "Why do you go back? Don't go, you will settle here in a shrine behind our monastery and you will be known here as Mūgumāramma. "My Lord, will you get the annual festival for me performed?" "Don't worry about that. I'll see to it that the annual service that the people of Halagūru - Cillāpura do to you by way of a festival will be done here by the people of Boppanapura. Sannayya of Boppanapura will offer you sheep and chicken in sacrifice." "I agree," said Māramma and settled there." Here in Halagūru Siddappāji entered the eastern gate and he played on his *Tambūra* and came to beg for alms in the streets of Halagūru - Cillāpura where the people of his caste lived.

In the Queen's street of Cillāpura he announced:

Alms and gifts for Kalyān
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Oh Tambūra God,
Come oh Lingayya with grace.
I come for alms, I come for gifts
Bhiksa for Haradēva,
Bhiksa for Gurudēva
Bhiksa for Sādhu -sanyāsin
Bhiksa for Jyōtirlinga,
Let me get the first alms
From people of my caste
Come oh! Siddappa Swami
Thus he seeks alms

Thus he seeks charity gifts

Wallowing in wealth
The queen in Cillāpura
Hears not the call for gifts
Hears not the call for alms
Come oh Siddayya Swami,
She doesn't lift up her head
She doesn't rise to give any alms
She doesn't see the true merit of the guest
Come oh Siddayya Swami
The Great Queen is unaware
Come oh Lord Lingayya with grace

She was sitting with legs drawn straight on the ground. She didn't even bend her knee. She did not know what true devotion was. The wife of the chieftain did not care for the mendicant guest. Standing in the midst of the road Siddappāji grieved at the neglect he suffered. "Mother Doddammatāyi, I pleaded with you that are not to press me to go for Bhiksa to the people of my caste. They will not give any. I pleaded again and again. But you insisted and forced me to come to this place. I come here, play on my *Tambūra*, I carry the *Kandāya* of the north and I call up for alms and nobody heeds my appeal. None among the people of my caste would come out of their houses to give guest alms or any charity.

Into my mendicant's bag,
Gifts of honour they do not drop
To the Kandāya that I carry
In no home at all
Do they even a little incense burn,
In a village like this
Halagūru Cillāpura
How do I get any steel,
How do I get any tool,
For Boppēgowdanapura?
Thus he grieves
Standing in the midst

On the Queen's road
Oh Ghana Nīli Guru Siddappāji

Thus Siddappāji expressed his frustration, standing in the midst of the road called the queen's road. No hearth burns without lighting fire. No thief enters the village without support from local residents. Let me go to the Māramma shrine between Halagūru and Cillāpura and let me ask for some place to keep my paraphernalia that I have brought from Boppēgowdanapura.

He leaves Cillāpura
He walks to Kālamma's shrine
So goes our Swāmiiji with grace
Come oh Siddayya Swami
He comes to Kālamma shrine
Stands at the door in front
"Kāli, Kāli" he calls thrice,
Come oh Lord Lingayya, you yourself.
The call receives no response
He raises his right leg aright
Kicks on the door with force
The door frame breaks and falls
To the ground with a thud,
Which wakes up Kāli, who shouts
And screams so loud
That the roof stone of the shrine
Flies off its base.
Come, oh! Siddayya Swami

When Siddappāji kicked at the door of Kāli shrine with her right leg, the door gave way and fell down. When it fell on her chest, Kāli uttered such a loud scream that the stone on the roof of the shrine flew off. It was circling round the court platform at Heggulumetittu, where the big kiln was at work. The Pāncālas, who were working there, wondered why Kāli gave out such a loud shout. They thought that Kāli got angry because they did not perform the annual festival in the proper way. They thought that she had sent the stone roof as a missile of warning. They feared that if they didn't perform forthwith

the festival of Kāli, she would bring ruin to the whole village of Halagūru-Cillāpura. The chieftains summoned all the members of the community. They also assembled on the platform under the peepal tree. The chieftain sat in a golden chair and gave his verdict. "See, my people, Goddess Kāli has become angry and has to be appeased. We have to offer her worship. The seven chieftains gathered materials to perform the worship of Kāli and to pray to her for mercy and vowed to hold a festival in recompense to their folly. They brought items like haldi, kumkum, dhūp and submitted that in a week's or fifteen days' time all the Pāncālas, people of the seven streets of Halagūru and people of the seven streets of Cillāpura would arrange for a festival. They would get enough fruit in advance. On Monday the ritual of 'Ta*mpu*' will be performed. On Tuesday there would be "*Made*". On Wednesday they will have a dance performance. There will be dances like Hāymāri and Huymāri. They will get all kinds of musucal instruments to play: *Tāla*, *Tambūri*, Vīne, Tammate. There will be *Vīramakkala Kunita* (dance) – and fireworks of various kinds like *Nāgarabatti*, *Ugurubāna*, *Jagajanku* etc. When they bring clay from the inner lane of Gundapura they would offer animals like sheep in sacrifice and give offerings of coconuts. The procession will be accompanied by the songs of concubines and accompaniments by widowed women. "Whatever be our follies, show mercy on us, and take back the stone slab of your temple," they pleaded. They offered the auspicious lamp (Mangalārati), they bundled silver coins in a yellow piece of cloth and hung them on the pole as penalty for their lapse. As the Pāncālas offered worship in this manner to the stone plank, Siddappāji, who was standing in front of the Kāli shrine, was pleased. He took out a little dark ash from his bag and dropped it on the stone slab and lo! The slab flew and settled back on its original place. The Pāncālas, who saw this, were immensely delighted. "Do you see how great our Goddess is! When we prayed that we would offer her penalty tribute and hold a festival with all fanfare, she was pleased and withdrew the stone slab. Let us announce that the festival has to be performed in all grandeur." They started announcing with accompaniment of beats of drum from lane to lane. Here Siddappāji went to the temple of Kālamma. Kālamma got

frightened and asked who the guest was. "Eh Māri, you ask me who I am? I am your master. I am the seventh son of Muddamma of Māralli, Kempācāri is my name. You were our deity Kālikādēvi in Māralli. When Māralli got ruined, you chose to migrate to Halagūru and settle here, didn't you?"

"Yes, my father, why have you come here, my Lord?" "Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi of Boppanapura got me as a gift from my parents, didn't he? He now desires that I get steel implements made in their village for a monastery to be built in Boppanapura. For that purpose he has sent me here to my people in Halagūru - Cillāpura. Till I get enough steel implements in Halagūru I need two square metres of space in your temple, so that I may put here my paraphernalia for some time." "Is that all? By all means you may do so", Kālamma said and gave him space in the temple. Then Siddappāji laid down his *Kandāya, Tambūra, Muttina Jōlige* (mendicant's bag), *Nāgabetta*, trident etc., and said to Kāli, "Mother, don't tell anybody that I have been here. See you later."

He leaves Kālamma's temple,
He leaves for Basava hill
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Standing on Basava hill
My father Nīli Jnānada Bhōgi
Nīli Siddappāji
Swami raises his hands and
Offers his obeisance to Rājaboppanapura
Come oh Siddayya Swami.

Sidappāji stood on top of Basava hill and offered his salutations to Boppēgowdanapura. 'Doddamma, I repeatedly told you that I wouldn't go to Halagūru - Cillāpura but you insisted that I go. I did go to the streets of my people in the village and made loud appeals for charity and alms. But not one member of my caste the Pāncālas came out and saluted the *Kandāya*. Not one bent in respect. They did not even burn an incense stick. They did not bring any grain in their winnowing bamboo tray. How do I manage to get any steel as gift in this impossible village - Halagūru - Cillāpura? You are the only

one who can show me a way out." Thus he indulged in his sad reflections, standing on the hill. Then he said to himself. "I must deal with these chieftains as a chieftain. If I speak to their women, the men get angry. If I meet the women, I may win them over using my powers of miracle. I may succeed in getting implements for house-construction." Thus he pondered. "What should I sell to the women there? Gold and silver, precious stones and pearls- they don't care for any such stuff, because they are common for them. In this house the front door frame is made of pearls, the doors are made of mirrors, the arcs are in bronze, necklaces are all of gold, the cots are of silver – So it is in the house of these blacksmiths:

The poles to which calves are tied
Are all made of silver and gold
The rod in the grinding stone
Is of gold or silver
If I take silver or gold
To people so rich
The wives of the chieftains
Won't raise even their eyes-
With the women of my caste
I shall deal in bangles –
Thus he thought
Come oh Siddayya Swami –

With the intention of selling bangles and bracelets to these women of the chieftains Swami Siddappāji stood on top of the Basava hill!

He calls up reptiles and scorpions
Of eighteen kinds
Come oh Siddayya Swami
As he waves his hands
And calls up creatures all
In response to his call
Reptiles and scorpions and insects
Those are on hills and in lanes
In woods and caves and burrows
Come running and flying

On Basava hill
Around Siddappāji
The creatures all abound
And dance around
Come oh! Siddayya Swami.

When snakes and scorpions raised their hoods and heads and danced around, Siddappāji standing on Basava hill looked at them!

Holding snakes and scorpions
The Swāmiiji brings them round
And turns those into bangles all round
For lean and tall women,
Bangles made from cobra king
For fair-skinned damsels
Bangles from water-snake
For women short in stature
Bangles from *Sunta* snake
For fatty dames all round
Bangles from *Mandala* snake
For women in complexion dark
Bangles from *Kevallu*
Come oh! Siddayya Swami

He turned a *Mandala* snake into a hollow pipe-like holder to hold the bangles, he tied a poison snake around his neck as a shawl, he tried a serpent around his waist as a belt, he dressed himself in a twelve foot peacock wing, wound a big snake around his head as a turban, attached a big scorpion on his lips to serve as a moustache – he dressed himself thus in the midst of the woods. In his pair of slippers of *Kokke* and with a pitcher made from a snake he took the guise of a bangle-seller and set off.

He leaves the Basava hill
He walks at a pace slow
To the house of the queen
In Cillāpura village
Come oh Siddayya, come!

At the gate in the South
He makes a wondrous trick

At the southern gate ruled Sunkada Māramma, who demanded toll to get into the village. Siddappāji cleverly said that he would pay the toll while coming back after selling bangles in the village. She believed his words and went up and rested in the attic. Siddappāji walked up the lanes of the village and announced that his wares of bangles were for sale. In the same lane he had earlier come carrying his *Kandāya* and his *Tambūra.*

Bangles, bangles, who wants
Bangles from Bombay –
For the sister who has come home
For the sister who sits at home
Ratnamma, gōramma, wives of chieftains,
You get the bangles you desire
Come in haste, run up fast
As our holy Lord
Comes on the lane
The chieftains' wives
Sitting in the swing,
In the house like the palace of the king
Hear the bangle man's words
They get down from the swing,
They come down to the door
In front of the castle they stand
They see the bangle seller
They call their friends all
Indri, Ratni, Sundri, do you see
Since Halagūru - Cillāpura was born
Till this day you see
None of the gods there
Hari, Hara or even Brahma
No Dāsa, no soothsayer,
No *Jōgis*, no sages, no *Kala bhogis*
No beggars, No wanderers, no vagabonds

To Halagūr - Cillāpura
None has ever come
How come this bangle man is here?
Come oh Siddayya Swami, come!

"My sisters, since we cleared this spot and built homes here in Halagūru - Cillāpura no one has ever visited this place. How did this bangle - seller find his way into the village? Anyway he has come. Indramma, I have a suggestion. My husband is working at the kiln. He comes home for lunch only at noon.. Why not we get this bangle seller into our house and buy from him bangles - giving him the silver coins we have? Let us wear armful of bangles and look beautiful." "Yes, that is a good idea", said everybody, Indamma and Gōramma," all approved the idea and were ready to greet the bangle-seller. When they were discussing the matter with one another, the elder daughter-in-law, wife of Bettōji, overhead them. "What are you talking about there, without sharing it with me, you Indri, Sundri, Kamali?" Nothing special, Rājakka. A bangle-seller has arrived. We expressed our desire to buy bangles with the silver coins we have in plenty with us." "Where is the bangle seller?" "See, there he is coming." Rājakka saw the bangle seller. She said to the others, "What, Indri, Kamali, Ratni, you want to buy bangles from this bangle-seller? "Yes, sister." "Let me tell you one thing. Do you want to hear me?" She said

Set aside wearing bangles-
But see the beauty of the bangle-seller!
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Look at the beauty of his nose!
Like a Campak bud it is
Look how bright his eyes are!
Like two halves of a lemon!
Look at the beauty of his lips!
Like red little-gourd they are
Look at the rows of his teeth!
Like seeds of pomegranate
He shines so fine
Look at his face broad –

Like the bright full moon!
Look at the flash of his eyes –
Like a flash of lightning!
Come, oh Siddayya Swami

"See my friends, forget wearing bangles, just look at him, is he not wonderfully beautiful"? They sent word for the bangle seller. "Yes," said a maid and came to the sun-moon street- namely the eastern street. She called up, "Oh bangle seller!" "What, mother!" "The queens in the palace want to wear bangles. Bring your bangles." As she said this, Siddappāji's eyes overflowed with tears.

When I took my Kandāya holy
And asked for alms in the lanes
Of people of my clan,
Not a single Pāncāla
Did come to greet me
Not one did fold his hands
Not one did burn sticks of perfume
How strange, oh Doddammayya,
When I bring reptiles and snakes
From the woods of Basava hill
And announce 'Bangles, take"
In the street of the queens
Women of my caste
Take me to their attic
How strange, oh listen!
Paramjyōti Mantēdalingayya –
Oh! my Guru

"Oh – Bangle seller, why are you standing so still? Come up," they called him in. "All right, sister," he said and carrying his Bangle *Mallāra* (holder) he came up to the palace. As the queens were sitting on the golden chair, Siddappāji stood near them and they spread a blanket on his *Pagada* (turban). The bangle seller laid the Mallara on the blanket and sat down, with his face turned in the direction of Boppēgowdanapura. "What varieties of bangles have you brought, you bangle-seller?" they asked. "Sisters, I have four varieties of

bangles. "Only so many?" "Yes, sisters." "We will open the *Mallāra* and see. If we find the bangles good, we buy them. If not we return them." Praying to Mantēswāmi Siddappāji opened the *Mallāra*, the queens asked how many bangles he would give for one silver rupee coin. He offered five bangles. "Give ten", they and "No, not possible," Siddappāji insisted. "Why not? We have no dearth of bangles. Our husbands have given us enough bangles of gold and silver. Is your clay bangle costlier than a bangle of gold and silver? You can give, give us please," they urged. Siddappāji in the guise of the Bangle-seller said, "Sisters, your husbands are very rich. They are chieftains ruling over the village of Halagūru - Cillāpura. The bangles I have are meant to be worn by auspicious women whose husbands are alive. As long as they have their husbands alive, they wear there auspicious bangles. If the husband is dead the wife laments that she has become a widow and breaks the bangles. Rich women may wear bangles of silver. Women who are still richer wear gold bangles. You say that you are the wives of the chieftains of Halagūru Cillāpura. And you have husbands still. But you have only gold bangles on your wrists! What kind of bangles have your husbands got done for you?"

You are widows even if you have husbands
You are widows when your husbands are dead
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Sisters, I have seen today
Widows with husbands alive
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Hearing the words of the bangle-seller
The queens addressed one another thus
Indri, Sundri, Kamali, how true are
The words of this bangle vender!
What he says is not untruth,
The bangles bought by our husbands
Are meant by widows to be worn
The bangles offered by the bangles-vendor
Are meant to be worn
By wives auspicious with their husbands alive
Hearing the words of the bangle-vendor

The women took off their bangles of gold and silver all
And laid them down on the ground
Come oh! Siddayya Swami

As soon as they heard the words of the bangle vendor, with no hesitation at all the wives of the chieftains took off golden and silver bangles which their husbands had provided them and asked the vendor to put new bangles on them. He asked them to sit by his side so that he could put the bangles on their wrists. As they sat around him Siddappāji began to shed tears.

A millionaire's son has been brought
And turned into a beggar
A chieftain's son has been brought
And turned into a mendicant
Let me so live and be alive
But what a fate this is mine!
To hold the hands of wives
Of Pāncāla men of my caste
And to slip bangles on their arms
Paramjyōti Mantēdalingayya

"Bangle vendor, it is time for our husbands to come. Put the bangles on us quickly." As they held forth their arms, Siddappāji, who had already got the magic bangles ready, started his selection of bangles.

To the lean and tall bangles from the cobra –
To the fair bangles from the water-snake
To the fatty bangles from Mandala snake
To those in green, bangles from green snakes
For the purple-skinned were meant
Bangles of *Kadage*
For the dark-complexioned were meant
Bangles from *Tevvlis*

Swami put on the arms of the women
Bangles from scorpions and snakes alike
Our Ghana Nīli Siddappāji

Thus Siddappāji ṣlipped the bangles on to the arms of the Chieftains' wives. The eminent ladies brought him gold and silver coins and said, "Bangle-vendor, it is time for our husbands to come home. You may go now." As soon as they sent him away, he took the money with him and came to the temple of Kālamma in the midst of Halagūru and Cillāpura and sat down to rest. The queens went to the "Kanibīdi' and filled large cawldrons with scented water, bathed in it, some smeared sandal wood oil, some sampige oil before taking bath After the bath they wore silk saris and put on blouses with designs of flowers. They combed and plaited their hair, wore jasmine flowers to cover their whole head, put on diamond ear rings, diamond nose-rings, put on anklets on the legs, bracelets on the wrists, pendants on the neck, and wore the bangles given by the bangle vendor and showed their adornments to one another. "Sister Indira, see the bangle on my wrist! Sister Chandri, see the bangle on my wrist," they said to one another turning their arms and admiring the bangles.

Here in Cillāpura Miracle Siddappahji was sitting in the Kālamma temple. He was amused at the thought of the chieftain's wives taking the fake bangles as beautiful, turning them round and admiring their beauty. He took out a little quantity of the dark powder and

He takes out some dark ash
Blows at it with his breath
Come oh Sidayya Swami
As he takes out the dark ash
And blows at it with his breath
The ash flows to Cillāpura palace
The ash falls on the queen
Admiring her bangles
As the ash falls on her
The bangles vanish all at once
In their place appear snakes and reptiles
Come oh Siddayya Swami
As the bangles turn into snakes and reptiles
The snakes and reptiles

Sting their thighs and arms
They scream and jump
They run helter-shelter
They run into their room
They close the door to prevent
The snakes and reptiles from rushing in
Lo! There fly in the room swarms of wasps
Fly around them and sting them left ad right
They scratch their limbs which swell
The wasps sting them left and right
They scratch their limbs which terribly itch;
The queens of Cillāpura all
Howl and scream and wail
They jump up and down
Come oh Siddayya Swami

As the Chieftains' wives in Cillāpura were stung by the wasps and chased by the snakes and scorpions they screamed and cried so loudly that their husbands Muttōji, Siddōji, Puttōji, Ratnōji, Kendōji and Bettōji heard them. Without suspecting anything foul, one of the chieftains asked Kendōji to go home and find out what was on there. On sensing this, Siddappāji, sitting in the Kālamma temple, was highly pleased. He again splashed a little dark ash on Cillāpura and with the touch of the holy ash all the snakes and reptiles and the wasps vanished at once. Kendōji who arrived there found nothing out of order. He asked the ladies why they had screamed so loudly and what they had seen. They said, "Some bangle seller was here. Giving silver and gold coins we got him to give us some bangles. But what a trickster, magician, charmer or a pedlar of drugs. He might have learnt some black magic. The bangles that he put on us turned into snakes and reptiles and they chased us and stung our hands. Unable to endure the pain of the bite of snakes, reptiles and wasps we screamed. That was the only fault of ours. We did nothing else."

Kendōji went back to the workshop. His brothers said, "You have gone to Cillāpura - What news do you bring?" "It seems there was a bangle seller in Cillāpura. After he put bangles on our women

and went away, the bangles are said to have all turned into snakes, reptiles and wasps and stung our women. So they screamed so harshly. But when I went up to see, everything was normal. The other six chieftains rose in anger.

What an insult to our village
Since inception of Halagūru - Cillāpura
Intruder here has been none
Brother, this bangle-vendor
Sneaked into our village
Come oh Siddayya Swami
The first fault lies
In the Bangle vendor
Come oh Siddayya Swami
These words spoken by Puttōji
Ratnōji hears and says
The Bangle-seller is not at fault –
The fault is in Māri
Who was on guard,
And let the intruder in
Come oh Siddayya Swami
His words Ningōji heard and said
It is not Māri's fault
Nor is it of the bangle-vendor
Our wives held their arms
And got the bangles put on,
The first fault is theirs", he says.
These words of Lingōji Ratnōji hears
"It is nobody's fault,
Not the fault of the wives –
Those who gave powers to the wives
Are the first doers of wrong."
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Who called the bangle seller going on the road?
Who signaled to them and asked to come in?
Who held out the hands
And got the bangles put on their arms

That was the fault of our wives, of none else
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
It is not the fault of the wives,
It is not the fault of the bangle-vendor
It is not the fault of the Māris.
The fault lies in the chieftains
Who gave so much power to their wives
Come on Siddayya Swami

The chieftains thought that the bangle-seller would not have gone far away. The people of the caste took spades, clubs and axes and looked for the bangle-seller in all the fourteen lanes of the village. Siddappāji sitting in Kālamma temple raised his hands and saluted Boppēgowdanapura. That pleased Doddammatāyi. She made her appearance in Kālamma temple. "Siddappāji, If you are sitting in Kālamma Temple, with fear of your own people, do you think you will become the God of the world? No, take all your paraphernalia that you have kept in Kālamma temple, wear them and go for Bhiksa in the same lanes where you sold the bangles. Let them see you. If they trouble you, let all the torments fall on me and let the happiness be yours, if they receive you well. When Doddammatāyi urged him so, Siddappāji agreed to do so and with full trust in her

He comes to the lanes,
Where hethe bangles sold
He asked for Bhiksa
Ghana Nīli Siddappāji
Come oh Siddayya Swami
In the lanes of Cillāpura
Men of Pāncāla caste
Men of Siddappāji's caste
Find him going alone-
There he is – hold him up
They take out a length of rope
They tie up his legs and arms-
Come oh Siddayya Swami
With arms and legs bound up

They are dragged to the kiln-
Come oh Siddayya Swami

"We haven't found the bangle-seller anywhere. This man in saffron cloth and holy pitcher could very well be the same man. So we have brought him, you may put him on trial." The men who spotted him, said. The seven chieftains looked with fierce anger. "They addressed him scornfully "Who are you, stripling?" Siddappāji felt grieved that even the *Kandāya* and Tambura on his shoulder did not evoke in them any respect for him.

"It is me that
Put the bangles on the wrists of your women
It is me that held the hands of your wives
Come oh Siddayya, Swami

"Yes, it is me who sold bangles to your wives. It is me that held your wives' hands in mine and let them put on my bangles." The chieftains were shocked at the arrogance of the young men. Since the time of the birth of Halagūru and Cillāpura no one ever had the guts to speak to them so haughtily. The Pāncālas shouted that people should thrash him. Siddōji however advised a little patience. He looked at the man, he looked at his dress and he looked at his gait. He was filled with doubt. He asked Siddappāji, "Who are you, tell us, please?" Then Siddappāji said," You are now speaking to me in courteous words. So let me tell you the truth. That is the path of righteous behaviour. You see, I am also of your own community. I am the seventh son of Muddōji, of Māralli, my name is Kempācāri. "Oh, intruder, you are one of our own castes, still you put on an alien dress – what are these paraphernalia of *Ante* and *Kante* meant for?" Siddappāji said "Today I am not Kempācāri the seventh son of Muddōji. Now I am son the son Nīli Siddappāji of Mantēswāmi of Rājaboppēgowdanapura. "Whose son are you?" "Of Dharege Doddavaru." Look, you stranger, you were born in this community – you were brought up along with the others in the community and you say that you are the son of someone else. What should I say of your demeanour?"

What do you wish to be?
Doddavaru of the world?
Are you in truth of the size of this globe?
Come Siddayya you come
It was a damned beggar.

Lingayya Swami, you call your father, Dharege Doddavaru? Is he of the size of the globe of the earth? As you say you are one of our own castes, let me tell you. As you are one of our own castes, we will make you the chief of all our 770 clans. The chieftaincies of all the seven brothers that we are, we will hand over to you. You be the chief of Cellāpura and be among young kinsmen. Drop all your paraphernalia into our burning kiln. Let them turn into ashes!" "Brothers Pāncālas, my desire is not to become your chief. I have a greater ambition to rule over the world (spiritually) I should be acknowledged as the sun of Dharege Doddavaru. "So, you are not willing to listen to our words. If you want to become a God and not a chief, why have you come to Halagūru - Cillāpura?" "As per the wish of my father Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi, I should get a house made for the people Boppēgowdanapura. For this I need steel and steel implements: hammers, pickaxes, spades, steel beams we heed. Then we need anklets, bracelets, chains for the forehead, necklace, and pendants - diamond ear-rings too. See my kinsmen Pāncālas of Halagūru - Cillāpura,

"Get me tools
Made of hard steel."
He said.
Come oh Siddayya Swami
His words Pāncālas heard
This beggar of an outsider
Enters our village Halagūru - Cillāpura
And demands tools of steel to boot
This Sidda asks for steel
His skin you should peel
Come oh Siddayya Swami
The caste men and kinsmen take off by force

The *Kandāya* on his shoulders broad
They throw it down on the ground
Come oh Siddayya Swami
They force him to sit on the anvil by force
They take a hammer of high weight
And hit him on his head-once-
As he receive the first blow
He calls up in mind paramjyōthi great
Come oh Siddayya Swami
As they hit him a second time
He calls up in mind Rāchappāji the great
As they hit him a third time
He calls up in mind Doddammatāyi
As they hit him still once more
His bones are shattered into powdery stuff
Come oh Siddayya Swami

The smiths saw that his bones and his flesh fell down on the ground with blood flowing out. "This Sidda is dead. Gather his limbs up in a bundle and with *Rasamudre* offer them to the Māris in the four corners of the world", said the chieftains. When they thus disposed of the flesh and the bones at the feet of Mārammas,

Damn, you fools –
Your challenge I take
With the miracle I mean
Give me the steel
For which I appeal
Come oh Siddayya Swami
"My kinsmen, you thought Sidda is
Once and for all times dead" "Oh!
We took his flesh and bones
And offered them as *Rasamudre* for
Māramma. Who is this fellow here?

Brother, that Sidda is already dead
This Sidda is another
Take this Sidda this very moment

Give him the proper treatment

As soon as the chieftains ordered good thrashing for this new Sidda who came from nowhere, Siddappāji said, "Don't torture me, whatever challenge for miracle, you throw, I take." "If you win our challenge, we send you the steel that you ask for, to Boppēgowdanapura. Siddappāji sat watching a wrestling match on a seat under a peepal tree in front of the village. The Pāncālas discussed between themselves and proposed a challenge with an oil cauldron.

To the cauldron miracle
Comes our charmer, our Lord
Come oh! Sidayya Swami.

When Ghana Nīli Siddappāji came to take the challenge of the oil cauldron, the oil in the cauldron began to boil vigorously. Before descending to the cauldron Siddappāji remembered father Mantēlingayya and mother Doddatāyamma and Rēcappāji, he took some dark ash and dropped it to the boiling oil.

He raises his right leg aright.
Lets it down into the cauldron
Of boiling oil
Come oh Siddayya Swami

As the Swāmiiji stepped into the cauldron the whole quantity of oil had turned into sweet smelling rose water. But the smiths found the oil to boiling and overflowing. They covered the cauldron with another and turned it upside down and sealed the joint. Siddappāji kicked off the cauldron used as lid with his right leg and it flew off and started circling a few yards above. "See Pāncālas, I have won your challenge with the grace of Mantēswāmi. The cauldron now flying above will serve as the drinking bowl for my father Rācappāji when he returns from Kappadi Tippūr after the Mārli festival with the Mārli Prasādam to Rājaboppanapura to Aligula on the fourth day after the Yugādi festival. That will be for Rācappāji who will have come tired after his journey. The cauldron in which I sat will serve as the drinking bowl for my mother Doddammatāyi. I have won

your challenge with a miracle. Will you now give me the steel that you promised?" "If we give you the steel our chieftaincy will be dishonoured. It is not possible to give you steel. Take this fellow to Māramma's temple where she is lying hungry. Instead of sacrificing a sheep, give this chap as offering," the chieftains said. Hearing these words, the Pāncālas

> Take him to Kālamma temple,
> Shut him up in the temple
> *Come oh Siddayya Swami*
> They take him to the temple
> They shut him up in the temple
> As they leave him after shutting him up
> With the doors still closed
> With the latches still fixed in place
> He leaves the temple by all unseen
> *Come oh! Siddayya Swami.*

The chieftains who had left Siddappāji shut up in the Kālamma temple believed that by this time he had been dead. But as they were just gloating over it Siddappāji came near the Kālamma temple and announced, "My kinsmen Pāncālas, I have won the challenge you posed. Give the steel," he said. The eldest chieftain asked his brothers, "Kandōji, Ratnōji, Puttōji, what did you do with the Sidda? Did you shut him up there or release him?" "We did shut him up there," they said,

> That Sidda is dead
> But here is another, brothers,
> *Come oh Siddayya come,*
> Haul up this so called Sidda
> And overhaul him in all thoroughness
> At your command
> *Come oh Siddayya Swami.*

The Pāncālas again ordered their kinsmen to finish him off. He said, "Don't desecrate me with your touch. Let me take any challenge that you pose." "He has learnt all mantras and tantras. There is no

need for any more miracles. He is capable of doing all miracles. You fill up a cauldron with cactus sap and force it down his throat." Siddappāji agreed and people gathered all in front at the *Rādabagilu.*

To drink up cactus sap
Comes our Swami with grace
Come oh Sidayya Swami
To drink cactus sap and ekka sap
Comes our Swami with grace
Near the workshop with the big kiln
As if it were mother's milk
He drank up a cauldonful
Of cactus sap and Ekka sap
He drank up the liquid in one big gulp
Come oh Siddayya Swami

"Oh Pāncālas, I have passed through the challenge you gave. At least now acknowledge my victory and give me the steel that you promised. I must go to Boppēgowdanapura soon," he said. "You have learnt some magic, some strange art. We shall now set the test of lime kiln for him. They made him get into a lime kiln, filled it with six khandugas of seashells and limestone.

Six Khandugas of seashells and limestone
Turn into sweet smelling jasmine
Come, oh Siddayya Swami
At the line kiln
He kicks with his foot
It splits into pieces two
From the lime kiln burning
Comes out the Swāmiiji in fire
Coming out he says,
"I have won a contest once more
Give me the promised steel
Come oh Siddayya Swami.

"Brothers, I have performed the miracle that you challenged me to perform. Give me the promised steel." "Lo! This man has

certainly learnt the art of magic. Give him another test." "What next test of miracle do we give him?" "He has given our women bangles of snakes and reptiles. Let us put on him rings of hot iron." They got the materials ready and invited Siddappāji who was sitting on the platform under the peepal tree playing with a peacock.

To the contest of bearing weight
Comes our Charmer great
Come oh Siddayya Swami

When Swami Siddappāji got ready for the contest of bearing weight

They put hot iron rings
On the wrists of Siddappāji
They put hot iron rings
On the legs of Siddappāji
As they slip the hot iron rings
On his arms and legs
One by one the rings of steel
Break like glass, alas!
Come oh Siddayya Swami

When the iron rings which the smiths were trying to slip on his arms and legs snapped and broke, the Swāmiiji called up his kinsmen, announced his successful accomplishment of the challenged task and reminded them of their promised gift of steel implements. "My kinsmen, I have done, with the blessings of Mantēswāmi, what you challenged me to do. Give me at least now the steel you promised." The Pāncālas said "This is an insult to our whole community. If we simply give him the steel he asks we the chieftains of this Halagūru - Cillāpura village will lose all our control on the village. Get ready to put him to the next test. Put him in a dry, abandoned well. Fill the well with dry tamarind leaves. Fill the well with six Khandugas of chillies. Drop him into the well and close it with a stone slab. "If you come back alive from the well we will give you the steel that you need." Siddappāji agreed and stood near the peepal tree smoking his hookah

For the trial of the abandoned well
Arrives the charmer greet
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Praying to Lord Paramjyōti
Praying to Doddamma dear
Offering prayers to Rācappāji
He sets his right foot in the well –
He slides right into the well
Oh my father Lord Paramjyōti
The six Khandugas of dried tamarind leaves
Turn into Sampige blossoms,
The six Khandugas of dry chillies
Turn into Sampige buds
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
He lies full of joy
On the bed of Champak buds
Come oh Siddayya Swami
He lies for three days full
When after three days they lift
The stone slab which covered the well,
Carrying his *Kandāya* as his wont
Ghana Nīli Swāmīiji walks up to the earth
Come oh! Siddayya Swami

"This trial also I have passed. Oh Pāncālas, let me have the steel that you promised." "Just because he won the test, we are not going to bend to his wish. We get another trial for him. Take a maund of iron, one maund of Pancaloōha, one maund of silver and melt them in about 13 smithies. The molten metal should flow from the 770 kilns engaged in melting the metals. It should be allowed to flow to the Basava hills. Let rain water flow to the Basava hill. Let rain water be ready there brought in cans. Let Sidda walk on the molten metal" - "If you survive, we give you the metal that you want." "Yes", Siddappāji agreed. But as a reaction to the tension created by this challenge he went up the Basava hill, caught hold of a tiger, rode on it three times around the hill and kicked it off the slope of the hill and the tiger vomited blood and fell dead. Looking at the dead tiger

he stood atop of the hill and made his appeal to Doddamma: "You said I should perform eight miracles and you would be present for the eighth. My kith and kin have challenged me with the Kādugatti (Motten metal) test in Halagūru Cillāpura. I won't pass this trial and I won't be able to return to Boppanapura to see you again." Saying thus he raised his folded hands in the direction of Rājaboppanapura. Doddammatāyi heard his appeal and she was moved. She went to Dharege Doddavaru and made her appeal: 'My son has to perform the Kādugatti miracle. He is sending his appeal for support from on top of Basava hill. We should be there." The Swāmiiji said, "Doddamma, why do we talk about him? Let whatever happens happen to him. Let us remain still." "Please don'y say so. If his people succeed in taking away his life, I would die here in Boppanapura." The Swāmiiji relented. Then the Swāmiiji, Doddamma, Rēcappāji and Chennājavva four of them gave their Darśan to Siddappāji. Here the Pāncālas of Halagūru - Cillāpura sent four people to Basava hill. They prepared for the miracle test. "Come, you Sidda, If you perform this miracle, our masters say you will be given the implements of steel," they announced to Siddappāji.

Our spiritual guide oh! Paramjyōti,
Revered Mantēdalingayya.
If I should survive this test,
I should have your blessings full
If I should be destined to die
Let me as sinner die
Here in the midst of my kith and kin
Have pity on this sinner.
He says and raises his hands
In prayer to Rājaboppanapura.

Thus with the intention of winning this test and taking the reward of the steel implements

Holding his *Kandāya*
He comers to Kādugatti trial
Come oh Siddayya Swami

In the centre of Halagūru
In the centre of Cillāpura
There is the workshop of a kiln
There is the Kurubarakatte Caudi
Hot metal melting down
Flows in front like a stream
Before the flowing metal
Crying and weeping and lamenting
Stands oh! Siddappāji
Come oh Siddayya Swami

Siddappāji thus stood lamenting his misfortune of having to face this impossible stake. The molten metal was flowing like a stream. The women of his community said in all excitement, "Come, Indri, Come Chandri, Sundri, Kamali, Ratni, all come. Our men today are putting that visitor Sidda to the Kādugatti test. Let us see how he kicks his bucket. The women took even the babies playing in the cradles on their hip and stood around and watched the show. The chieftains' wives stood on the terrace of their palace. Here Swami Siddappāji stood before the flowing metal and looked at the women of his caste waiting in all excitement:

Fathers and mothers of children
Am I not like a son
Like the one in your arm?
As many drops of tears
You make my eyes shed
Let so many drops of blood
Flow in the eyes of your kids
So curses GhanaNīli Siddappāji

Siddappāji expressed his grief in this manner. Looking at the Pāncālas he thought of the easy tests which he had successfully passed but wondered how he was going to meet the challenge of the Kādugatti test, "How is he going to meet his challenge?" asked the seven chieftains, with a contemptuous smile. Siddappāji looked at the flowing molten metal:

Holding a bundle of peacock feathers

In his right hand
He dusted the surface of the molten metal
He threw some Sāmbrāni
On the molten length
Lo! The Sambrāni on metal did not burn
On the hot flowing molten metal
Bless me, Doddamma, and give me your prop.
As he thus appealed
Doddammatāyi gave her Darśan
At the bottom of the clay pot holding the melted metal
On the banana plant on the *Kandāya*
On the shoulder of Sidappāji
Dharege Doddavaru gives his holy Darśan
Rēcappāji on the left, Cennājamma on the right
Give Darśan to their son young and dear
Ghana Nīli Siddappāji
Raises his right foot
And lays it on the molten metal flowing
The right leg sinks up to the knee
He raises his left foot
And lays his step next
He sinks up to his waist
"Rēcappāji", he prays and sets his next step
He sinks till his chest
"Paramjyōti save me", he says
"This test I cannot win
To Boppēgowda I cannot bring
The tools of steel you desired.
I sink in this melted steel"
As he comes to the middle
Of the hot stream of the molten metal
He sinks fully into the fuming mass
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Into the fuming mass

"As he came to the middle and sank fully in the liquid, with ripples rising in the surface, Sidappaji disappeared. All the Pāncālas

said, "Look at the Sidda's fate. He wanted tools of steel. Now he has sunk in steel to stand l there still for ever. Now they allowed water to flow on the hot flowing metal and lo! The flowing steel turned solid. Siddappāji looked at his right, he looked at his left and then he kicked off the upper layer of the crust raising his right leg, And lo! The beam of steel split into three and flew off. One piece fell in Cillāpura, another at the *Rādubāgilu* front gate of Halagūru village. The third one fell in the lake of Gundapura. Swami Siddappāji holding his *Kandāya* on his shoulder, stood near the kiln of the village "My brothers, I have met your most recent challenge too, give me the promised steel, now at least," he pleaded. His kith and kin did not believe their own eyes. He has survived even after being caught up in solidified molten metal. He is a master of magic and nine tests are enough.

"No need for miracles any more
Take arrows and spears
In our own hand let us pierce
The Sidda to death'
Come oh Siddayya Swami

With that Siddappāji vanished from their sight. He went up the Basava hill and called up his mother Doddamma. "Doddamma, I have pleaded with the people of Halagūru Cillāpura for the gift of steel implements hundreds of times. Still they are not willing to do so. If they go on refusing to meet the demand, let me unleash the 77 Māri spirits in their midst!" He said so and on a mid Tuesday he made them gather in the village. They were excited. 'What a village you have shown us to feed on!" When all the Māris attacked the village together, Siddappāji shed tears of remorse and regret'!

How I betrayed alas!
People who brought me up!
I have let hordes of Māris
Into house of my own people -
Of my own caste Pāncālas
Of Halagūru and Cillāpura -
Village sweet like milk

I have spoilt which is my guilt
Lord Paramjyōti
What plan you have in store,
For me in your mind's core
Paramjyōti, the Lord of *Kandāya*
Thus he stands and laments
On the Basava hill

Standing on the Basava hill Siddappāji commanded seventy seven Māris to afflict Halagūru - Cillāpura village. As soon as the Māris entered the village Halagūru Cillāpura on a Mid Tuesday, where peace and calm ruled as in a bowl of milk, there was utter chaos.

In the village where Māris intruded
Died mice and bandicoots in plenty
Come oh! Siddayya Swami
Life in the village Halagūru Cillāpura was
As sweet as milk; now it has turned
Sour and bitter

With the entry of the Māris contagious diseases. like cholera, small pox and measle invaded the village and people died in large numbers. Pāncālas discussed among themselves. "What a tragedy - our village has been afflicted with disease. People are dying. What would happen if our wives died?" One of them said, "Brother, there in northern countries there are young women who have just matured. Why not each one of us marry ten girls? Suppose each girl of the ten gives birth to ten children, there will be 700 children in all, for 70 wives of the seven chieftains."

Then we will have no dearth
Of men for the kiln
Seven hundred seventy seven
Come oh Siddayya Swami

"Seven hundred seventy seven kilns we will look after. Don't worry", they said. "But we could once consult the Koravanji - the soothsayer. - Astrology may guide us." When they were so talking, Siddappāji on the hill overheard them. He was pleased at the idea he

got now. He would go as Koravanji to the village to tell the people about their future. He put on the guise of a Koravanji and announced the skill in all the corners of Halagūru - Cillāpura.

Koravanji
Soothsayer I am
Soothsayer I am
From Kallūrappa's hill
Soothsayer I am
From Bābābudāngiri,
Come from distant land
From Biligirirangana hill
Soothsayer I am,
Let me tell your fortune for sure!

When Siddappāji put on his guise as a woman soothsayer and came announcing his services in the lanes of Halagūru Cillāpura, Pāncālas saw her. They got interested. "Some Koravanji is coming. Let us hear our fortune from her". They invited her to their house and asked about their future. Ratnōji dropped eight cubes on the ground. Three of them stopped, and stood facing the direction of Boppanapura. "There is no black magic or sorcery involved. A man called Siddappāji came here and beat all your nine challenges. Though you promised to give him implements of steel, you did not do so in the end. This disease is what he cursed you with when he left the place. "Yes, what the Koravanji says is true" "Koravanjamma, yes, Siddappāji was here. But he left the place three or four days ago."

In the guise of Koravanji Swami Siddappāji said, "When I was coming here, somebody was seated on top of the Basava hill. You may meet him there". The chieftains were satisfied. "Koravanjamma, what you said is true. Take your reward by way of these silver coins." Thus they bade her good bye. Siddappāji in the guise of Koravanji assumed his real form and appeared on top of Basava hill. Then the people of Halagūru - Cillāpura came to him and asked for forgiveness. "We did you great wrong. Forgive us, God of our house, God of our clan. We will get all the implements of steel." They brought him from Basava hill to Halagūru - Cillāpura. Carrying him in a gilded

palanquin they took him in a procession in the seven plus seven fourteen lanes of the village, whatever paraphernalia he asked for and whatever implements were needed for Boppēgowdanapura they got ready for him. For about a month he stayed in Halagūru Cillāpura. He also got a beam made for him. Taking the seven chieftains with him and loading the implements on the back of buffaloes and carrying the *Kandāya* in procession Siddappāji started for Rājaboppanapura. He received the auspicious lamp in reception as he reached Boppegowdanapura.

With the implements of steel
He comes to Rājappanapura
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Seeing Siddappāji in her village
Doddammatāyi comes up in all gladness
Oh! You have come, my son
She said and for formal reception
Waved the oil lamp at his feet in all affection
Come oh Siddayya Swami.

In honour of Siddappāji's miraculous deeds Doddammatāyi waved the auspicious lamp before him. The Pāncālas arranged for him an exceptionally fine bath in rose water. They performed the ceremony of laying the foundation stone on an auspicious Monday. The smiths of Cillāpura finished construction of the monastery in Boppēgowdanapura just in three days less than three months. Paramjyōti asked them with what plan they have built the house. They explained the candraśāle (Main hall?) is to the south and on the north they have set up a big drum. In what was previously the sheep pen of Kurubēgowda they had dug twelve man deep fresh water well and nearby a bathing tank. They erected a huge boulder at the door. The Swāmiiji got a festoon of mango leaves to be woven around the house by way of housewarming. As they were going back Doddammatāyi gave them Prasādam in a plate and told them that whenever they were hungry they could eat from it.

As they come near the village Kādankanahalli one of them said to the others. 'Let us see, what is in that packet?" As they opened

the packet the smell of cooked rice rose from it. The smiths saw it and said "We don't eat ordinary rice; we eat only the special Sannakki rice." They set aside the rice given as Talige prasādam. There were moments when Dharege Doddavaru made his appearance in the rice itself. "Alas! What is this folly of yours! Let your houses be damned. 'Dear smiths, give rice as your policy of rightness and live happily' was the blessing I gave you with the rice in Boppanapura. You felt that you were too great to eat that rice. Smiths, be cursed by me.

"You may earn ten thousand tomorrow
You will spend it all by dark
What comes through channel at the rear door
Will flow in the ditch of the front door
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Let Pāncālas come to you
To make ornaments of gold
When they go with the gold
They say you have some gold hidden
At the back of the anvil
And they give you lashes there
Be no more than one house hold
In a single village old
Come oh Siddayya Swami
You may lose three thousand
By neglect from your purse
Taking it lightly you tuck up your cloth
Up to the knee you see,
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Houses of others you beautify so well
Your own house will find things pell-mell
Come oh Siddayya Swami
Of families seven hundred
Seventy seven
Let seven only survive
Come oh Siddayya
Let in Cillāpura be
Only one household in each fold

Come oh Siddayya Swami
Hear oh people of Pāncāla
Siddayya Swami, oh come
In the coming Kaliyuga age
Listen oh Pāncāla tribe
Tomorrow in the Kali age
Siddayya Swami
Oh go from village to village
If you lose even a little of your master's gold
Let there be stomach pain for all
Come oh Siddayya Swami.

Thus Paramjyōti uttered a curse on Halagūru -Cillāpura and then he addressed GhanaNīli Siddappāji. "My son, you have got the monastery of Boppēgowdanapura constructed. You may go and get integrated in Cikkallūru of Cikkalli village. Then he expressed his desire that Rācappāji and Doddammatāyi should marry. Rācappāji said that he would not marry and sat still and expressed his disapproval- he saw Doddammatāyi sitting at a distance and asked why. Doddamma said shyly looking at Rācappāji that she had matured. "Let the place where you matured be known as Mutnalli grove. Let Rācappāji take Cennājamma to Kappadi Kailās. Let Doddammatāyi go to the house of Maduvāla Mācayya and (Aikyavagi) vanish. Let me go to the sheep pen of Kurubēgowda's house and vanish into the nether world by getting into the pit already made there. Let the mouth of the pit be closed with the big boulder. Let there be a grand festival in Cikkalli in the east in your honour. Let the second service be for you on Śivarātri. Let the third worship be given for Phalāradayya in Mutnalli when you return from Kappadi. The fourth worship will be for Doddammatāyi in the house of Maduvāla Mācayya. Let the fifth worship be for me in the shed of Boppēgowdanapura. Till the end of Kali age I will remain unseen. Let a huge boulder be used to cover the pit into which I descend," said Swami Paramjyōti

Mantēdalingayya vanished into the pit in the sleep pen of Kurubēgowda in Boppēgowdanapura. At that time all people waved an auspicious lamp at his feet.

Sing Rāgas
Play Tālas
Burn incense sticks for the Lord
What grandeur
In Boppēgowda town
The smoke of incense sticks
Fill all the air
Whole coconuts two hundred
Peeled coconuts three hundred
Streams of tender coconut juice
Flow in front
Sing Rāgas
Like Sampige flower
Was your fair
What wealth our Siddappāji had
What wealth our Paramjyōti charmer had,
Aha!
We sing at this hour of calm
Sing, oh sing
Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi
Let our words come to your mind
Our charmer great, Mantēswāmi
Sing, oh sing

"Our Lord Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi, you are going to the Nether world in the sheep pen of Kurubēgowda. When do you come back, when do we have your Darśan again?" asked Doddamma.

"Doddamma, as soon as the Kali age ends, I come back." Don't you give us Darśan till then?" "Yes, I do. In the east a new village called Kurubarakatte will be built. Two *Kandāyas*, one of Honnaya and another of Cennayya will be installed there. Let those who go to Kurubarakatte take a procession of the *Kandāya* in the village.

When the *Kandāya* comes
Into the village
I come for sure
Come oh Siddayya Swami.

"Doddamma, in the village where the *Kandāya* goes, I will be there in a banana plant. Thus saying he vanished. And people offered Mangalarati at his feet.

Remember well
Mantēswāmi
In Boppanapura
Wall-settled
Offer worship at his holy feet
Remember well
Revered Rācappāji
Settled in Kappadi Kailās
Remember well
Swami Siddappāji
Settled in Cikkattūru,
Offer all worship
At the sacred feet
Of the holy saint
Who sits on molten metal
Remember in reverence
Parents who gave us birth
Wave the auspicious camphor flame
At the feet of Mantēswāmi
At the feet of Siddappāji,
At the feet of Cennājamma
At the feet of Tōpina Doddamma,
At the feet of Lord Ghana Nīli
At the feet of Paramjyōti great.

MANTĒSWĀMY EPIC TRADITION OF SOUTH KARNATAKA

APPENDIX

MULTIFACETED DOCUMENTATION, TEXTUALISATION AND TRANSLATION OF MANTĒSWĀMY EPIC TRADITION OF SOUTH KARNATAKA

A How the project was executed

Mantēswāmy Epic is an important and special example of the oral epic tradition prevalent in Karnataka. It is an epic traditionally recited by a professional folk singer community called Nīlagāras.

The Dharege Doddavara Matha of Boppēgowdanapura of Mandya District, the Rācappāji Matha of Kappadi, Mysore District, the Siddappāji Matha of Cikkallūru of Cāmarājanagar District and the old Matha of Dharege Doddavaru in Rāmanagar District are the scenes of action of this epic tradition.

The oral recital is accompanied by the following instruments: a four-stringed Tambūri, Dammadi, Gaggara and Gummate. Their outfit consists of a red shawl wound around the head to form a turban, a black gown, a white loin cloth and a loose bag hanging from the shoulder. Singers who traditionally sing the epic are found in a good number in the districts of Cāmarājanagar, Mysore, Mandya and Rāmanagar and lesser numbers are found in the Districts of Bangalore and Hāsan. The first phase of work after taking up the project of multifaceted documentation, textualisation and translation of Mantēswāmy epic tradition was to study the following works already brought out on the Mantēswāmy epic: Sri Mantēswāmy Kavya (1973) edited by Jishampa (J S Paramashivaiah), Dharege Doddavara Kavya (1980), edited by T M Paraśivamūrthy, Mantēswāmy Kavya (1997), edited by Bōralingayya, Dharege DoddavaraKathe (1996) by Venkatēśa Indwādi. The texts of the epic edited by these several authors were studied and the salient features were noted down. It was observed that almost all the versions were based on the text as

recited by a single individual in an induced context, not in the genuine performance context. Owing to the unavailability of the modern multimedia documentation facilities these texts were not subjected to the multimedia documentation process but were obtained by means of the technology which was prevalent at the time of documenting the text. Keeping in mind the possibilities and necessity of a thorough multimedia documentation a project for a scientific multimedia documentation the Mantēswāmi epic tradition was submitted to the UGC and with the acceptance of the project and release of grant for the purpose the documentation was taken up.

After getting the relevant information in the already published sources the areas for a field survey to be conducted were identified and a list of places where the tradition is distributed was prepared. The following were the places identified and chosen for field survey in the second phase of the project.

1. Cāmarājanagar District
   a) Kollegāl Taluk
   b) Yalandūru Taluk
   c) Gundlupēt Taluk
   d) Cāmarājanagar Taluk

2. Mysore District
   a) Nanjanagūdu Taluk
   b) T Narasīpura Taluk
   c) Hunsūru Taluk
   d) HD Kōte Taluk
   e) K R Nagara Taluk
   f) Piriyāpattna Taluk
   g) Mysore Taluk

3. Mandya District
   a) Maddūru Taluk
   b) Nāgamangala Taluk
   c) KR Pet Taluk
   d) Malavalli Taluk
   e) Pāndavapura Taluk
   f) Mandya Taluk

4. Hāsan District
   a) Arasīkare Taluk
   b) Cennarāyapattana Taluk
   c) Bēlūru Taluk
   d) Sakalēśpur Taluk
   e) Ālūr Taluk
   f) Holēnarasīpura Taluk
   g) Arakalagūdu Taluk
   h) Hāsan Taluk

5. Bangalore Rural District
   a) Dēvanahalli Taluk
   b) Hoskōte Taluk
   c) Nelamangala Taluk
   d) Doddaballāpura Taluk

6. Rāmanagar District
   a) Rāmanagar Taluk
   b) Māgadi Taluk
   c) Cennapattna Taluk
   d) Kanakapura Taluk

But the actual survey could be held only after the addresses of the informants had been collected. Otherwise it would be like a search by a blind person in the woods. Researchers who had already done some field work were contacted and the addresses available with them were obtained. Institutions like the Akāśavāni, Department of Kannada and Culture, Jānapada Lōka and other institutes were contacted and addresses of informants available with them were gathered. As we, the initiators of the project, come from the same belt of the Mantēswāmi epic tradition we contacted a few elders of the Taluks and collected the addresses known to them.

We also did a preliminary study of the geographical condition of the regions, the language, rituals, traditions, customs, belief systems, clothing traditions, food- habits etc of the people who are traditional singers of the Mantēswāmi epic. We went through the available documentaries, reports that appeared in newspapers and journals on

the subject. We also consulted the scholars who had already done some field work on the same subject.

Thus with sufficient preparation we commenced the fields. We located informants by following the addresses or with the help of the senior members of the community in the respective region or we took the help of the local government officers. We introduced ourselves to them, gave them the account of our experiences in the other areas of our visit and gradually gained the trust and confidence of the people.

We visited the rural artistes very frequently. To get details of the performances they were going to give we got their phone numbers or mobile numbers of their neighbours. Thus we could get advance information of a performance and would present ourselves with our modern documentation equipment on the spot of the performance for a whole night recording. The voice was also tape recorded. Thus about twenty performances have been recorded in the authentic performance context. The songs have been recorded on 50 tapes and the audio-video recording has been rendered into 25 CDs. Along with this photographs of the artistes and of the spots of the action of the story, which have been important pilgrim places, have also been obtained.

In certain districts of South Karnataka the epic singers of Nīlagāra community are few and far between but devotees of Mantēswāmi abound in these regions. Conducting field survey of this great tradition was a very rewarding experience for the documentation team.

The episodes of the Mantēswāmi epic have been woven around the miraculous feats of a great religious leader or Guru whose name is associated with many pilgrim centres of Karnataka. The chief message of the epic is that virtue is rewarded and evil is punished. The most captivating part of the epic is the winning of a large following of disciples by the Guru by means of several miraculous deeds. The texture of the epic seems to have two strands, one of some historical basis, the other

of creative imagination, both mounted on an epic frame.

As in every other folk narrative tradition in the Mantēswāmi epic the disciple gets initiated by the Guru of the community or by a senior devotee. These disciples, known as Nīlagāras carry on the charge of continuing the tradition. Siddappāji is the first disciple of this tradition to be ordained as a Nīlagāra. The ordaining of disciples takes place in large numbers in places like Cikkallūru, Kappadi, Boppēgowdanapura, Cennapattana, (Old Matha), which are all the scenes of action of the Mantēswāmi epic.

Mantēswāmi is an extensive epic and, as recited by Nīlagāras, stretches for several nights, for above five nights in many cases. There are artistes who can sing the whole epic continuously. The text here is a compilation of recital of the epic on important occasions of performances like festivals, fairs, rituals at home, funeral rites etc.

B. The Structure of the Plot of Mantēswāmi

In Ādi Kalyāna lived Basavanna and Nīlamma. Nīlamma had the rare skill or gift of cooking a single unit of rice and one brinjal and feeding a lakh and ninety six thousand followers and there would still be some left-over food which they would transport to Kailās in a stone carriage. This had led to a certain pride in them that they were superior to everyone else and they were the only couple deserving universal respect.

One day Nīlōcane happens to ask her husband who is the Guru that he serves. It is this question that begins the first part of the Mantēswāmi epic.

The incident of the arrival of Dharege Doddavaru in Kalyān has the quality of a miracle. To his wife's question Basavanna replies that he has no Guru. That becomes a matter of concern for them. Their prayer is heard by Lord Śiva in Kailās and he decides to descend to the earth and show the greatness of this couple to the world. He appears in the dream of Nīlōcane.

His message in the dream of Nīlōcane runs as follows: "When I approach Kalyān the bell without a striker hung at the last gate of

the town will sound seven times "Dhanir, Dhanir". The stone cock will crow three times: The stone bull will grunt three times. Mother, then you can presume that I am coming to Kalyān." Nīlōcane informs her husband about the dream.

The Lord Dharege Doddavaru in his sixty six Kāses and thirty three trophies disguised himself. He took off his saffron cloth and hung on his shoulders sandals of buffalo skin. He used his Kandāya as his walking stick, turned his water pot into an ale pot and held it in his left hand, His body was all covered with scabies and swarms of flies and mosquitoes hovered around him. Thus dresses he started for Kalyān. His form gait matched with his outfit. His legs and arms were crooked; his waist was bent. At every step he would tumble. He would turn his squint eyes all round and grunt with the collection of phlegm in his lungs. In such a strange appearance Dharege Doddavaru approached Kalyān. The gate keeper butcher Sangayya did not let him in. The ugly looking visitor pleaded again and again to be let in, and on his refusal to go back Sangayya held him by his neck, hit him thrice and drove him out. Receiving the hits with unperturbed mind the stranger said, "Let your three hits become six for Basavanna and three for Nīlōcane." Thus saying, he left the place and finally rested in the garbage heap of Haralayya.

As Dharege Doddavaru came near the gate of Kalyān the bell of hide did sound but Basavanna, absorbed in his worship, did not hear it. When he was bathing in the tank in Kalyān in the company of devout Rācappāji he felt like having got hit thrice on his back. Similarly Nīlōcane who was cleaning the platform of Sangamēśa also felt like receiving three hits on the back. Both of them rushed to the last gate and asked the gate keepers. Hearing their answer they ran across 96 lanes and came to the garbage heap in front of the house of washer-man Mācappa, where Dharege Doddavaru was taking rest. They implored him to visit their Guru Matha. They held his feet and the feet came off the body into their hands. They held his shoulders and the shoulders came off. They held him by his turban and the head itself came off. Understanding that all this was the manifestation of the Lord they gathered all the limbs of the Guru in a silk cloth.

Basavanna carried the bundle amidst the rows of people taking food in the monastery. As drops of blood and puss dropped from the bundle on the ground one lakh and ninety six thousand people taking food got nauseated and got up from the feast and went to the Kalyān tank to take bath.

As the Jangamas had gone to take bath leaving behind their Ede (sacred cloth) the Lingas in them all vanished. They got collected in the ale pot of Dharege Doddvaru. He told the Jangamas that they were unfit to get back the Lingas. They would have to turn into Muslims and worship Allah, Akbar or Imam and showed them his hand.

Here in the seat of Sangamēśwara Paramjyōti appeared in the form of Divine Light. As desired by Basavanna, he created out of the leaves of the *Tumbe* plant one lakh and ninety six thousand Jangamas. Basavanna pleaded with him to rule over Kalyān but taking Rācappa as his adopted son Dharege Doddavaru came to Kodekallu. Here the first of the epic concludes.

The genius of the folk poet in consciously weaving these events cannot but evoke our admiration. Dharege Doddavaru remarks that Kalyān is sinking under the burden of casteism and intolerance, "Kalyān is going to be ruined." This mirrors the social situation of those days. "Let me not come there"- this utterance of his shows the abyss to which the caste system had descended in Kalyān.

2. Basavanna

After humbling Kalyān Dharege Doddavaru took Rācappāji as his disciple and came to Kodekal. He sat on a rock in meditation. The rock itself bent over the resting Guru and gave shadow like an umbrella held over his head. In the shade he lay, covering himself with tiger skin. Rācappāji was unable to sleep. Dharege Doddavaru gave him an errand: he could gather flowers for the worship of the Kandāya of the North. For the flower he could go to the west or the east, but never to the south, where there are tricksters who poison the food with which they feed guests. Rācappāji, taking the very caution of the master as a challenge went to Vijayanagara, to the

south. He felt that there should be something special in the prohibition and he wanted to find out what it was. In Vijayanagara he came to the ground where the tricksters' children were playing the game called Iralekōlu. He joined the game and won all the points. In order to defeat Rācappāji the tricksters challenged him with a "Ghanamōdi" (supreme trick) and when Rācappāji won this contest too, the tricksters in the company of their wives and children fell at his feet and asked for reprieve. Rācappāji sprinkled the magic powder on them and revived those who were dead. While leaving, Rācappāji got the gift of Malāyāla deity, the deity of the tricksters and all the tricksters became his serfs.

It seems that Dharege Doddavaru instigated Rācappāji to go to the South by issuing the prohibitive orders and thus provoking him to take it as a challenge. It is noteworthy that Rācappāji converted the tricksters into honest men by showing his superior powers.

3. Leaving Vijayanagara Rācappāji came to Kāginele. The royal couple Basavalingayya and Kalyānamma had only a daughter. Dharege Doddavaru asked for the gift of this daughter. His intention was to get her married to Rācappāji. The enraged king got him pounded on the neck and driven out of the palace. The daughter contracted a severe flu and succumbed to the ailment. The grieved parents performed her last rites and came home.

4. From Vijayanagara he came to Sakhrāyapattana King Vīrabasappa of Sakhrāyapattana and his wife Gurulingamma had twin sons, Rājēndraswāmi and Vīrarājaswāmi. As the sons were twelve years of age they arranged for a public message to be pronounced by a drummer in the town. Hearing the invitation Dharege Doddavaru, in the company of his disciples, went to the royal feast. Some Śaranas, who had left Kalyāna when it came to ruins, had sought shelter in the court of this king. These Śaranas saw the Jangamas (led by Dharege Doddavaru) get up from the feast without properly washing their hands. They poisoned the mind of the king again in such a way the Jangamas and the king got poisonous dishes specially prepared for the Guru and his companions when they came for the feast the next day. The Guru ate the dishes and put two

pieces of the dish in his bag. He gave the dish to the king's sons as they were returning from school. The prince, who had eaten the poisoned food, were dead when they reached the palace. A repentant king begged the Guru for reprieve and Dharege Doddavaru revived the children. He took the children with him promising to the king that he would make them rulers of the world.

5. From Sakhrāyapattana they came to Cennapattana. On the way he cured a king of Mysore of the disease of severe back ache with the application of his black powder. The King immensely pleased with the cure, gifted to the sage the Matha of Halekōte. The same is today known as Kōte Matha of Cennapattana, according to senior priests of the region.

6. From Cennapattana he went to Mysore. The king who ruled Mysore belonged to Ondu Kula. And Māranāyaka of Kārugalli belonged to Āru Sāvira Kula, considered to be much superior. Māranāyaka was pestering the King of Mysore to give his daughter in marriage to his son. At that time Dharege Doddavaruwas living in a tent which he had pitched near the fountain tank. The king who ruled then was Kriśnarāja Odeyar the IV. With the help of Dharege Doddavaru Kriśnarāja Odeyar defeated Māranāyaka and Dharege Doddavaru left Mysore with Doddammatāyi, who had been gifted to him by the king.

7. From Mysore Dharege Doddavaru went to Kundūru Hills. Standing on top of Kundūru Hills he looked in the eight directions and watched. He saw Kādankanahalli and went there, when the sun was setting down. When he asked for Bhiksa at the house of Kurubēgowda, the Gowda got angry and scolded him for asking for Bhiksa at an odd hour. Dharege Doddavaru said that he did not need any Bhiksa, he was coming from the North and came here to stay for the night. He only needed a little space to keep his Kandāya. The Gowda was in a rage. Dharege Doddavaru persisted and wrested from the Gowda the permission to sleep in the sheep pen. In the night he exercised his powers of magic and all the sheep of then Gowda lay dead. He revived the sheep later and showed them another village

for their stay. The village was Ādi Honnāyakanahalli. Kurube Gowda lived there happily.

8. Dharege Doddavaru came to Kādankanahalli in order to get the kiln of Mācayya; and his wife Mallige Mahadēvamma. Dharege Doddavaru showed his miraculous powers and got a Matha for Doddammatāyi.

9. Dharege Doddavaru settled the disciples whom he had got when he came from the North in the Matha of Boppēgowdanapura. In order to fulfill the word given to the gatekeeper of Kalyān Dharege Doddavaru chose Bāci Basavācāri and his wife Muddamma in Nidughatta who had already got six sons. They were extremely poor. Their porridge itself was pāyasam for them. The last son born of these parents Kempanna , the seventh son brought good luck to the family. Their poverty ended and riches blessed them. In order to get this boy of good fortune in adoption Dharege Doddavaru stood on a layer of green stone in front of the house of Muddamma and announced his arrival with the sounds of gongs, tambūra, and announced his appeal for Bhiksa. At that time Muddamma was milking the cow, in order to feed her son. The cow, used to the soft notes of tambūra, got a shock with the sounds of the gong. Jumping up the cow kicked off the milking vessel which dropped to the ground and the milk spilled. Muddamma shouted in anger, "You damned Mantēdayya, go on to the next house!" Contrary to all expectations Dharege Doddavaru accepted the name Mantēswāmi.

After testing the honesty and devotion of Muddamma Dharege Doddavaru wanted to test the boy himself and came to the smithy. Kempanna was still a boy of seven and seated on a golden chair. Dharege Doddavaru asked the boy for a gift of a piece of ember to light his hookah. The smith refused to part with even a piece of ember on the ground that the kiln would cool down. He spoke such words of haughtiness. After a lot of urging by the holy man Kempanna brought a cinder and dropped it on the hand of Dharege Doddavaru.. The Guru put the ember into his hookah and smoked the Bhangi. In the state of intoxication he blessed Kempanna with a certain degree of insanity. Dharege Doddavaru asked if he would at least now be

prepared to be his disciple. Kempanna refused to be a mendicant like Dharege Doddavaru. Dharege Doddavaru took him to Kundūru hills, kept him in his intoxicated state and seated him on a Baraga. It flew around the moon and then around the sun and put Kempanna in the cave of king cobras. Thus putting him in a lock up Dharege Doddavaru returned to Boppanapura. Kempanna spent his days and nights in the company of cobras, snakes and scorpions.

10. After getting Kempanna locked up in the rock cave of Kundūru hills, Dharege Doddavaru, in the company of Mācayya, went to bathe in the Talakādu river. Mācayya got the Darśan of Ātmalinga when Dharege Doddavaru took the bath. Maduvāla Mācayya had to perform the feat of cleaning the Sivakante of Dharege Doddavaru without doing any harm to the living beings that might be living there, Mācayya washed it according to the promise he had given to Dharege Doddavaru.

Dharege Doddavaru walked on Mācayya's Madi six steps and three hand-lengths and looked in the direction of south. He observed Kalipuruśa moving from the south to the north. It was a strange kind of passage. Kalipuruśa carried his wife on his shoulders, was himself seated on horseback, and his parents were walking on bare feet. The bedding of Kalipuruśa and his wife was being carried by his father and the sandals belonging to the young couple and the spitter were carried by Kalipuruśa's mother. Mantēswāmi took a fistful of sand, chanted a mantra and gave it to Mācayya. As Mācayya threw the sand on Kalipuruśa he descended to the Netherworld. This Kallūru (Kaliyūru) is the neighbouring village of Kollegāl. While reciting this episode the singer quotes the words of Mantēswāmi and says that the words relating to Kalipuruśa should be written down. In almost all versions of the epic in this context this urging for writing down appears. It looks as though the composition of the epic took place in an age when the tradition of Vacana was on the decline. With the advent of the art of writing it acquired a status of authority and the spoken word might pass for unreliable, for want of written record to support. It looks as though the singer utters this injunction to give a note of veracity and authenticity to the story of the epic,

11. After twelve years Mantēswāmi asked Doddammatāyi to go with Maduvāla Mācayya and to bring Kempanna from his place of confinement. Though they called him thrice Kempanna did not respond. They reported to Dharege Doddavaru that their calls did not get any response. Mantēswāmi advised them to call up Ghananīli Siddayya Swami of Dharege Doddavara Matha. When they returned to the cave and called up for Siddayya Swami a big boulder which had closed the opening of the cave flew with a loud sound and fell on the ground in front of the Matha of Boppēgowdanapura, whirling like a top as it fell down. Kempanna came to the Matha of his Guru in Boppēgowdanapura. The boulder in front of the Boppēgowdana Matha receives worship even today.

12. With the advent of Kalipuruśa Mantēswāmi decided to rest in the deep pit Pātālabavi, lest he should have sight of the spirit of Kali age. With the command of Mantēswāmi and with the encouragement of Doddammatāyi Siddappāji went to Halagūru Cillāpura in order to get Bhiksa of steel and steel implements. The Pāncālas ignored him totally. Disguised as a bangle seller Kempanna went into the houses of the chieftains and put on bangles on the wrists of the women of power and pelf. Miraculously, the bangles turned into serpents and scorpions. The queens raised a hue and cry. Pāncālas working in the kilns heard the cries of their women. They came and asked their women. They said that an elderly person came to them and advised them to wear auspicious clay bangles in places of the bangles of gold and silver. They admitted that taken in by the nice words of the stranger they got the bangles put on their arms. But the moment he went away the bangles turned into reptiles and tormented them. Hearing these words the Pāncālas sent men in search of the bangle seller. At last they found Siddappa in the hall of Māramma's temple. The Pāncālas asked Siddappāji about the purpose of their visit. Siddappāji introduced himself as the disciple of Mantēswāmi of Boppēgowdanapura and he put forth his wish to be given the Bhiksa of the steel implements for the construction of their proposed monastery. The enraged Pāncālas, for whom steel was as precious as gold, threw up nine challenges for Siddappāji before he could be given the desired Bhikhsa. : 1) The challenge of limestone

kiln, 2) the challenge of the heated iron beam, 3) the challenge of heated iron rings, 4) the challenge of oil cauldron, 5) the challenge of steel horse, 6) the challenge of making bangles into serpents and scorpions, 7) the challenge of drinking cactus sap, 8) the challenge of taking the strokes of hammer, and lastly 9) the challenge of molten iron. Even as the Pāncālas refused to give any steel to Siddappa and send him back empty handed. Then Mantēswāmi dispatched the evil forces of Māri into Halagūru Cillāpura. The whole village was ravaged. Pāncālas went in search of astrologers to find out the means of finding a cure for the devastation. Mantēswāmi arrived there in the guise of a soothsayer. When Pāncālas asked the soothsayer for the reason of the devastation in the village, she said that it was due to their having harassed the stranger. Pāncālas, who had now realized their folly, went to Basavana Betta and performed the necessary compensatory rites. They brought back Mantēswāmi (?) home, who was playing with a tiger.

At last Mantēswāmi called up all his disciples and allotted them their due positions. Siddappāji was asked to settle in Cikkallūru of Kollegāla Taluk. Doddammatāyi and Phalāradayya were settled at Mutnalli. Rācappāji and Cennājamma were asked to settle in Kappadi on the bank of river Kāvēri. The elder prince was allotted the Mathas of Boppēgowdanapura, Cikkallūru, and Kurubana Katte. The younger prince was given the charge of Malavalli Matha, Ādi Honnāyakana Halli Matha, Kōte Matha of Cennapattana and the Kappadi festival was to be performed by each by turns. Kurubana Katte was allotted to Lingayya, Cennayya and the Malayalam deity. He blessed that Lingayya and Cennayya would be the deities to flourish in the future and he would be the deity to gradually recede from people's memory. He handed over the Kandāya to Lingayya and Cennayya and assured them that he would certainly visit the place where the Kandāya would be placed for any special occasion. Taking leave of the others he moved to his resting place in the Pātāla pit. The Pāncālas dug a pit as deep as twelve humans. That became the resting place for Mantēswāmi, with the sky as his blanket, the earth as his cradle, with the sun and the moon as lights, with lightning and thunder as his instruments of accompaniment and he vanished saying that thereafter

he would have no obligation of human beings, though human beings might seek his succour.

In the section relating to Kalyān the caste symbols are strong and they are held for criticism. The dead buffalo, the ale pot serve as hindrances to Mantēswāmy's entry to Kalyān. He is also kept out because of his disease. The caste is almost held as a disease and deserved to be condemned, as reprehensible as leprosy.

There have been many discussions as to whether Mantēswāmy is a Saint or Allmaprabhu himself. In the beginning of the epic Allamaprabhu and Mantēswāmy seem to have been considered as identical. But Mantēswāmy and Allamaprabhu are different. It is well known that Vacana composers initiated a programme of creating awareness among people. The central force of this movement is the people traditionally considered low in their caste and occupation. But in course of time, especially during the Vijayanagara period, the social leadership seems to have gone back to upper rungs of the society. Basavanna of Kodēkal and Mantēswāmy seem to have come from a secular background and become great leaders of social reform. They tried to enlighten the downtrodden classes and to bring them to the mainstream of the society. The influence of Allamaprabhu might have been on Mantēswāmi.

Strangely, neither in the Prabhudēva Ragale of Harihara nor in the Prabhulinga Līle of Cāmarasa is there any reference to Mantēswāmi

The epic is recited by a number of both men and women singers throughout the state. The tradition is still living. The following is the list of artistes whom we interviewed during our field work:

Singers of Mantēswāmy Epic in Cāmarajanagara, Bangalore Rural, Rāmanagara, Mandya & Mysore Districts

Name and Address		Age	Caste
1	Sri Doddagavi Basappa alias Cikkahanuma Shetty, Doddamōle Village, Cāmarājanagara Taluk Mobile Phone: 9341145755	47	Uppāras
2.	Sri Huchchumāda Shetty alias Māda Shetty, Maleyūru Village Harave Post Cāmarājanagara Taluk Mobile Phone: 9241990196	60	Uppāras
3.	Sri R Siddharāju alias K B Rāchayya, Kabbēpura Village Hundipura Post, Gundlupet Taluk Cāmarājanagara Taluk Mobile Phone: 9341887017	47	Edagai pangada (Left hand group)
4.	Sri Hālagudayya alias Cheluvayya, Honganūru Village, Cāmarājanagara Taluk Mobile Phone: 9241917879	70	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
5.	Sri Subba Shetty alias Sidda Shetty, Kālanundi Village Harave Hobali Cāmarājanagara Taluk	70	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group)
6.	Sri Mahādēva Gowda alias Rāmē Gowda, Amachavādi Village, Cāmarājanagara Taluk	50	Kurubas
7.	Sri Mahēsh alias Tammayya, Bābu, Jagajīvan Rām Extension Behind Basavēśwara Talkies Cāmarājanagara Taluk Mobile Phone: 9343207061	30	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)

8.	Sri Ninga Shetty alias Siddananja Shetty Rāmasamudra Town Kōte BīdiCāmarājanagara Taluk	45	Uppāras
9.	Sri Siddayya alias Hūtayyana SiddayyaHonganūru Cāmarājanagara Taluk	61	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
10.	Sri Māda Shettaru alias Basava Shettaru, Doddarāyapēte Cāmarājanagara Taluk Mobile Phone: 958226232616	69	Uppāras
11.	Sri Y K Venugopal alias Krisnācar,Yalandūru Town Yalandūru Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	74	Brahmins
12.	Sri Ankalli Siddayya alias Puttalingayya, Ankalli Village Bomlāpura Post, Gundlupēte Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	50	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group
13.	Sri Kuntūru Kāla Shetty Kuntūru Village, Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	70	Ganigas
14.	Sri Sidddrāju Swāmy Siddayyanapura Village Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	47	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
15.	Sri RangayyaThimmarājapura Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	55	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group
16.	Sri Tambūri Mōlerāja Shetty Kollegāla Mōle, Kollegāla Taluk, Cāmarājanagara District	65	Uppāras pangada

17.	Sri Dundu Shetty, Krisnāpura Village, Yalandūru Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	37	Uppāras
18.	Sri Tambūri Srinivas Māmballi Village, Kollegāla Taluk, Cāmarājanagara Dist.	40	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
19.	Sri Dundumāda Shetty Kuntūru Mōle, Kollegāla Taluk, Cāmarājanagara Dist.	55	Uppāras
20.	Sri R Mahādēvu, Cilakavādi Village Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	43	Maduvala Shettaru
21.	Sri Basavayya, Doddindwādi Village, Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	56	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group
22.	Sri MahādēvuMalligehalli Village,Yalandūru Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	55	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
23.	Sri Mahādēvayya, Malligehalli VillageYalandūru Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	65	Uppāras
24.	Sri Puttaswamy Shetty, UttūruVillage, Odeyara Pālya Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	53	Uppāras
25.	Sri Nanjunda Shetty alias Bāgalimāda Shetty Doddindwādi, Kāmagere Post Kollegāla Taluk, Cāmarājanagara District	52	Uppāras
26.	Sri Javarayya AlattūruBēgūru Post		Balagai pangada (Right hand group

	Gundlupēte Taluk Cāmarājanagara District		
27	Sri Huchchumāda Shettraru alias Māda Shettaru Amachavādi Post Cāmarājanagara Taluk Cāmarājanagara District	40	Uppāras
28	Sri H S Puttalinga Nāyak alias Sidda Nāyak Brahmins' Lane, Post Office Road, I Block, Honganūru, Cāmarājanagara District	62	Parivāras
29	Sri Siddayya alias Hūtayya, Hongaūru, Cāmarājanagara Taluk	63	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
30	Sri Māda Shettyalias Sidda Shetty, Bedamudlu, Doddamōle, Cāmarājanagara Tq	50	Uppāras
31	Sri Māda Shettaru alias Basava Shettaru Doddamōle Gundlūru Dākhale Hosabīdi Cāmarājanagara Taluk	66	Uppāras
32	Sri Sanna Shettaru alias Bakrihussettaru Doddamōle Cāmarājanagara Taluk	55	Uppāras
33	Sri MādēvuIkkadalli Kollegāla Taluk Cāmarājanagara Taluk	56	Kumbaras (Potters)
34	Sri Dēvarāj alias Bellanāyak, Near Terakanāmbi, Mūdugūru, Gundlupēte Taluk Cāmarājanagara Taluk	45	Parivars

35	Sri Puttamādayya alias NanjayyaGānālu Village Kanakapura Taluk Rāmanagara District	65	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
36	Sri Lakshmana alias KalayyaKōnamāna Halli Gānālu Post, Kanakapura Taluk Rāmanagara District Mobile Phone: 9242270184	49	Tigalas
37	Sri Chandrayya alias Mādayya Kōnamāna Halli Gānālu VillageKanakapura Taluk Rāmanagara District Mobile Phone: 9740695003	50	Tigalas
38	Sri Krişhna Nāyak alias Lakshma Nāyak Cōrmārana Halli Lambāni Tandya School Farm Post Cennapattna Taluk Rāmanagara District Mobile Phone: 9964334551	52	Lambāni
39.	Sri Mani Nāyak alias Tolachiya Nāyak Cōramārana Halli Lambāni Tandya School Farm Post Cennapattana Taluk Rāmanagara District Mobile Phone: 99964334551	66	Lambāni
40.	Sri Madirayya alias Mādayya, Shivanahalli Village Kankapura Taluk	65	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)

	Rāmanagara District Mobile Phone: 9343886190		
41.	Sri Nīlagāra Naranappa KM Doddi, Malavalli Taluk Mandya District	74	Vaddas
42.	Sri Dammadi Basavayya alias Mallayya, Gowdagere Village Malavalli Taluk, Mandya District	75	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
43.	Sri Shivamādayya alias Mādayya, Gowdagere Village Malavalli Taluk, Mandya District	67	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
44.	Sri Gurubasayya alias Sirimantayya, Malavalli Town Kirtinagar, Malavalli Taluk Mandya District	70	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
45.	Sri Ullamballi Madyya alias Mādayya, Mārēhalli, Malavalli Taluk, Mandya Dist.	66	Parivāras
46.	Sri Madesh alias Mahadayya Mārēhalli, Malavalli Taluk Mandya District Phone: 958231-316953	37	Parivārasa
47.	Sri Purigāli Mahādēvu Purigāli Village Malavalli Taluk, Mandya Dist	49	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
48.	Smt Jayamma, Appagere Cennapattna Taluk Rāmanagar District	50	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
49.	Sri Gurusiddayya alias Siddayya, Hosahalli Nanjanagūdu Taluk Mysore District	50	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group

50.	Sri Śivarāmu alias Siddayya, Hosahalli, Kalale Post, Nañjanagūdu Taluk Mysore District	51	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
51.	Sri Doddarācappa alias Basavayya, Basavana Halli Mallūru Post, Bannūru Hōbali T Narasipura Taluk Mysore District	50	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)
52.	Smt Kempamma Jaibhīm Nagar, Bannūru T Narasīpura Taluk Mysore District		
53.	Sri Patta alias Kārugamādayya, Kēthalli Keratti Post, Mūgūru Hōbali T Narasīpura Taluk Mysore District	45	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group)
54.	Sri Gururāj Kesare, Mysore		
55	Smt Pārvatamma Mādagalli, Bannūru Hobali T Narasipura Taluk Mysore District	49	Edagai pangada (Lefthand group)
56	Sri Mantayya alias Gurubasayya, Kesare Mysore	70	Balagai pangada (Right hand group)

Documented Texts

While carrying multimedia documentation of Mantēswāmi Texts we noted a few differences. We have documented the recitals of both men and women in authentic and induced contexts. Reciters generally will have learnt the text from a Guru. The recital is mostly on the line of what they have learnt from their Guru. But a close

reading can show differences between the Guru's text and the disciple's text. We have found this during the documentation of actual performances. Though each reciter recites the same text we find traces of creativity in individuals singers operating. Here, they remember a few major incidents of the story and have a few narrative formulas using which they develop the story. No singer will have learnt the whole text by heart. But because of the formula texts they can extend the story to any extent and the story can be lengthened as per the need of the moment. This gives a sense of naturalness to the narration and gives it a touch of originality.

Name and address		Age	Caste
1.	Late Ullamballi Mādayya alias Mādayya, Mārēhalli Malavalli Taluk, Mandya Dist.	65	Parivāras
2	Purigāli Mahādēvu Purigāli village Malavalli Tq. Mandya District	49	Harijans
3	Krisnāpura M Mahādēvaswāmi Kanakapura Road, Malavalli Taluk Mandya District	50	Harijans
4	Kabbēpura Siddarāju alias Kabbēpura Rācayya Hundipura Post Gundlupēt Taluk Cāmrājanagar District	49	Harijans
5	Kuntūru Kala Shettaru Kuntūru Post, Kollegāla Taluk Cāmrājanagar District	72	Gânigas
6	Bannūru Kempamma Bannūru Post, T Narasīpura Taluk Mysore District	63	Harijans
7	Mysore Gururāj Kesare, Mysore	49	Tigalas

8	Lakśmana alias Kālayya Kōnamāna Halli, Gānālu Post Kanakpura Taluk Rāmanagar District	46	Harijans
9	Smt Jayamma, Appagere Cennapattna Taluk, Rāmanagar District	55	Harijans
10	Tambūri Krishna Nāyak alias Lakshma Nāyak, Lambāni Tandya Silk Farm Post, Cennapattna Taluk Rāmanagar District	61	Lambāni
11	Doddagavibasappa alias Cikkahanuma Shetty Doddamōle Village Cāmrājanagar District	50	Uppāras

Texts of Mantēswāmy Epic Tradition

In the 12th century the great social reformer Basavanna tried to establish a new society based on equality. When his followers departed from the ideals of Basavanna it was the turn of Mantēswāmy to warn them and bring them back to the right path. He was one of the greatest social reformers of the time and even four hundred years ago he tried to establish a society based on equality which ideal is enshrined in the Constitution of Modern India. A classless society, a casteless society, an egalitarian society, free from the ills of superstition and untouchability-is the ideal enshrined in the constitution. The same ideal was propagated by Mantēswāmy 400 years ago.

Mantēswāmy Epic is one of the most important and unique folk epics of Karnataka. This is recited by a community of professional singers called Nīlagāras. These Nīlagāras are also known as Mantēdavaru, Mantēswāmigalu, Mantēdayyagalu etc. The Mantēswāmy Matha of Boppēgowdanapura, the Siddappāji Matha of Cikkallūru, the Rācappāji Matha of Kappadi and the Old Matha of Cennapattna have all their deities Mantēswāmy, Rācappāji,

Cennājamma, Doddammatāyi, Phalāradayya, Lingayya, Cennayya and Siddappāji. The epic that Nīlagāras sing about these holy men is called Dharege Doddavara Kathe, Dharege Doddavara Vacana, Mantēswāmi Kathe, Mantēswāmi-Siddappāji Kathe etc.

Mantēswāmi Epic is essentially an oral epic. It has been passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation during the past four hundred years. The epic is so long that the recital of the whole epic might last several nights. The folk singers generally recite as their masters have taught them. There are of course some narrative singers who excel their masters. But it should be borne in mind that no singer simply does a mechanical repetition of some lines uttered by some poet at some given point of time. We have been convinced during our multimedia documentation that these artistes have a creative mind which is in full operation in the course of the recital of the epic.

The actions that are narrated in the course of the epic make it a really dramatic narrative. At the same time it has a sense of unity of theme and purpose. Though it abounds in episodes involving magic and miracles, it is an epic which has the purpose of constructing the cultural fabric of the common people. Here there is a clarion call against inequality and exploitation. The protest against inequality and exploitation itself becomes a social revolution as remarkable as the miraculous feats displayed by Mantēswāmi.

Nīlagāras are professional singers. In addition to the epic of Mantēswāmi they sing Mādappa's epic, Bālanāgamma's episode, the story of Mailāra Rāma, the epic of Cāmundi, the story of Basavanna, the story of Arjuna (Jōgi), the story of Sārangadhara, the story of Nīlavēni, the story the battle of Piriyapattana, the story of Biligiri Ranga, the story of Mudukutore Mallikārjuna, the story of Ayyappa, the story of Cennigarāma etc. With their elaborate narrative skill, they hold the interest of the audience for several nights and weeks.

In this study of the Folk Epic Mantēswāmi an attempt has been made to identify the differences in the recitals by different singers of the same epic, by both men and women. As the sensibility of men and women is different it has been found that the way in which men

and women respond to the theme, plot, character of the epic is different and even the style of their singing displays remarkable difference in terms of pitch, tone and spirit. Though the story might be the same, the performances show remarkable differences from one another.

We conducted extensive field surveys in 135 villages of Karnataka and interviewed 60 men and ten women of the Nīlagāra community who recited the Mantēswāmi epic mainly in the authentic context of performance for about 70 nights and held several interviews: After gathering several versions of the same epic we have attempted to arrive at what might be the original or authentic version.

Why was the Mantēswāmi epic composed at all? What is the purpose of reciting or performing them even today? Why do people remember the text and listen to them? The inquiry leads to very significant answers.

If we think of the historical background, epic heroes like Mantēswāmi, Malemādēśwara, and Junjappa have acquired great cultural and social importance and are even worshipped in the respective regions.

The textualisation of the folk epics in the context of modern technology is an important issue. Do we take the text of the performance context as the most authentic text? Is a single artiste capable of rendering the text in its most comprehensive and complete form? Is it possible to accept the fragments of a single performance as the most authentic text? To derive the whole text it is inevitable to pursue the artistes and persuade them to share the whole text of their repertoire. But it is next to impossible to get from them the whole text. Neither money nor ample time at our disposal can succeed in gaining the comprehensive text. Great tact and skill is required to elicit the whole text from them with their willing cooperation. If you resort to a contract that an hour's performance will get them the reward of a particular sum as honorarium there is no guarantee that the whole text will be elicited. To overcome all these hurdles and to document a wholly authentic text is really a Herculean task.

Whether the Mantēswāmi Epic can be considered to have a historical point is a debatable point. The royal house of Mysore, Māranāyaka, and Vijayānagara-such historical references abound in the Mantēswāmi epic. But Mantēswāmi has never occurred in history. Why is this absence? In the whole story Mantēswāmi is the hero and Siddappāji is the secondary hero.

Who are among the devotees of Mantēswāmi? Shepherds, hunters-it is such downtrodden people who worship the Kandāya and the rattan staff. What is the background of these rituals? How is it that the Mantēswāmi and his disciples are settled in the wilderness of the forests or the banks of rivers? Why are their settlements so out of the main places of habitation? Do they have cultivation as their main occupation? Is it why the origin of the world and its business are attributed to farming?

Mantēswāmi is certainly the deity of the lower Śūdra rungs of the society and receives worship from the downtrodden and exploited sections.

The Mantēswāmi ritual generally takes place on the full moon night between Sankrānti and Yugādi (the beginning the new lunar year. The rituals in the places of worship where the celebrated Mathas are situated are performed as a grand festival.

Mantēswāmi and Mahadēśwara are highly influential deities in Southern Karnataka and there are several seats of the deities in the region and there is a widespread tradition of the worship of these deities.

There are five contexts of the performance of the Mantēswāmi epic.

1. The text sung by women at the time of cultivation on the fields.
2. The text recited by Nīlagāras during their mendicancy.
3. Text presented in the performances at night
4. Text presented in the performances during village fairs and festivals
5. Text presented on special occasions.

The epic has the power to transform the spectators or the audience from the stress and strain of the daily life into the world of imagination created in the mind by the narrator in the performance context.

It is impossible to view folklore as the product of a historical context or event. The folk epic is not the composition at a particular historical moment by an individual poet but the expression of the general spirit of a folk. At some historical moment some individual might have composed the rudiment which the later performers would have extended with their own ingenuity and creative genius. It is not a composition limited to any certain historical period. In different historical moments different artistes will have modified, expanded or abridged the narration. The text recited by one artiste is invariably found to be at variance with the text recited by another artiste. The use of word gate in relation to the gatekeeper of Kalyāna is evidently due to the modification introduced by the latter day singer.

It would not be proper to view Mantēswāmi as being limited to a single community. The tradition rises beyond the limits of caste. In the rule of the kings castes were not a major issue, but power was. But in democracy the citizens are supreme. What was not achieved during the rule of the kings has been made possible in the democratic set up. It is now history that in the 70's of the last century the protests of the Dalits became vocal.

Were there no Dalits in the past? Of course there were. But they did not raise any voice of protest. There was no scope for any protest. But in democracy they have gained a voice.

We can consider this epic which has come down in the oral tradition as a creative spring coming from the mouth of member of a dalit family. We admire such expressions of creative genius because we are in a literate culture and find the oral tradition somewhat unusual and extraordinary. The original artiste weaves an episode based on some incident real or imagined of a particular generation. The narration has a frame and a form. It flows from one generation to the next based on the narrative formula and structure. The creative minds of each generation using the rhythm, metrical forms, idioms, collocations,

comparisons and images have composed different texts in the succeeding generations. Literate people are incapable of this kind of composition. The oral composition of this kind expands the narration on certain occasions and abridges them on others. We can also see the attempt to unravel problems of the society. In addition to an affirmation of an identity we find traces of impatience and haughtiness and obduracy in the background of the narration.

Prostitution can be eradicated by totally giving up the occupation and by not just condemning it or criticizing it. We find in Mantēswāmi epic that prostitution as a profession is wholly abandoned, not even uttered anywhere in the text.

Before textualising the Mantēswāmi epic the oral narration was recorded on audio tapes. Most of the recordings are of the natural performance context. The performances were recorded both in the video and audio medium. This has made it possible to study the art of composing the narrative text. The main thing that we learn from the study is that each time the singer, whether male or woman, is engaged in a kind of recreation of the text. What he has in mind is the broad outline of the text, which may be called the model text. When it takes the concrete form in the performance it becomes the performance text. The text itself is not learnt by heart and recited verbatim. The text unfolds itself in the mind of the narrator and gets expressed accordingly, like the peeling of an orange fruit..A close study of the different performance texts of the same singer reveals this astounding factor.

Most of the followers of the Mantēswāmi tradition in south Karnataka are Harijans. There are also shepherds, Uppaliga Shettaru, washer men, Lingāyats, smiths, Gangadakāra Gowdas, Parivāras, potters, Sōligas, Lambānis etc. Those who get initiation from among these several castes get to be called Nīlagāras. There are no singers from among Lingāyats, Gowdas or Arasus. The other communities are represented among the singers.

According to a great folklore scholar J S Paramashivaiah Nīlagāras are Līlagāras or those who have made singing their occupation. But the informants from among the Nīlagāras explain

the name in a quite different way. After accepting Siddappāji as his disciple Mantēswāmi gives him initiation and makes him a Nīlagāra. He then fastens a chain of Rudrāksi Nīlamani around his neck. As a mark of this even today when the initiation ritual takes place the Guru fastens around the neck of the disciples a necklace of Rudrāksi woven by means of a thread vertically passed through the Rudrāksi. This, they explain, is the origin of the name Nīlagāras. The tradition is still alive. The ritual takes place in the course of special festivals, fairs, ceremonies.

Guddas, the disciples of Mādēswara, wear necklaces of Rudrāksi woven together with thread passed horizontally through the Rudrāksi. This explains why the narrators of the two traditions of Mantēswāmi and Mādēswara are called twin traditions. At one time the leaders of this tradition might have fought for equality and might have led the group culturally and socially. Today they are deified and epics have been composed to describe their lives.

The costume of Nīlagāras is grand and imposing. A big red turban on the head, a white shirt, a black coat on the shirt, loosely worn white pance (a single long sheet cloth woven traditionally around the lower part of the body, a saffron coloured shawl on the shoulders, a Rudrāksi hung vertically from the neck, two bronze gaggaras worn on two fingers of the left hand, across the shoulder a four stringed Tambūri headed like a cobra, thick horizontal stripes of bhasma on the forehead with a dark mark in the middle-dressed formally like this they go on their mendicancy on bare foot. Their outfit and appearance seems to be perfectly suited to their roles as folk teachers spreading the message of equality, culture, rectifying the follies of the people, persuading people to overcome their inferiority complex and instilling in them a sense of confidence. They almost serve as the moral and legal caretakers of the society.

This literary tradition springing from the common people is a valuable treasure of the society. Singing is the life breath of the literature of the folk. It was thought at the beginning that all folk literature was in the form of songs. Now we know that is the major form the expression of the folk sensibility. It is remarkable that they

have continued with the tradition of singing even up to this day. Singing is also their second nature.

Whole night recitals of the epic often accompany occasions like funeral ceremonies, giving initiation to children, festivals, and auspicious occasions like housewarming. The performance begins with an elaborate invocation to Lord Ganapati. Thereafter there will be an invocation to Mantēswāmi and the story proper will begin.

As part of the multimedia documentation project under the auspices of the UGC extensive field surveys were held in the southern districts of Karnataka. Both natural and induced contexts were chosen for recording. Here is an attempt to recognize the similarities between the major versions of the Mantēswāmi I text recorded. Texts rendered by experienced and well-known artistes have been chosen for this analysis. The texts are denoted as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and additional texts are indicated as 8, 9, 10, & 11.

Name and address		Age	Caste
1.	Late Ulliamballi Mādayya alias Mādayya Mārēhalli, Malavalli Taluk Mandya District	65	Parivāras
2.	Purigāli Mahādēvu Purigāli Village, Malavalli Taluk Mandya District	49	Harijans
3.	Krisnāpura M Mahādēvaswāmi Kanakapura Road Malavalli Taluk, Mandya Dist.	50	Harijans
4.	Kabbēpura Siddarāju alias Kabbēpura Rācayya, Hundipura Post, Gundlupēte Taluk Cāmrājanagar District	49	Harijans

5.	Kuntūru Kala Shettaru Kuntūru Post Kollegāla Taluk. Cāmrājanagar District	72	Gaanigas
6.	Bannūru Kempamma Bannūru Post T Narasīpura Taluk Mysore District	63	Harijans
7.	Mysore Gururāj Kesare, Mysore	49	Tigalas
8.	Lakshmana alias Kalayya Konamāna Halli, Gānālu Post Kanakpura Taluk Râmanagar District	46	Harijans
9.	Smt. Jayamma Appagere, Cennapattna Taluk Rāmanagar District	55	Harijans
10.	Tambūri Krishna Nāyak alias Lakshma Nāyak, Lambāni Tāndya Silk Farm Post Cennapattana Taluk Rāmanagar District	61	Lambāni
11.	Doddagavibasappa alias Cikkahanuma Shetty Doddamōle Village, Cāmarājanagar District	50	Uppāras

The singers who have not learnt how to read or write keep the story of the epic in their memory and making use of it weave the story of the performance context adding whatever local details or the relevant sections of the story as demanded by the occasion. Each singer begins the story in his own fashion and presents it in his own individual style. Hence the text of each performance deserves to be considered to be a separate text. Depending on the individual genius of the narrator, differences are found in the details regarding the

miracles performed by Mantēswāmi, the riches enjoyed by the Pāncālas etc. We can summarize them as follows:

1. Singers of the older generation start singing the epic of Mantēswāmi or Dharege Doddavaru with an invocation to "Parātpara Vastu Pāvana Mirth, Akhanda Swarūpa Allama Prabhu, Dhare Tanda Guruve Dharege Doddayya", to the deity celebrated in the epic. After this invocation to the chief deity of the epic the other deified heroes like Rācappāji, Doddammāji etc are invoked and the invocation ends with reference to Siddappāji, the hero of the last section of the epic. Recently either due to modernity or due to the influence of the classical epics the narration starts with the invocation to Lord Ganapati.

2. All the texts declare that Mantēswāmi makes his appearance as a lotus flower in the river or water flowing through the pristine pains in the form supreme light or Paramjyothi.

3. All the versions of the text mention the blocking of the river or sea by Allama Prabhu or Lord of Kailās, who killed a bear and created the earth and got the name of Dharege Doddavaru. He brought light into the earth which had been enveloped in darkness and thus came to be known as Paramjyōti.

4. After getting the appellations Dharege Doddavaru, Paramjyōti etc. Lord Paramēśwara sat on his seat in Ulumekādu and cast his eyes in eight corners and four directions and he got a glimpse of Ādi Kalyāna, ruled by Bijjala with the assistance of his commander Mancanna and minister Basavanna. Kalyāna town had 97 streets, one lakh and ninety thousand Śaranas, 36 priests, 66 Swāmījis. These details are mentioned in Text 1.

5. Text 1 also mentions that Paramjōti, Prabhudēva, Prabhuswāmi, Allamaprabhu, Mantēswāmi are the other names of Dharege Doddavaru. In the districts of Bangalore Rural, Rāmanagara and Hāsan the story of Mantēswāmi epic starts with the incident in Kalyāna. In the districts of Mysore, Mandya and Cāmarājanagara the singers start with the story of Mantēswāmi's birth. The pleading of Basavannaand Nīlāmbike that they should have a Guru reaches Kailās and to proclaim the greatness of these couple Lord Īśwara

makes his appearance in the world as Mantēswāmi. Most of the texts agree in presenting these details.

6. The context of the visit of Lord Siva as a dirtily dressed Jangama appears in all versions of the text. Basavanna and Nīlōcane fed every day one lakh and ninety six thousand Śaranas and still food might be left over. The remaining food would be carried to Kailās in stone carriage. Nīlōcane asked Basavanna whether he, who fed every day one lakh and ninety six thousand people, was not a true Guru. As Basavanna affirmed that he was the Guru and he was the husband of Nīlōcane. The question he posed was who was Guru of Basavanna himself. This question led the two to a great deal of deliberation. Basavanna and Nīlōcane had been under the impression that each of them was the deity of the other and the question of the Guru did never occur to them. Realizing their dilemma Lord Īśwara of Kailās paid a visit to Kailās to test the loyalty of Basavanna and Nīlōcane. This account is common in all the texts 1 to 7.

7. The additional texts (8-12) begin with the episode of Mantēswāmi in Kalyāna and go on to the episodes in Kodēkal, Vijayanagara, Kāginele, Sakharāyapattana, Cennapattana, Ādihonnāyakana Halli, Kādankana Halli and finally the episode of Nidughatta in which Siddappāji is put to trial in various ways.

8. Text 1 narrates the following details in the beginning. Leaving behind Kailās Paramjyōti Mantēswāmi arrives in Bhūlōka (earth) and appears in a red lotus flower in the four corners and eight directions. When he viewed the earth it was a world of perpetual darkness. The earth was body continually shaking. Mantēswāmi blocked the flowing water with his left hand got Jāmbava named him Jalasūtradhāri and he gave Jāmbava himself as sacrifice to the earth. Mother Earth said that the sacrifice was not sufficient. The Swāmīji said the earth would get sacrifice so long as the sun and the moon survived and the earth survived. Mother Earth asked how he would manage to do so. Mantēswāmi said that a woman would menstruate once in every month and it would be as good as a sacrifice of a life to Mother Earth. At that time Earth which was slimy became a little sold. As he made the earth solid v got the name as Dharege Doddavaru.

9. The miracles performed by Mantēswāmi to test the devotion of Basavanna and Nīlōcane are narrated in the main texts and the additional texts in almost the same tenure.

10. Text 1 mentions that Dharege Doddavaru took his disciple Rācappāji from Kalyāna to Ulumekādu and named him Sangayya. The additional texts 8, 9 and 10 say that when Mantēswāmi came to the south from Kalyāna he had the retinue of eight disciples: Rācappāji, Phalāradayya, Cennājamma, Cennayya and Lingayya. He is also said to have brought a book called Kalājnān. But text 3 says that Mantēswāmi got as his disciples only Rācappāji and Maduvāla Mācayya.

11. All the texts say that Dharege Doddavaru descended from Kailās to Kalyāna.

12. In this epic of Dharege Doddavaru the places of action are seven villages around Boppēgowdanapura: Kundūru hills, Halagūru, Cillāpura, Kappadi, Malavalli, Kalyānapattana, Vijayanagara and Sakhrāyapattana. Seven village in the vicinity of Cikkallūru and seven villages in the neighbourhood of Boppēgowdanapura are mentioned again and again in the epic.

13. An episode of sandals of human hide which occurs in the Mādēśwara epic occurs also in Mantēswāmi epic. The additional texts 8, 9, & 10 mention that Mādara Cennayya peeled the skin from the region of his thighs and made sandals and presented them to Basavanna. The next two additional texts 11 & 12 mention that Mādara Cennayya and his wife Kalyānamma peel the skin off the left and right thigh respectively, get them made into sandals and present them to Mantēswāmi.

14. There is not enough reference to the case of Mantēswāmi taking Phalāradayya from the north. But there is ample reference to Maduvāla Mācayya, his wife Mallige Mahādēvamma and son Vīranna. According to the episode narrated in Texts 1, 2 & 3, in the course of testing the couple the son Vīranna fell dead, but Mantēswāmi revived him, named the revived boy Phalāradayya.

15. Text 12 says that while sending Siddappāji to Halagūru Cillāpura to seek the gift of steel Mantēswāmi sent Phalāradayya as an escort to him. In the texts 1, 2, 3 and 4 there is the assurance given by Doddammatāyi when Siddappāji hesitates to go to Halagūru Cillāpura to obtain the Bhiksa of steel. She says: "The fire-eyed Rācappāji will hover round your head. Dharege Doddvaru will be at your back to support you. I will be present in your belly. Don't be afraid, go to Halagūru and accomplish your mission."

16. Text 1 mentions that Dharege Doddavaru, after leaving Kalyāna, directly came to Kodekallu. That in Kodekallu a rock provided shade to Mantēswāmi is mentioned by all the texts. All the texts affirm that in Kodekallu a piece of rock provided shade to the sleeping Mantēswāmi.

17. In the additional texts it is mentioned that after leaving Kodekallu Mantēswāmi came to Kāginele.

18. There is an interesting episode in the beginning of the Mantēswāmi epic. In Kalyāna every day one lakh and ninety six thousand people ate the feast and threw away the plantain leaves which had risen as high as a mountain. Texts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6 mention that Rācappāji got a bonfire made of this garbage heap and the heap of ash he put into his Jōlige or bag.

19. Text 7 narrates that Rācappāji defeated the magicians of Vijayanagara and got the title of Ghanagārudigara Ganda from them. It also says that he brought the magical black powder with the mysterious powers with it. From there he receives the Malayālam deity, the deity worshipped by the magicians of Vijayanagara, as disciple. The text says that this deity was settled in Kurubana Katte.

20. Text 1 mentions that after leaving Vijayanagara Dharege Doddavaru comes to Turukara Kānda or to the colony of Turukas or Muslims. There is also the mention that Mantēswāmi receives the title of Turukanayya. But none of the texts mention the existence of a Darga near Śivanasamudra.

21. Text 3 confirms that Rācappāji brought Cennajamma from Kāginele.

22. A large Tambūri said to have belonged to Mantēswāmi is in the Halekōte Matha of Cennapattana. Similarly many of the texts mention the presence of a Tambūri belonging to Mantēswāmi in the Matha of Boppanapura.

23. Additional text 12 mentions Tambūri, Gaggara and Dakke as the musical instruments used by the Nīlagāras. It is also mentioned that the Tambūri was obtained from Muttattirāya. Here we find a combination of both Śaiva and Vaisnava traditions.

24. Text 1 describes the appearance of Dharege Doddavaru when he comes to Kalyāna from Kailās. "The arms are twisted, the legs are lame, the eyes are blind, the ears hold Bhangi leaves and the hand carries a Surigadige.

25. The narration of the context of Mantēswāmi's arrival to test Basavanna and Nīlōcane is almost the same in all the texts of Mantēswāmi. He is described as a man suffering from boils all over the body from which blood and puss is oozing. When Basavanna and Nīlōcane holds Dharege Doddavaru by his feet the feet come off. When they hold him by his arms the arms come off. When they urge him to come with them by touching his turban the turban comes into their hands. Such strange occurrences are described in the beginning of all the versions of the epic.

26. Text 2 mentions that Kūdalasangamadēva and Sūramma are the parents of Rācappāji. When they offer their son to Basavanna he is seven years old. They ask him to get him married and they agree to do so. This is also mentioned in the same part of the text.

27. The keeper of the last gate of Kalyāna was butcher Sangayya. When Mantēswāmi passed through Kalyāna he implores him to give him the life of a better man in the next birth. At the same Muddamma suffering from poverty in Nidughatta had a similar prayer to make. Mantēswāmi blesses Sangayya that he will have a better life in the next birth. In his next birth he is born as Kempanna in Nidughatta as the last son of Muddamma. This episode appears in almost all the texts of the epic.

28. According to the word given to Kūdalasangama in Kalyāna

Mantēswāmi comes from Vijayanagara to Kāginele in order to seek a girl for Rācappāji. The king Basavalingayya and queen Kalyānamma have only one child-daughter. With the intention of getting this child as bride for Rācappāji, Mantēswāmi performs a miracle and gets Doddammatāyi as his disciple. This episode is narrated in the additional text 8.

29. According to Text 4 the stage of the action of Mantēswāmi epic shifts from Adikalyāna to Vijayanagar, from Vijayanagar to Kāginele, from Kāginele to Sakhrāyapattana, from Sakhrāyapattana to Cennapattana, from Cennapattana to Boppēgowdanapura, from Boppēgowdanapura to Ādihonnāyakanahalli, from there to Nidughatta, Cikkallūru and Kappadi.

30. According to text 1 Mantēswāmi first goes on top of Kundūru hills and from there views the landscape in all directions and first sees the hut of Maduvāla Mācayya in Kādankanahalli and he gets it as a gift. But according to text 6 Mantēswāmi first takes the sheep pen of Boppēgowda and keeps his disciples there. Thereafter for the sake of Doddammatāyi he gets the gift of the donkey-shed of Maduvāla Mācayya.

31. The trial of Siddappāji, the manner of accepting him as his lieutenant, the miracle of meeting the challenge of the smiths of Halagūru Cillāpura-these episodes are sung by Nīlagāras with great enthusiasm and gusto. This celibate Siddappāji is the same as the gate-keeper at the last gate of Kalyān who sighted Dharege Doddavaru as he entered Kalyāna. In another stage of the story, Nidughatta, there live the couple Bāci Basavācāri and his wife Muddamma who have already six sons to feed and bring up. Muddamma always implores God to help her to overcome her poverty so that she can feed the children well. It is at the same time the butcher Sangayya, the gate-keeper in Kalyāna, implores Mantēswāmi to give him a new life. At that time Mantēswāmi blesses that he would be born as the seventh son of the devout couple in Nidughatta. In order to eke out a living at least for their children Bāci Basavācāri and Muddamma leave Nidughatta, their place of birth and migrate to Mārapuri town of Māralli village. After their seventh son Kempanna

is born their poverty makes way for riches and they live a happy life. This story is narrated with the same details in all the texts including the additional texts. However additional text 11 mentions that Kempanna is born in Ādihonnāyakanahalli.

32. Either the light of the Kandāya or the sound of the Tambūra starlles the cow which Muddamma is milking and in her tantrums the cow kicks at the milking pot and all the milk in the pot gets spilled. An angered Muddamma calls the intruder Mantēdayya. The word Mantkō, is current in the sense of fall or lean. The admonishing "Mantedayya" gets a new name for Dharege Doddavaru, Mantēswāmi, which Dharege Doddavaru accepts in all amusement. Texts 1 to 7 are unanimous in this account. But additional texts 10, 11 & 12 say this event occurred not in Māralli but Ādi Honnāyakana Halli. They also mention that the descendants of Balemuddamma are still living in Ādi Honnāyakana Halli.

33. Text 1 lists the names that Paramjyōti or Dharege Doddavaru before acquiring the name Mantēswāmi. As he was born in the stream in the north (Uttar) he was known as Uttarasiddu. As he brought light to the dark earth he was names Paramjyōti. As he settled in Ulume house he got the name of Ulume Sangayya.

From the Ksatriya rulers of Sakhrāyapattana he got the title of Rājabuddi. As he defeated the Gārudigas of Vijayanagara he came to be called Ghanagārudigara Ganda. As he gave the almanac to the Brahmins of Śīlavantapura he got the name of Śīlavantayya. In Kāginele he got the title of Rājaguru. In Bommanagudde he got the name Bommanaguddayya. In Mysore palace he got the name Kandāyada Odeya or Kandāyada Mūrthi. Nijaguru was the name he got in Srīrangapattanam. In Ādihonnāykanahalli he got the name Cennamantēswāmi. Though he got thus several names the last name he got in the house of Bale Muddamma in Ādihonnāykanahalli he liked best and took it as his permanent name, says Text 1.

34. According to Text 4 the seven most important among the villages under the chieftaincy of Kurubēgowda were Okralli, Honagalli, Halladāalli, Muttnahalli, Kodaganhalli, Daivapatana and Kancagalli.

35. The lines relating to Sidappāji begin with the visit to Cikkallūru. The Cikkallūru region consists of Iradālu, Bālagunse, Kotnūru, Telnūru, Bannūru, Sundralli, Ankanapura of Kollegāla Taluk, Coimbatore and Cikkēgowdana Doddi in the centre. This information is available in almost all the texts of the epic.

36. The prediction "Kalyāna is going to be ruined" or "Kalyāna is going to be a butcher's shop" is made in almost all the texts of the epic.

37. Mantēswāmi leaves Vijayanagara, comes to Kāginele and asks for the only daughter of Basavalingayya and Kalyānamma as Kwāranya gift. Hearing this word the king gets into a rage and orders that he be hit on the neck and driven out of the territory. The daughter contracts severe illness (fever) and dies. In great grief the king performs the obsequies of the girl and comes home. Then Mantēswāmi revives the dead daughter and brings her back to Basavalingayya. The king claims that the girl is his daughter. Mantēswāmi asks him to take her if it is his daughter. But the child ignores the call of the parents. The Swāmīji comforts the parents and says that the girl is going to be a deity and receive universal worship. He receives the girl as a gift. The story reminds us of the story of Sukumāraswāmy in Vaddārādhane and this incident is narrated in the texts 5 & 7.

The episode of Mallige Mahādēvamma sacrificing herself to get the saffron cloth cleaned, and the episode of Mācayya cooking the meat of his son and feeding the guest with the meat remind us of the episode of Siriyāla in the story of sixty three ancient men. By his miraculous powers Mantēswāmi revives the dead. The story indicates the practice of eating the meat of animals

38. In the additional texts 10, 11 and 12 there is the mention of two kings in Sakhrāyapattana. In texts 1-4 the King of Sakhrāyapattana is said to have twin princes. The elder one is named as Basavarājēndra Swāmy and the younger one is known as Prince Vīrabhadraswāmy.

39. Additional texts 8, 9 and 10 mention that Dharege Doddavaru got the name Cennasangayya when he came to the Matta of Rācayya

who was only tending sheep though he belonged to the royal house of Kurmagere of Cennapattana.

40. The version of the story as given by the people of Halematha of Cennapattana is a little different. According to them Rājasingh from Rajasthan happens to meet Mantēswāmi during Dashara festival. Mantēswāmi advises Rājasingh not to go back to Rajasthan but to settle in Cennapattana. He sends Rājasingh to Cennapattana with a little quantity of the black powder in his possession. At that time the King of Mysore Cāmarāja Odeyar suffers from a severe kind of back pain. While Rājasingh was going along in the woods, owing to the healing powers of the black powder the king gets a lot of relief from the pain. The king sends for Rājasingh and asks him what special thing in his hands has cured his disease. Rebasing says in his innocence that he has nothing except a little quantity of black powder. When the particles of this dust are sprinkled on the wounds of the King they are all miraculously cured. The king offers him whatever he demands. Rājasingh asks for a house from the king for his guru to live in. Accordingly the king is said to have set apart his Halekōte Matha for use by Mantēswāmi.

41. After subjecting Muddōji and Muddamma to trial Dharege Doddavaru proceeds to test their son Kempanna. He comes to his kiln and asks for the gift of an ember. After speaking words of haughtiness Kempanna drops a piece of ember from the tongs on to the bare palm of Mantēswāmi. Dharege Doddavaru picks up the pieces of ember from his palm and puts them into his hookah and takes three puffs of the smoke. In the state of intoxication he gives Kempanna a twig of Urusangi tree and puts him on a tiger which springs into the sky, takes a round around the sun and the moon and confines him for twelve years in the Kālinga cave and returns to Boppēgowdanapura. This episode is recorded in texts 1-5.

42. On his way back to Boppēgowdanapura after confining Kempanna in the cave of Kālingas Dharege Doddvaru sees a man carrying his wife on his shoulders and letting his mother carry his wife's sandals and recognizes him as Kalipurusa. He visualizes the future days of perverted values and decides to hibernate in the pit of

the Netherworld. This is narrated in the additional texts 10, 11 and 12. In texts 1-6 the episode is narrated with a slight variation. After confining Kemapanna in the Kālinga cave Mantēswāmi, in the company of Maduvāla Mācayya, goes to the Talakādu stream to have a bath. Mantēswāmi performs the worship of Ātmalinga and is ready to proceed further. As he walks on the cloth spread on the ground by Mācayya he sees somebody moving from the south to the north. He has seated his wife on horseback, and lets his parents walk on foot. He makes his mother carry the sandals of his wife and the bedding where he and his wife are supposed to lie in conjugal joy is being carried by his father. Recognizing him from a distance as Kalipurusa Mantēswāmi decides to avoid his sight and suddenly sits down on the ground. A baffled Maduvāla Mācayya asks whether in his speech or demeanour he committed any mistake and wounded his feelings. The Swāmīji consoles him saying that there has been nothing wrong in his word or deed. He says that somebody is coming on the way, if he is good he can be allowed to cross the stream, if he is evil he can be drowned in the stream. So saying he gives him three fistfuls of sand charmed with his mantram.

43. The text 2 introduces an appendage to this episode. When Kalipurusa and his wife are drowned in the stream his parents say," We don't know if our son was good or bad. But he looked after us. Now who should be taking care of us?" The Swāmīji says to them:" In Talakādu there are three lingas. In two of them you may settle and give darśan." Thus they are deified. In the year when there are five Kārtikas and five Śrāvanas there would be the Pancalinga darśan festival and you too would receive worship," he said to them. This tradition of Pancalinga darśan is still living. Generally the Pancalinga darśan takes place once in 12 years. But in 2008 the festival took place after a gap of just three years. Elders of the region say it is for the first time that the festival took place in a span of less than 12 years.

44. Doddammatāyi invites all Śaranas to the festival in which Kempanna is given initiation into the Nīlagāra faith. Kempanna bathes in the tank, purifies his body, tastes the purificatory sip of cow's urine,

comes to the cottage of a member of the Hālumatha community, sits in front of the Swami and receives the sacred Mantra from him and gets the sacred "Nīlarudrāksi" fastened on his neck by the Swāmīji. All the texts of Mantēswāmi epic narrate this episode. The acceptance of the Nīlagāra faith takes place with all the grand formal procedures even today.

45. In texts 3, 4 and 6 there are long lists of the names of Māris. Bettadacāmundi, Uttanalli, Urukāti, Kottattijyālakkamma, Kwādmmballi Bisilamāri, Sāḷala Honnādevi, Kabbalada Karidurgi, Hebbettada Hiria Māri. According to texts 1 & 2 twelve bundles of Bhangi were not enough for Mantēswāmi's smoking. It was just enough for 2 ½ puffs. A little upset by the intoxication he calls up 771 Māris to meet him. Chief among them are Ujjaini Urukāti, Nidusale Coudamma, Maddūru Maramma, Menasigare Māramma, Kārkalliya Māri, Danina Māri, Olagere Huccamma, Patlada Māri, Kulkuni Māri, Heggūru Māramma, Kirugāvalu Kwārakādēvi, Bendlravādi Māri, Camanalli Māri, Bannūru Hēmādri, Sōsale Honnādēvi, Mūgūru Tibba Dēvi, Kollgālada Karidurgi, Siddayyanapurada Māri, Madhuvana Halli Māri, Kannūru Māri, Hanūru Bettada Arasi, Belakavādi Mandalamāri, Kundūru Kundumāri, Pālada Sīgamāri, Lambānis' Māramma, Śivasamudrada Māri, Talakādubandarasi, Dūrada Dubbakka, Karigwārada Māri, Vāntibhēdi (cholera) Māri, Biligwārada Māri (Measles), Bettada Arasi Cāmundi etc. All of them come to the support of Mantēswāmi.

46. In Text 1 as per the instruction of his Guru, Rācappāji proceeds towards Kappadi. Passing through Boppanlapura and Bannūru he comes to Mysore. At that time Mysore was a small province and Hampanna Nāyaka of Kārugalli was very powerful. This is confirmed by the text. Text 2 mentions that the King of Mysore defeats Hampanna Nāyaka taking the support of Rācappāji. In the same text there is also the mention of Rācappāji's curse that Kārugalli be ruined and his blessing that Mysore may thrive. In text 7 a similar curse-cum-blessing is uttered by Mantēswāmi with reference to Mārēhalli. All this might lead us to suspect that there might have been some imprint of history on this narrative. Any way Mantēswāmi upholds the view that tradition is even greater than history.

47. Additional texts 8 & 9 narrate that Mantēswāmi gets Doddammatāyi as his disciple in Kāginele. But most texts of South Karnataka mention Mysòre as the place from where Doddammatāyi is got as a disciple. Kārugalli Māranāyaka demands the daughter of the king as bride for his son. The queen reports to Mantēswāmi about her situation. How could a royal family give a daughter to the family of Nāyakas? Mantēswāmi says that the problem could be solved by giving the daughter as a disciple. Instead of giving the daughter to the Nāyaka family the queen gives her to Mantēswāmi. This is the tenor of the texts of South Karnataka.

48. The episode of cleaning the saffron draper is similar in all the texts 1-7. Mācayya sacrifices his wife Mallige Mahādēvi, collects her blood in a bowl and dips the saffron cloth in it in order to clean it. In the process no harm is done to the millions of organisms in the cloth. Does the poet mean here that in the process of agriculture it is necessary to keep the millions of organisms in the earth from any kind of harm? The very concept of not doing any harm to the living beings on the earth is significant. The modern concept of zero capital cultivation has also a similar motive.

49. Additional text 10 introduces a variation into this episode. For washing the saffron draper of Mantēswāmi blood from the right thigh of Mācayya and from the left thigh of Mahādēvi is collected. The Śivakante is washed in the conjoined blood of both husband and wife. The safety of the millions of eggs and young ones of lice and other organisms is not affected in the process.

50. Text 3 has this description of the episode of "Madibiduvudu"

In one finger you hold the hand torch
In another finger you hold Mattidāla
In yet another finger you hold the Kandāya
In one more finger you hold the Nāgabetta
In the right hand you perform the task of Nademadibiduvudu.
Come Oh Siddayya Swami

51. Texts 1-6 mention that after Mantēswāmi confines Kempanna in Kundūru Rock cave, he goes at the hour of midnight to

bathe in Talakādu River in the company of Mācayya. It is also mentioned that at this time Kalipurusa makes his appearance.

52. Kempanna was confined for twelve years in the Kālinga cave for the purpose of Kāyasiddhi (attainment of the proper physical and spiritual perfection. After the twelve years there appears a ray of sunlight through a crevice on the side of the stone slab covering the mouth of the cave. At that time Siddappāji kicks off a stone boulder and the boulder goes up the sky and whirls like a top and falls in front of Boppēgowdanapura. For this reason in this Matha even today confidential service is offered to the consecrated boulder.

53. Rācappāji goes to Candagāla grove and asks for tender coconuts. The keeper of the garden snubs him asking whether he has planted the trees in the garden and watered them to take the liberty of asking for tender coconuts. Rācappāji feels that the keeper of the garden is a fool but the three eyed Lord should understand the situation; so thinking he looks up the coconut trees. And three coconut trees bend down to such an extent their tops are close to Rācappāji. The keeper is taken aback by this miracle and immediately he reports the matter to his master. The Gowda comes to Rācappāji and asks him to forgive him and asks who he is. Rācappāji introduces himself as the disciple of Boppegowdanapura. He reveals his intention to settle in Kappadi. The Gowda says that the following day he would send 101 tender coconuts and 101 lemons from his garden to Rācappāji. Then Rācappāji blesses the Gowda and leaves the place. This incident is narrated by all the texts. The tradition also continues till today. Even today the coconut trees of Candagāla grove are found to be bending to the earth.

54. When Mysore was ruled by Chamaraja Odeyar (1360) Māranāyaka was pestering him to give his daughter Princess Rājamallige in marriage to his son. Text 1 narrates that Mantēswāmi defeats Māranāyaka and receives Rājamallige as a disciple. The other texts just mention that Doddammatāyi rests in Muttnahalli.

55. As a mark of remembrance of the earlier incident where the King of Sakhrāyapattana fed Dharege Doddavaru with poisoned

dishes special dishes made from ghee are served in the feast in the Matha of Boppēgowḍanapura.

56. Text 8 refers to the name Siddaragiri in association with Kundūru hills. Siddas were believed to have performed penance in the cave of the hills. The text refers to this belief also.

57. The earlier name of Boppēgowdanapura was Kādankanahalli. Text 1 explains that because princes walked in the region it came to be known as Rājaboppēgowdanapura. Text 5 says that the phrase "Oppikondapura" came to be pronounced as Boppēgowdanapura in the mouth of the folk.

58. Te hibernation of Dharege Doddavaru is described in all the texts with the same details. Lest he should have to see Kalipurusa Dharege Doddavaru gets into the pit of the Netherworld and sits in meditation on a three-legged cot. At that moment he says that humans should be obliged to him but there should be no need for him to be obliged to humans.

59. There is a Kaliyuru Tōpu (grove) about four kilometers from Kollegāla. Text 9 mentions the existence of Kaliyūru Tōpu in Talakādu.

60. All the texts refer to the construction of the Mantēswāmi Matha in Boppēgowdanapura by the Pāncālas of Halagūru Cillāpura. As they return home Doddammatāyi gives them prasādam lest they should be hungry during their return trip. As the Pāncālas consider it beneath their dignity to eat such stuff they stand cursed. In variance with this general account additional text 12 says that Pāncālas eat the food made of Haraka flour by Doddammatāyi who takes the assistance of a chieftain called Ningayya of Yalandūru to prepare the food for the Pāncālas who would be hungry.

61. Text 1 gives details about the partition of the kingdom between the twin princes of Sakhrāyapattana. Mantēswāmi settles the elder prince Rājendraswāmi in Boppēgowdanapura and the younger one Virabhadra swamy in Malavalli Matha. The territory is equally divided between them. The elder one gets the charge of Boppēgowdanapura,

Kurubanakatte and Cikkallūru. The younger one gets Malavalli, Ādihonnāyakanahalli and Cennapattana.

62. Text 3 mentions that Mantēswāmi takes two more disciples on the way to Kodekallu. As Dharege Doddavaru takes Rācappāji as his disciple from Kalyāna and comes to the 97th lane, two members of the most down-trodden community approach him. They plead: "You are leaving Kalyāna in ruins, forgetting us. Show us also a path of salvation as you have shown to Katukara Sangayya. Let us go with you as your servants to carry your Kante and Bonte. Mantēswāmi accepts them as disciples and comes with them to Kodekallu.

63. According to the additional texts 8, 9, 10 & 11 Dharege Doddavaru requests Basavanna and Nīlamma to put the book of knowledge of time into his Jōlige of four compartments and to give him Rācappāji as a disciple. Thus he gets the gift of both the book and the disciple.

64. Additional text 12 has the following account of the birth of Siddappāji. Siddappāji's original name was Kempanna or Kempācāri. He was born as the 7th son of Bāci Basavācāri and Muddamma in the holy place Nidughatta, about 4 kilometers from Malavalli.

65. The miraculous feats performed by Siddappāji in Halagūru Cillāpura are breathtaking

a) swallowing nails of steel
b) flying the steel horse into the sky
c) drinking a cauldronful of cactus sap
d) coming out victorious from being in a pit under layers of hot chilly and cactus sap
e) wearing red-hot bangles and rings of steel
f) being seated on a red-hot iron rod

All these feats are described in Text 9.

66. Mantēswāmi thinks that in spite of the dullness of mind induced by him in Kempanna he has not been free from his sense of haughtiness and brings him to the cave of Kalinga (King Cobra). Seven sages already doing meditation there get up in respect.

Mantēswāmi asks them to give place in the cave for his Disciple Sidda. The sages agree to accept Sidda as their companion if he is able to ride the tiger Karibaraga seven times around Kundūru hills. They summon Karibaraga, who comes in his ferocious form and spirit, roaring like thunder and raising clouds of dust with his paws. Kempanna is seated on the back of the tiger. They put on his hand a whip of Urusangi wood. In his semi-insane state Siddappa lashes at the tiger three times and it comes under his control. He rides the tiger sixteen times around the Kundūru Hills and returns. The sages say that Siddappāji himself can stay on in the cave and they vacate the place in favour of Kempanna. These details are present in all the texts of the epic.

67. Text 1 describes the ferocity of Kempanna's penance in the following manner: "On his head has grown an anthill twelve men in height. On his nose has grown an anthill three men in height. On his shoulder has grown a Matti tree. The soothsayer bird has built nests in his ears. In his nostrils honey bees have built their colonies. On his tongue small shrubs have grown. The eagle has been bringing up a family in his armpits. In his chest kites have taken shelter. On either side there are cobras. A big python is his bed. Scorpions make up his pillow. The strands of his matted hair fill the whole range of the cave. This is an unparalleled description of the ferocity of the penance. This almost excels the usual descriptions of a penance found in classical epics. Cikkallūru is today a famous pilgrim centre about twenty kilometers from Kollegāla Taluk of Cāmarājanagar District. In the month of January every year the annual festival takes place in all grandeur and pomp.

Rites and festivals connected with the worship of Mantēswāmi

1. Candramandalōtsava: This important festival takes place after the rise of the moon on the full moon night of the Puśya month. This also commences the fair in connection with the festival. It celebrates the victory of Ghananīli Siddappāji in winning the Kadagatti (molten iron) challenge posed by the Pāncālas and his miracle of driving away the darkness of ignorance prevalent among many of

the devotees. It is believed that Guru Mantēswāmi gives Darśan to his disciple Siddappāji during the Candramandala festival. The responsibility of making the Candramandala (lunar circle) for the occasion of the festival rests in the people of the seven villages around Cikkallūru. They go to the woods and cut green bamboo in order to build the Candramandala in the shape of a Kandāya or a chariot. Each ring of the bamboo structure they wrap with cloth and moisten it with the ghee received from the people by way of offerings. To light the Candramandala made by the people themselves the Swāmīji of Boppanapura is brought to the premises of the festival formally in great pomp and grandeur. First the Swāmīji performs the worship of Siddappāji. Then he worships the Candramandala itself and lights it with the help of camphor. As the structure starts catching fire people join together to erect it and make it stand vertically. The fire soon rises high. The people who stand around would offer grains and corn grown by them in the fields to the burning Chandramandala. It is believed that the village in the direction of which the flames of the Chandramandala sway will have plenty of raikns and will enjoy prosperity in the coming year. There is great demand for the black ash that remains when the Candramandala has burnt out. It is considered to have miraculous powers. When Mantēswāmi adopts a disciple he invariably applies this black ash on the body of the incumbent into the sainthood. It is believed that if this black ash is preserved at home, the house will not be haunted by any evil spirits, will not be affected by the movements of ominous planets and not attacked by any diseases. Hence people clamour to collect the ash when the Candramandala gets burnt into ashes. Whatever quantity they collect they keep carefully and take home after the five days of the festival. There they may increase the quantity of the black ash by adding soot and mixing it with castor oil.

2. Nīlagāra Dīkse: This is a process of religious initiation. Those who worship Mantēswāmi, Rācappāji, Doddammatāyi, Cennājamma or Siddappāji as their deity at home, give this initiation to the eldest son of the family. The initiation is given by the Swāmīji of the Matha to which the family is affiliated. At the centre of this initiation is the ritual of wearing the Rudrāksi and the message of the ritual is to live

a life of devotion and service. This is symbolic of the acceptance of a life of devotion to Mantēswāmi by the Pāncālas of Halagūru Cillāpura.

3. Doddavara Panktisēve: This was the means by which Mantēswāmi made his devotees realize the importance of Dāsōha or feeding the people. This is also called Doddammatāyi Panktisēve. Doddammatāyi would prepare Mudde (ball-shaped preparation of cereals like Rāgi) of Arka and a soup of the leaves called Annesoppu (leaves of the herb called Anne) and would serve it to the people seated in the rows. The fame of this feeding spread far and wide and people would flock to partake of the special feast provided on the occasion. One day it seems Pāncālas wanted to taste the food of Panktisēve. They were served Rāgimudde and the soup of Anne leaves. Pāncālas were disappointed. "We are people used to be fed with milk and rice and we would wash our hands with ghee. We were fools to be tempted by this undignified food of Mudde and sāru (soup)." So saying, they left the place defiling it by walking out of the place with their sandals on. At the sight of this Doddammatāyi was found to be in tears and Mantēswāmi, understanding the situation, is said to have uttered a curse on the Pāncālas. Today in Boppēgowdanapura there is still the practice of collecting the grocery presented by the devotees and preparing food out of it and distributing it as holy food or Prasādam to the devotees gathered each day.

4. Muttattirāyanasēve: The epic narrates that before performing the miracle feats in Halagūru Siddappāji met Muttattirāya. The word Muttatti is explained as a place where Muttu or pearl was picked up. The place has another name namely Tiruganemada. During three days of Gokulāstami a grand festival is held in honour of Muttattirāya. The festival starts with "Hālaravisēve" on the first day. The responsibility of performing the Sēve (service) is of Mādigas. On the second day Muttattirāya is taken in a floral Pallakki (palanquin) and a procession of Tiger is also held. On the third day after the worship in the morning mutton and chicken are offered to Muttattirāya. Traditionally it is Sōligas who perform the worship in the temple of Muttattirāya.

5. Worship of Kandāya and Festival: The Nīlagāra tradition is symbolically fulfilled by means of the worship of the Kandāya. Kandāya stands for an armour of the Goddess of Śakti and it stands for the victory of Mantēswāmi over the Pāncālas of Halgūru Cillāpura with his miraculous powers and having established the value of human values and Dharma. It is said that when Siddappāji asked the Pāncālas whether they could see him they answered that they saw him in the very weapons dear to them. This might explain the origin of the worship of the Kandāya. Mantēswāmi assured Lingayya and Cennayya that they would be hereafter the Gods to come to the forefront and he himself would be the God to fall behind. Thereafter there would be only two Kandāyas to be worshipped, Cennayya and Lingayya. This established the importance of Cennayya and Lingayya. Devotees interpret the Kandāya as the symbol of the very spine of man and they respectfully bathe it, offer it sacred thread, necklace of precious stones and decorate it with new clothes and with flowers and leaves.

6. Mudisēve: In the festivals of Cikkallūru and Kappadi Nīlagāras generally offer what is called Mudisēve. Men, women and children too offer what is called the full Mudisēve. Some women offer what is called Pancamudisēve. It is estimated that in Cikkallūru ten to twenty thousand devotees take part in this Mudisēve.

7. Nandi Dātisuvudu: (The ritual of the Bull walking across devotees lying on the ground): It is a part of the tradition of the Mantēswāmi festival to bring a Bull in a formal procession to the temple. On this occasion devotees who have taken a vow to submit themselves to the ritual of Nandi Dātisuvudu. On the way in which the procession proceeds, devotees will lie on the ground so that the Bull may step across them. This is believed to ward off any evil that might be in store for them in future. If there is any hurdle in their life the Bull does not step across them. Devotees will have to vow afresh to fulfill their avowed service. This is a special aspect of Mantēswāmi festival. Services in the temple three times a day, rituals like Hulivahana, **Gajavāhana** (ritual where the deity is carried on symbolically represented tiger and elephant) and palanquin and

Mantāpa festivals, performance of Mantēswāmi epic recitals are part of the Mantēswāmi festival. In documenting the Mantēswāmi epic we have followed the method of multi-media documentation. This is a significant concept of documentation. When our documentation team visited Cikkallūru festival we recorded the customary rituals on both video and audio mediums using sophisticated modern equipment.

8. The documentation began with familiarizing ourselves with the place and gathering information about the artistes. The text of the epic and other details were collected in the authentic performance context. On the basis of such extensive documentation the text of the epic was evolved after integrating the several authentic texts. Different versions of the text have been collected in different places during the context of performances. Chief among the artistes who sung the epic were Kuntūru Kāla Shettaru, Kabbēpura Siddarāju, Ullamballi Mādēvu, Krisnāpura M Mahadēvaswāmi, Smt. Indāwadi Jayamma, Smt Bannūru Kempamma, Doddamōle Doddagavibasappa, Purigāli Mahādēvu, Maneyūuru Huccumāda Shetty, Honganūru Halagudayya, Kālanundi Subba Shetty, Amacavādi Mahādēva Gowda, Cāmarājanagara Mahēsh, Rāmasamudra Ninga Shetty, Honganūru Siddayya, Doddarāyāpēte Māda Shettaru, Yalandūru Y K Vēnugōpal, Ankalli Siddayya, Siddayyanapura Siddarāju, Timmarājupura Rangayya, Kollegāla Mōleya Rāja Shetty, Krisnāpura Dundu Shetty, Mamballi Tambūri Srīnivas, Kuntūru Dundimāda Shetty, Cilakavādi Mahādēvu, Doddinduvādi Basavayya, Malligehalli Mahādēvu, Malligehalli Mahādēvayya, Uttūru Putta Shetty, Gānālu Puttamādayya, Kōnamānalli Lakshman, Kōnamānalli Candrayya, Cōramāranahalli Tambūri Krishna Nayak, Cōramāranahalli Manimāda Nayak, Śivanahalli Mādirayya, KM Doddi Nīlagāra Nāranappa, Gowdagere Dammadi Basavayya, Gowdagere Śivamādayya, Malavalli Gurubasayya. The texts rendered by all these Nīlagāra artistes in real performance contexts have been recorded.

In a similar manner the whole text of the Mantēswāmi epic rendered by Purigāli Mahādēvu and Bannūru Kempamma was recorded in the video and audio forms. The text was also recorded

on an audio tape using a tape recorder. Care was taken to see that no part of the text escaped documentation. As the recital continued at different stages the events of the epic were noted down. Thus the whole sung text of the epic and all its events were documented as comprehensively as possible. The dialogues of the epic characters in the story like Mantēswāmi, Rācappāji, Lingayya Cennayya, Cennājamma, Doddammatāyi, the twin princes, Phalāradayya, Śharana couples like Mallige Mahādēvamma, Bāci Basavācāri-Muddamma, Basavanna-Nīlōcane, Muttattirāya and Siddappāji and the texts materialising in the performance context were wholly recorded. Along with documenting the text of the epic the local legends and traditions and the related details given by the informants of the region were gathered. Details about the iron posts, iron rods, solidified molten iron etc. found in Halgūru Cillāpura were gathered. Wherever possible, photographs were taken.

There are hundreds of names of places in Karnataka where the action of the epic is said to have taken place. In addition several spots like routes and tanks are identify by people today where some incident of the epic is said to have occurred. For instance the routes where Mantēswāmi and his disciples walked, the place where Maduvāla Mācayya cleaned the Śivakante and the place where Mantēswāmi bathed, the place where Kalipurusa was sighted, the place where Rācappāji sat in anger at the proposal that he should marry Doddammatāyi, the tank in Kādankanahalli whose water turned red when Doddammatāyi's clothing defiled by menstruation was washed in it etc are pointed out lending a touch of history to the story of the epic. The details of the objects identified with the incidents of the story have been noted down. All the texts available now say that Mantēswāmi came from Kailās to Kalyāna. It is evident that Mantēswāmi is brought in association with the Basavanna of Kalyāna of the 12th century. In truth the Kalyāna mentioned here is Kodekallu which is known as Kadeya Kalyāna (last Kalyāna) and the Basavanna is not of Ādikalyāna but of Kodekallu. This has been established now. As the artistes who recited the epic are not aware of the true historical details they exaggerate and glorify the incident to make it

sound almost classical. It has led to the confusion that we all feel on the first reading of the epic.

Kodekal Basavanna (1489-1565) established the "Amara Kalyāna" in an attempt to fight against the inequality of castes. There are literary evidences which indicate the possibility that Mantēswāmi sought the guidance of such a Guru. Amara Kalyāna was an association of devotees above the concept of castes. It is significant that this consisted of Śaranas of castes traditionally considered to be low. There was a strong reason why Kodekallu Basavanna chose to settle himself in Kodekallu. The Basavanna of Kalyāna of 12th century lived for some time in during his last days in Kodekallu. Amar Kalyāna was the concept of Kodekal Basava. The influence of Basavanna of Kalyāna of 12th century was indeed strong on Kodekal Basavanna. Kodekal Basavanna had the intention of establishing Amar Kalyāna on the model of Ādikalyāna. This is mentioned in "Nandi Āgama Līle" composed by Vīra Sangayya. Amarkālyana was not any edifice. It was an organization of devotees or Śaranas. Basavanna who came to Kodekal for the purpose of this organization came to be known as Kodekal Basavanna. This Basava was earlier in Hampi. Following the footsteps of Basavanna of Kalyāna he came to Kodekal and got Kodekal from Hanumanāyak, the chief of the hunting community. Rācappayya, son of Kodekal Basava is said to have met Kanakadāsa. The literature of Kodekal confirms this. Kodekal is in Surapura Taluk of Gulbarga District. Nandi Āgama Līle mentions the movement of Kodekal Basava to Kodekal and the acquisition of land from huntsman Hanumanāyaka and the starting of the Mantēswāmi tradition. The literature of Kodekal maintains that the Basavanna of Kodekal and the Basavanna of Kalyāna are one and the same. The former is the reincarnation of the latter. Like Basavanna of Kalyāna Basavanna of Kodekal also had two wives. After the death of his first wife Kodekal Basavanna marraied Mahādēvamma from whom he got three children: Basavarācanna, Guhēśwara and Sangayya. Mantēswāmi is the disciple of Kodekal Basavanna. In accordance with the wishes of Basavanna he makes up his mind to establish a just society of equality of castes and comes to Kodekal from the North in the company of his disciples to Amar

Kalyāna. Mantēswāmi worked in the southern region. His plan was mainly to break the system of orthodox Vīraśaiva faith and he succeeded in winning members of down-trodden classes under his fold. He awakened their awareness and showed alternative methods of alleviating problems of the society. He got a large following in the region. His first task was to make use of his powers of miracles in order to obtain iron implements which are most important for agricultural operations. He found a solution for the problem by bringing the production of steel under his control. The Mantēswāmi movement was a great struggle against social injustice and inequality. Making Kodekallu, Kadeya Kalyāna as the centre of his activity he initiated many programmes to bring about social and religious equality. It is unfortunate that these programmes have not been properly documented in history.

Evidence to support the view that Mantēswāmi was a historical person (of the 16th century), can be found in Vacanas of Kodekal Basava, in the history of Mysore King Cāmarāja Odeyar, references during the times of Sangamanātha, Kanakadāsa,Yusuf Āli, the Sultan of Vijāpur, and Adil Shah.

Mantēswāmi was a revolutionary who tried awaken the down-trodden communities, filled them with self-confidence, brought them under his influence and gave hem the message of self help and development. He is certainly a great social worker and a fighter for justice.

After aççepting the discipleship of Kodekal Basavayya Mantēswāmi takes into his fold great leaders like Rācappayya, Sangappaya, Guhēśwara, Tinthini Mōnappayya, Vadabāla Nāganātha, Nāgāvi Īśarappayya, Sālotagi Śivayōgēśwara etc and tried to realize the goals of Amarakalyāna.

On his way from Kodekal wherever he stayed people found in him signs of divine qualities and as a mark of respect they erected resting places for him and the same were treated as holy places of pilgrimage in the coming years and as places of festivals and divine services. Such festivals take place even today in places like Kellūru (Hunagunda), Hampi, Cennapattana, and Honnāyakanahalli.

In sum it can be said that it was honest attempt to bring about a much needed social reform.

Brief Biographies of Artists

1. Sri Doddagavibasappa (Age: 47 years)

Doddamōle village near Cāmarājanagar Taluk is very small. Members of the Uppāra community are a majority in this village and Nīlagāras are also aplenty. The art of singing of the Nīlagāras is highly impressive and almost mesmerizing.

Doddagavibasappa of this village is now 47 years old. A member of the Uppāra Community he has recited more than 2000 episodes and has won the hearts of the people.

Cāmarājanagar, though it is considered to be economically poor, is rich in the treasure of folklore. There is a singer in each household here. The epics of Male Mahadēśwara, Mantēswāmi, Biligiri Rangaswāmi etc always ring in the tongue of these folk artistes.

Doddagavibasappa has been singing the story of Dharege Doddavaru for the past 25 years. His wife is Rājamma. They have a son and two daughters.

Doddagavibasappa is the president of Srī Male Mahādēswara Sangha. If, having mounted the Tambūri, he starts singing he would narrate songs the whole day and present the events graphically before the minds of the audience.

He has a large number of stories in his repertoire: Mantēswāmi epic, the story of Mudukutore Mallappa, the epic of Biligiri Rangaswāmi, Jōgihādu, the story of Nanjundēswara, the story of Balanāgamma, the story of Sārangadara Rāja, the story of Ningarājamma, are among the stories with which he can win the hearts of his audiences.

In addition to becoming popular in his own district he has visited other districts like Bijāpur, Belagaum, Rāmanagar, and Bangalore in different parts of the state.

His narration of Mantēswāmi epic lasted three nights. The story of the first night covered the episodes of Paramjyōti arriving at Kodekal from Kalyān, the arrival in Vijayagarana, arrival in Sakhrāya Pattna, arrival in Kāginele and he wins Rācappāji, Cennājamma (daughter of the miracle men), princes and Doddammatāyi.

The second night's narration covers the settling of the disciples in Boppēgowdanapura and his arrival in the house of Madivala Mācayya. Macappa and his wife Mallige Mahadēvamma have an only son Vīranna. In course of time he gets the name of Phalāradayya and Mantēswāmi accepts him as his disciple.

Doddagavibasappa lives on mendicancy of reciting the story of Mantēswāmi and going from house to house in villages. With his advancing age mendicancy is becoming difficult and now he somehow ekes out his livelihood by doing odd jobs in the village. On invitation he goes to festivals, fairs and ceremonies in the company of amateur artistes and entertains his audiences.

With the advent of the wave of modernism old traditions are on the wane and the number of people who believe in such epic heroes and arrange for the recitals of their stories is becoming smaller. And the TV has entered every lane of the village.

Nīlagāras and Guddas, folk-singers once enjoyed respect and honour in the society. Today they are in a dilemma of not being able to give up their traditional occupation and not being able to take up any new assignment either. Without the support of the society on the one hand and without the support of the government on the other their life has become extremely difficult. They are essentially promoters of culture, folk teachers, propagators of the values of equality and leaders calling for the end of exploitation and injustice. If the government recognizes their role as messengers of culture and supports them financially, the culture of Nīlagāras can remain a little green. The Mantēswāmi Trust has been trying to promote and develop the tradition by organizing shows, presenting awards to artistes etc. Owing to this a handful of artistes at least are among us now. This is our good fortune.

Mantēswāmi Trust has recently adopted a new method of encouraging the traditional artistes. It makes a gift of a Tambūri to an artiste. In 2007 Dr Dattēsh Kumar, Secretary of Mānasa Education Society, Kollegāla presented big sized Tambūris to artistes, which is helping them greatly. The artistes are so poor that they cannot even afford to buy a new Tambūri. Members of the Assembly Sri Śivanna and Sri Narēndra Kumar have come forward to make a gift of Tambūri during the next annual festival.

Our folk artistes have spent their life to establish the value of truth in life and they have made their own life and that of others beautiful with their love of art. The story of their life is also very thrilling and inspiring.

2. Sri Siddarāju

R Siddarāju is the son of Sri K B Rāchayya, the celebrated singer who thrills people all over the state with his recital of the story of Dharege Doddavaru. Siddarāju is a worthy son of his father. With his rich voice and his skill in handling the Gaggara attached to his fingers he is able to hold the audience spell-bound to his narration. With his attractive style he draws us to his narration and holds us glued to his story telling.

Three generations of this family have captivated devout audiences by their spirited narration of the Mantēswāmi epic. Siddarāju was inspired to take the art by his father. He started, at the age of ten, accompanying his father in the narrative sessions. With the demise of his father he got more engaged with and more interested in the art. He explains: "On the day when my father died, there were so many people to attend his obsequies that I felt that not even a member of the Assembly would have so many admirers and followers. I filled my eyes with that sight. Then and there I decided that I too would win the applause and appreciation of the people by pursuing the art in which my father was a master."

This artiste who has given more than 1500 recitals belongs to a community called Edagaipantha. (Left hand group). His wife is

Mahādēvamma. They have three children: two daughters and a son. They are all going to school.

Siddarāju is a man of immense patience. Wherever he gave his performance he would not insist on any fixed amount of remuneration. He would accept what his people gave him, in cash or kind. His father himself was his first teacher to teach him the recital of Mantēswāmi epic. In the course of the 15 years of sojourn with his father he learnt to narrate stories like Dharege Doddavaru, Malai Mahadēśwara, Nanjundēśwara, Biligiri Ranga, Maidāla Rāma, Bāla Nāgamma, Mudukutore Mallappa, Satya Śīlavathi, Kālingarāja, Arjuna, Jogihādu, Anna-tangi etc and nowadays he has also started reciting the story of Ayyappa.

The recital of Mantēswāmi epic by R Siddarāju and companions was recorded on three occasions, at Kabbēpura on 10 Jan. 2007, at Cāmarājanagara on 17 Jan. 2007 and at Yariyūru on 25th Jan 2007. The performances were wholly witnessed and recorded.

When these professional singers give their performances people witness them with total absorption. With the tambūri across the shoulders, with the gaggaras on the fingers deftly moving on the strings, they recite in an impressive rhythm and the refrain sung by the companions adds to the artistic effect. As the recital begins the perfect harmony between the singers and the accompanying singers holds the spectators spell-bound. Particularly when the singers narrate the episodes of Mantēswāmi requesting for the gifts of disciples people listen with intense devotion and attention. The performances give an impression of being rare and supremely satisfying. Wherever the recitals of Mantēswāmi epic take place, crowds gather to witness the performance. This is the proof for the continued popularity of this living tradition.

In the next stage of the documentation video-recording should be added to the audio recording that we have done so far. Field survey has to be conducted in five districts of South Karnataka. Cārmarājanagara Distirct and Mandya District have already been covered. Extensive survey, documentation of the performances of

famous artistes and informants should be done in Bangalore Rural District.

The Mantēswāmi tradition which is densely distributed in South Karnataka and in the districts bordering with Tamilnādu the Mantēswāmi tradition is very special. This is a complex phenomenon which has transgressed the limits of caste, class and religion. It would be difficult to limit this under any single formula.

The six members of the family of Siddarāju depend for their living on what is collected in his Jōlige (Mendicancy bag). In spite of his dire necessity Sidddarāju is contented and lays his faith in God.

3. Sri Hālagūdayya

Sri Hālagūdayya is a popular folk singer who has been reciting Harikatha, Kamsāle and Nīlagāras' songs for the past 40 years. He has also sung in the play directed by Sri Mālatēśa Badigēri. He has received awards from Karnataka Janapada and Yaksagāna Academy.

Sri Hālagūdayya's life fully conforms to the principle, "The Jōlige is the source of life and his sole property belongs to the right hand group." His wife is Rangamma. All the children, one daughter and three sons, are married. They live in a small hut where the Tambūri is the proudest and the only possession. Mendicancy is the chief source of livelihood or else they depend on masonry or daily labor as other sources of living when the traditional occupation is not possible.

Even as a lad Hālagūdayya took to the calling of Gudda, devoting himself to the service of Malai Mahadēswara, and eked out his meager living for the past fifty years or more. Hālagūdayya is the disciple of the late Dāsa Nanjayya. He learnt from the Guru many stories like Male Mahadēśwara, Mantēswāmi, Śanimahātme, Bālanāgamma, Biligiri Rangaswāmi etc, recited them to the tunes of the Tambūri, visited hundreds of villages and became a popular singer.

Nīlagāras are the living embodiments of dire poverty. Hālagūdayya is no exception. Even today, in his advanced years, only when he goes to do some physical labour, can he earn the daily bread. Even in this life of poverty he has not given up the calling of

going from village to village with his Tambūri. He says that Lord Mantēswāmi has granted him good health, and doing some kind of odd work they live happily. They declare that they live up to the belief that health is the greatest fortune.

Hālagūdayya has given more than 1000 performances of his recital. Nowadays he does not prefer to be the main singer. He sings the refrain in the company of Nīlagāra Siddayya. Siddayya was one among the disciples of Hālagūdayya who learnt the art from him. Now Siddayya can give performances independently. Members of a family of Honganūru organized a performance on 16th Jan., 2007 to coincide with a commemorative ceremony. This performance was documented. During the all-night performance there was moderate drizzling but people were listening with their customary attention. Current failures are common in the rural areas and on that night lights went off at 2 am and came back only at 5 am. Though in the meantime some had left the place, surprisingly there were still many who listened intently to the recital. There was only one lamp burning with a bottle to contain the kerosene oil.

4. Sri Ninga Shetty (Age 45 years)

Sri Ninga Shetty is a popular artiste who has been visiting villages and reciting epics for more than 30 years. Siddananja Shetty and Puttananjamma are his parents. He has two wives: Puttananjamma has one son and the second wife Ratnamma has three sons. He keeps living alternatively in the houses of the two wives, though more often in the house of the second wife. One of his sons has joined him in the art of singing and the other sons are doing masonry in Bangalore. "The life of the sons is theirs", says Ninga Shetty.

This family belonging to the Uppāra community has been reciting the story of Dharege Doddavaru for more than two generations. From his father he learnt the art of singing the story of Dharege Doddavaru, Male Mahadēśwara, Mudukutore Mallappa etc. After learning the stories he started going from place to place singing the epics and depending on mendicancy for a living.

The artistes of Mantēswāmi tradition have no ambition of acquiring property or riches or living a life of luxury or pomp. "Stretch your legs up to the length of the mat", says a proverb. This is the motto of the Nīlagāras. This is almost the ideal of all these artistes.

Regarding the beginning of Mantēswāmi epic Sri Ninga Shetty says the following: "The world was just a sea in the beginning. Paramjyōti, who materialized in a lotus flower got first a bear and then a demon and sacrificed them both to the earth and caused the earth to be formed. As he came forward it was an earth covered with darkness. Then he came to South Karnataka.

Dharege Doddavaru got Cennājamma, the daughter of the miracle makers from the fort of Vijayanagara.

He got Rācappāji from Kalyāna.

The house of Maduvāla Mācayya was in MutnallI Tōpu. Its earlier name was Kādankanahali.

According to Sri Ninga Shetty the earlier name of Doddammatāyi was Subbamani. She was the daughter of the king of Mysore. She got the name Doddammatāyi when she matured. Dharege Doddavaru called this place where she matured Mutnalli.

These details were got from Sri Ninga Shetty in the course of the interview with him.

5. Sri Siddayya (Age: 61 years)

Singer of Mantēswāmi epic Sri Siddayya has been reciting epics for the past 30 years in hundreds of villages in Cāmarājanagara District. The 61 year old artiste is illiterate. Sri Siddayya belongs to the third generation of singers in the family but life is still a bed of thorns for them. Siddayya's wife is Sarōjamma. Of two sons and two daughters the last daughter is yet to be married. The unmarried daughter is tending the sheep owned by the family.

The professional singer belongs to the Right hand group. Hūātayya Siddayya, Mishon Basavayya, Hālagūdayya were the Gurus

who taught him the epics. The whole story of Dharege Doddavaru and Malai Mahadēśwara he learnt from them.

Honganūru is the biggest colony of Dalits in Cāmarājanagara Taluk. In lesser numbers Brahmins, businessmen Shettys, Ācāris, Oilmen Shettys, Bellāla Gowdas and Uppāra Shettys, Kuruba Gowdas lived in the region. The majority belonged to the communities of Dalits.

At the beginning Śiva took birth from the sound Ōhm and the sounds of the gong. He had several names: Nirākāra (formless), Niranjana, Parātpara Vastu, Paramapāvana Mūrthy etc.

In the beginning of Dharege Doddavaru was without a shape. First he created the earth and then created Ādiśakti. While Śiva had a third eye on the forehead Ādiśakti had a hand with fire. After getting two sons Brahma and Īśwara, Ādiśakti asks them to marry her. The two plead with Ādiśakti that as she gave birth to both of them she is their mother. Hence they refuse to marry her. Angered by this Ādiśakti places her fire-hand on the heads of both at which moment both of them are reduced to ashes. The ashes are collected in two mounds. Then Ādiśakti creates Mahāvisnu. As Mahāvisnu appears with the conch, disc, club in his hands and asks Ādiśakti why she created him she asks him to marry her. Mahāvisnu asks her about the mound of ashes on the ground. She replies that they are the cemeteries of Brahma and Īśwara who were punished by her for not agreeing to marry her. Mahāvisnu agrees to marry her on condition that her fire hand should be handed over to him. Trusting him Ādiśakti gives him her fire hand. Now Mahāvisnu asks her to dance with him. In the course of dancing Mahāvisnu places the fire hand on the head of Ādiśakti herself when she is burnt into ashes. With his miraculous powers Mahāvisnu recreates Brahma and Īśwara. As Mahāvisnu created them again they acknowledge him as the greatest God of the earth and name him as Dharege Doddavarau. On his right and left side Brahma and Īśwara are seated.

The birth of Male Mahadēśwara is also like the birth of Dharege Doddavaru, in a lotus flower. Śravana is the son of a demoness called Dhadhīti. With his penance he appeases Brahma and asks for a boon of immortality. Brahma says that man cannot be immortal and he

should ask for some other boon. When Śravana refuses to oblige he grants him a boon that he will remain immune from death from anybody who is born of the womb of a woman. Getting this boon he comes to believe that he is immune from death from anybody and attacks the abode of Indra in heaven. He makes Śani his bed. The cry of the Gods in heaven is heard by Mahāvisnu who approaches Śravana and asks him for the reason for tormenting Indra. Enraged by this Śravana captures Mahāvisnu and holds him prisoner. They implore Lord Śiva who creates Mahādēva with his sweat and Onkar. Śiva is the one who becomes small against devotion and becomes big in front of Śakti. The deity born as soon as Siva opens his eyes appears in Viswarūpa and he is named as Mādappa and sent to the earth and he comes to the earth as a 12 year old boy. He takes the destruction of evil and the protection of virtue as the mission of his life. He is regarded as an incarnation of God in Kaliyuga.

Mayakāra Māri Dēvaru is the son of Uttarājamma of Vāya Uttamāpura and Sivadāsappa of Ādi Pattana. They were wondering how to name the son born of a miracle and finally chose the name of Candraśēkhara Mūrthy because of his beauty and charm.

These accounts lead us to conclude that both Mantēswāmi and Mahadēśwara were originally conceived as formless.

The formal acceptance of the initiation is as follows: When the Guru says "Ādingadāsa" the disciple says in response," Nīlagāra Ādēśa, Buddhi, Śaranu śaranārthi Buddhi", falls at the feet of the Guru and wears the Rudrāksi necklace around his neck.

6. Sri Māda Shetty (Age: 69 years)

Māda Shetty, son of late Basava Shetty of Doddarāyapēte Village of Cāmarājanagara Taluk, is now 69 years old. The father was a talented artiste and famous singer of Mantēswāmi epic. At the age of 20 Māda Shetty started learning the art of singing from his father. He learnt the epics of Mantēswāmi, Mahadēswara, Biligiri Rangaswāmi, Bālanāgamma etc. For the past 46 years he has been pursuing his traditional occupation of reciting epics during his sojourns from village to village.

About the beginning of the Mantēswāmi epic he says the following: "Mantēswāmi, born of neither father nor mother was moving from the east to the west. There was no trace of animals or birds or human beings on earth. All the species of life were on the sea. The Lord looked at them from the sky and threw a few drops of his sweat on the sea at which Ādiśakti was born. Then with the intention of creating the earth he placed his hand on the Ādiśakti Māyāmbīje. She created four directions: east, west, north and south. The Lord made them the keepers of the four directions and made the earth solid using his sweat.

To cope with the poverty and to eke out a living they cultivate some land and do mendicancy from morning to evening.

Māda Shetty regrets that the art is going to decline in his generation. His own children are not interested in pursuing the art. There are few others who show any interest in the art. Modernity is the main cause of this indifference. And there is very little support from the public, social organizations or the government. From 6 o'clock in the morning to one o'clock at noon he goes on his mission of mendicancy. In the afternoon he helps in the farming activities'. Because of his art of singing Mantēswāmi epic he has no problem of feeding himself and his family, he says.

7. Sri Puttalingayya (Age 55 years)

Puttūalingayya, son of Sri Siddayya is the resident of Yariyūru Village of Gundlupēte Taluk Cāmarājanagar Distirct. He is 55. His wife is Rājamma. They have two daughters and a son. They belong to the Ādi Karnataka community and depend on mendicancy and physical labour. Reciting epics is another source of their meager income.

He has been singing for the thirty five years epics like Mantēswāmi, Mādeśwara, Bālanāgamma, Basavanna, Biligiri Ranga Swāmy which he learnt from his teacher Rācayya.

He provides relief when people are possessed by spirits by chanting their slogan, placing the Mantēswāmi Kandāya upside down on the head of the person in possession by the spirit.

8. Sri Dammadi Basavayya

Dammadi Basavayya belongs to the Ādi Karnataka community and is the son of Mallayya. He resides in Gowdagere of Malavalli Taluk, Mandya District. For three generations the family has been engaged in the art of singing epics. Basavayya's elder brother Kempayya was an expert story teller, most famous in the whole Taluk of Malavalli. Kempayya is now no more. Among the many that were taught the art of singing Dammadi Basavayya was also one. From his elder brother he has learnt the epics of Mantēswāmi, Mādēśwara, Maidāla Rāma, Cennigarāma, Nīlavēni, Biligiri Rangaswāmi etc.

In his interview he explained the differences in the food habits and social practices between the Ādi Karnataka community and Ādi Drāvida Community.

	Ādi Karnataka	Ādi Dravida
1.	No practice of eating meat of dead animals	feeding on carcass is not a taboo
2.	members don't do cobbling	Cobbling is not a taboo
3.	practice the beating of the drum called tammate	Don't practice beating of tammate
4.	A shade more	A shade less (in complexion?)
5.	erect 12 columns in marriage pandal	Erect 11 columns

In addition no marriage alliances or social intermingling is allowed between the two communities.

Dammadi Basavayya declared that he belongs to the Ādi Karnataka community.

9. Sri Tambūri Śivamādayya (Age 60 years)

When an itinerant singer stands before a house and sings for a few moments the householders who like the singing may call him,

make him sit on the verandah on a mat and hear him sing for half an hour. Otherwise they give him some Bhiksa and send him to the next house. On 26th Aug., 2007 I heard Sri Tambūri Śivamādayya singing with abandon on the lane of Basarālu village in Mandya district I was amazed at the sonorous singing accompanied by the ringing of the Tambūri and rattles of the cymbals.

That evening the residents of Basaralu village joined together and decided to organize a programme by Tambūri Śivamādayya under the leadership of Tatvapadagāra (folk singer) Tambūri Javarayya. They collected a small amount by raising contributions from the village and gave the singer in all love and regard. It was Śivamādayya who received this reward.

Tambūri Śivamādayya is the son of Mādayya and resides in Gowdagere village of Malavalli Taluk in Mandya District. 66 year old Sivamādayya has a wife asamma and an only son who ekes out a living by working as a coolie. The small family is crushed under mounting problems. They don't have their own house. The hut they live in is rented. When I was collecting the basic details of his life he was so embarrassed to show his own house that he took me to the neighboring house where he gave me the details.

He started singing Mantēswāmi epic when he was 12 years old. His teacher who taught him the epics was Tōpayya. The stories that he leant from him were: Mantēswāmi, Mādēśwara, Śankamma, Bālanāgamma, Arjuna Jōgi, and Ningarājamma etc.

One of the contexts of singing Mantēswāmi epic is when a person is deceased and the last rites should wait till the morning. They have to spend the night. Shivamādayya sits near the deceased body and sings without any fear.

The mourners would be mourning and others would be listening and warding off their sleep. Members of the bereaved family would serve black tea now and then.

On the day fixed for a performance the artiste visits the house of the sponsor in the evening. Sometimes the episode would have been previously fixed. Sometimes, when the artiste gets ready for his

recital, the members of the audience start some discussion. Some body asks the artiste which stories he can recite. The artiste enumerates the stories in his repertoire. Some members of the audience clamor for one story and others for another. Some elderly leader would get up and ask the members of the audience to raise their hands in support when a particular story is mentioned. Depending on the opinion of the majority the story is selected and the performance begins. The performers sit in a place and start singing.

If the performance is to their liking members of the neighboring village may invite the artistes to their village to give a performance in their village the following week. Advance remuneration is given and the programme is fixed.

Generally sponsors of performances arrange for a public address system. This gives the artistes some relief. No microphones are provided when the singing is a part of a funeral ceremony.

Doddakunnāyya alias Basagalli Javarayya: Basagalli is explained as a corruption of Pāpāsukalli (a kind of cactus plant) which being in the neighborhood gave the name to the house and to the family in course of time.

10. Sri Ullamballi Mādēva (Age: 65 years)

India is a holy country. Even westerners have been captivated by the arts, the culture, literature and spiritual ideas of this country. The places in Karnataka consecrated by the tradition of Mantēswāmi and Malai Mahadēśwara are sacred places of pilgrimage. The epic heroes are worshipped as folk gods and goddesses. These in spite of their supernatural powers have endeared themselves because of their sense of justice, fair play and concern and compassion for the poor and the downtrodden. The more they sing about and praise them, the more they want to sing about them and praise them. They consider these heroes of the epic their cultural heroes because they have given them social and cultural values which they cherish as sacred.

These deified heroes by protecting the good people and punishing the wicked have gained the love and devotion of the people. The places where they had settled became holy places of pilgrimage.

Nīlagāras spread the message of these cultural heroes and help the people live an honest and sincere life. The epics have the moral intention of teaching the right conduct and warning against aberrations of behaviour.

Ullamballi Mādēva is the resident of Mārēhalli village of Malavalli Taluk, Mandya district. He is 65 years old. His father Mādayya also was a well-known singer. After the death of his parents he came to Marehalli in search of some means of living. He was wandering aimslessly without anybody to care for him. It was at this juncture of his life that Sottamma, a compassionate lady of the village took him under her shelter. He was fed by her too. Ullamballi Mādēva and Kuntūru Kāla Shetty went to Puttamādayya of Kārāpura and learnt the art of reciting stories. They were the first disciples of Kāla Shetty.

Sottamma arranged for Ullamballi's marriage and settled him in a rented house. He still lives in a rented house. The art of reciting stories which he learnt as a boy he chose as his means of livelihood too. Of his two sons one is a coolie and the other is studying PUC. His wife also works as a coolie.

The following are the stories he learnt from Puttamādayya of Kārāpura. The story of Mādēśwara, the story of Sankamma, the story of Dharege Doddavaru, the story of the trial of Kempācāri, the story of the miracles of Siddappāji, the story of Arjuna Jōgi, the story of Nanjundēśwara, the story of Cāmundiyamma, the story of Nārāyana Swami, the story of the battle of Piriyāpattana, the story of Mudkutore Mallikārjuna, the story of King Satyavritta, the story of Basavanna, the story of Maidāla Rāma, the story of Ganapati Rāja, the story of Bānāsura etc.

His style of recital is astounding. He is a very senior artiste of Malavalli Taluk. Many of his disciples have prospered and are well off. But Ullamballi Mādēva is still living in penury and hardship. Kriśnāpura Mahādēva Swami is one of his distinguished disciples. We can regard him as the Guru of all Nīlagāras of Mandya district.

11. Sri Laksmana (Age: 45 years)

Sri Laksmana, son of Kālayya, mother Venkatamma lives in Kōnamānahalli (Post Gānālu) of Kanakapura Taluk, Rāmanagara District, belongs to the Tigalegowda caste. His childhood was a crucible of poverty and hardship. His wife is Sarōjamma. The couple has three children, two boys and a girl. The children are going to school. Singing is the most favorite form of folk art. Spending the whole day in hard labour, they engage themselves in singing to give vent to their emotions of pain, frustration, disappointment, sadness, sorrow etc which flow like the gushing stream Kāvēri. This way of expressing their grief and sadness showed them the way of eking out a living, singing away their diverse emotions.

Even as a lad of 12 years Laksmana started learning the art of singing, listening to artistes sing. He also learnt the art of playing different instruments like Kamsale, Tala, Dammadi etc. By the age of 23 he had had established himself as a powerful singer who could make his listeners sway in emotions in response to his emotion-charged melodious singing. And the songs he sings are characterized by a great deal of variety. He can sing Mantēswāmi epic for four consecutive nights. The other stories in his repertoire are: Mahadēśwara, Basavanna, Mudukutore Mallappa, Sārangadhara, Bhakta Siriyāla, Cennigarāma, Bānāsura, Rāja Vikrama, Gange-Gowri, Bālanāgamma, Piriyapattana Kālaga, Ningarājamma, Maidālā Rāma, Nīlavēni, Rēvanasiddēśwara, Cennappaswāmi, Ugramunīśwara etc. He has made singing his chief occupation and has trained several disciples who are adept in singing folk songs. It is said that when people are feeding and dressing up well, people gather around them but the moment they are dead they are abandoned. But strangely even a dead man is able to get the epic of Mantēswāmi sung by a folk artiste. Sri Laksmana says this proudly. Bereaved members of a family invite a Mantēswāmi singer to give a performance just in front of the dead body and in front of the gathered people.

Sri Laksmana knows that with the advent of the TV whole night performances of Mantēswāmi epic or other epics are becoming few

and far between. Against this background Sri Laksmana has brought out many audio cassettes with the songs of folk epics, so that at least through this medium folk poetry may reach the general public. There are cassettes with the rendering of Siddappāji Pavāda (miracle), Ugramunīśwara Kathe, the story of the birth of Mādappa, the story of Śankamma, the story of Bēvina Hatti Kālamma, the story of Ālambādi Junjamma, the story of Bālanāgamma, the story of Maidālarāma, the story of Akka Nāgamma, the story of Rēvana Siddēśwara, the story of Muttattirāya, the story of Malavalli Tāyi Muddamma, the story of Ganapati Rāja, the story of childless Honnamma, the story of Lingarājamma, the story of Nīlavēni, the story of Biligiri Rangaswāmi, the story of Mudukutore Mallikārjuna, the story of Bhairēśwara of Ādicuncanagiri, the story of Kaddalamma etc. Along with these there are also cassettes containing the stories of Idli Mādamma, Dasappa etc. Sri Lakshmana thrills his audiences with this rendering of these varieties of stories.

Regarding the belief about the Kandāya he says that Mantēswāmi visits the houses of those who pitch the Gaddige (platform) taking the Honnaya Chennaya Kandāya with them.

Sri Lakshmana has a very interesting account about the world of Darkness and the bringing of light into the world. When Mantēswāmi materialised in Uttarakānda, he had the name Allamaprabhu. He lived on water on a lotus flower. Then he created Kandāya Ādiśakti. With the help of Ādiśakti he created the Trinity of Gods. He made a lump of clay, made a wick of his saffron cloth, made halmara with his sweat, and crushed castor seeds on his palm and made oil for the lamp. When the lamp was lit and light spread in the world he got the Name of Jyōtilingayya. This Paramjyōti, this Eternal light spread

In the houses of the deceased,
In the houses of the parents,
In the houses of the shepherds,
In the houses of the potters,
In the house of Maduvāla Mācappa
In the house of the Dalit Honnayya,

In the house of Mādiga Haralayya,
In the houses of the men of castes eighteen and more
The light burnt with equal brightness and shine.

The artistes who accompany Sri Laksmana in performances are Ujanalli Rājanna, Cikkakallubālu Gururāj and Ērūngere K Srīrāmu.

12. Sri Krisnāpura M Mahādēvaswāmy (Age 49 years)

Sri Krisnāpura M Mahādēvaswāmy is blessed with a melodious voice. He has the rare ability and stamina for reciting epics continually for several days and nights at a stretch. But his childhood was miserable. To earn his livelihood he was a serf at the house of some Landlord Gowda. One day when he was gathering dung in the cowshed of the Gowda he heard the recital of Ullamballi Mādēva in the neighboring house. He was highly impressed by the singing and started learning the art in the company of the great artiste himself. The cymbals, the Tambūri, the tāla, the Kamasāle etc captured his mind.

The stories he learnt from his Guru he propagates with the richness of his voice and with deftness of his fingers on the strings of the Tambūri. Born in the village Krisnāpura he pursues his calling in Malavalli town. He has mastered several styles of singing and he keeps moving on his sojourn of art from village to village, from taluk to taluk, from district to district. His name is first suggested whenever any body asks who is the best singer of the epic of Mantēswāmi. Such is the name he has earned.

He has been rendering yeoman's service to the art by teaching it to the children of his neighbourhood. Poverty has not acted against his love of art and his pursuit of it.

He is an expert in singing the stories of Mantēswāmi, Mādēśwara, Biligiri Rangaswāmi, Bālanāgamma, Arjuna Jōgi, Piriyapattana Kālaga, Muttattirāya, Maidālarāma etc. He sings in the traditional style in accompaniment with Tambūri, Dakki and Tāla. His specialty is that he has introduced modernity in the presentation of the art in tune with the spirit of the modern times: Gumata, Ghatam, Tāla, Keyboard etc are the new instruments he has introduced into the accompaniment

to bring in a ring of modernity in the performances. So the tradition grows and gets extended in his deft hands.

The Cikkallūru festival takes place for five days in the month of January. The festival is marked by throngs of people everywhere. A hamlet which is almost sleeping and inactive for the rest of the year suddenly brims with activity in preparation for the festival. The crowd reminds us of poet Pampa's statement: What exists is only one caste, the caste of mankind!"For the thousands of people who throng at the festival, the earth is the bed the sky is the bed sheet. The day is spent without your knowledge, just watching the crowds. At night the recital of the epics keeps one awake throughout the night. People who visit the festival voluntarily wait for the Mantēswāmi performance and other performances, listen to the stories and feel their life's mission has been fulfilled. During the performance Mahādēvaswamy will have smeared his ears and forehead with sacred ash, worn a Rudrāksi necklace around this neck, with a white shirt on, with the chitke in the hand the tambura on the shoulder and the turbans adorning his head. With this outfit and with his deftness in singing with appropriate rhythm of songs and acting and movements, he captures the spirit of the stories and the characters of the story before the minds' eye of the audience. You will be glued to his voice during the performance. A man fully devoted to his art and with a mission to propagate it. Mahādēvaswāmy is a great exponent of epic singing.

13. Smt. Tambūri Rājamma (Age: 50 years)

One of the simplest, but most celebrated of the folk singers of Karnataka is Tambūri Rājamma. Reciting folk songs and folk epics is the very breath of her life. Singing has been her prime preoccupation since her childhood, the artistic achievements always contending with poverty and penury. Though she herself is literate, she has ability to stun even learned people with her deftness in singing. Not with standing the poverty and hardship of life Rājamma has preserved a sense healthy honour and her recitals are justly famous in Karnataka.

Rājamma's father was Kempēgowda, who was the son of a village juggler and magician. The son of the juggler was himself a

juggler. A man who depended on his art and mendicancy for a living he has four wives. The first belonged to the fishermen's caste, the second to Nāyaka caste, the third to Lingāyat community and the fourth was Rājamma's mother Ramābai.

Ramā Bai had six children. The last one was Rājamma. Her father was a drunkard. If anybody advised him against the habit he would say that nobody can give up an acquired habit. He would quote some woman who said when asked to give up her bad habits that she would rather give up her husband than give up her habits. In this excessive addiction Rājamma's father died before he reached his natural old age.

Mysore attracts huge crowds during the Dashara festival. Once she attended the festival in the company of her father and in the father and daughter got separated. A saffron-clad old man, who later was identified as Ātmānanda Swāmy took the girl to his Matha and brought her up. As the girl came of age, the Swāmīji himself got her married to Atlu Mādappa, a young man who used to visit the Matha often.

Mādappa belonged to the Dalit community and a devotee of Mahadēśwara. His birth place was Doddinduvādi. He could sing many epics like the story of Dharege Doddavaru, the story of Mādēśwara, the story of Gange-Gowri, the story of Pāravti's miracle, the story of Cāmundēśwari, Basavanna etc. He was also an expert in singing folk songs, Lāvanis,Tatvapadas (philosophical songs) etc. He taught all that he knew to his wife. Mādappa was so popular that on all occasions of rituals, festivals, ceremonies he would be invited to sing. Rājamma also used to accompany him. Mādappa was an expert in playing with the Gaggara, Tambūri, Dammadi etc. He could also play Kamsāle. Till his death he depended on his art for their living. The small earnings were just enough to feed the family which was contented. But all on a sudden Mādappa had an attack of paralysis. Rājamma became helpless. After three strokes of paralysis Mādappa died. The widowed Rājamma found life to be extremely difficult. She had neither parents nor a brother-in-law to fall back on. She had no other way to earn her bread than begging. With a Jōlige on the

shoulder, and a Tambūri the hand and in the company of her son Rājamma went on her rounds of begging.

In Doddinduvādi there is a Matha of Lingānanda Swami. Two singers of Tatvapadas, Kāla Shetty and Cenna Shetty were attached to the Matha. Caudappa, of the Uppāra Shetty caste also used to join them. Rājamma, in order to find relief from her loneliness would attend the tatvapada sessions. There she met Caudappa and the acquaintance developed into intimacy and they married. Their daughter is Rāni.

Rājamma taught her second husband all the stories that she had learnt from her first husband. He became an expert. Now they give joint performances of epic recitals.

Mādappa used to say that nobody would be ruined by pursuing an art. In fact art can feed one till one's end of life. Now Rājamma says that his words have proved true. By going round the regions she has gained the experience of life. Wherever they went they could earn their bread. Rājamma remembers every now and then Mādappa's words: The coconut tree would say to man, 'feed me for two years. Then I would you and your children too till their death. The art is a source of living for the entire life.

The first public performance of Rājamma was in 1979 in Mahārāni's College Mysore. The District folk art festival was being organized there. When her turn came she invoked the blessing of Mādēswara and started singing. The first few verses themselves were enough to impress the audience and she won general applause. Since she has been singing with greater confidence, she remembers this incident as an unforgettable incident of her life.

Behind the story of the life of every successful folk artiste there is the story of the reality of life, a bundle of hardships, sufferings, pains and sorrows. Overcoming them all, people like Rājamma make the life of other people happy and meaningful. Rājamma's life is a saga of suffering and success.

14. Sri Mysore Gururāj (Age: 47 years)

Mysore Gururāj is the sixth son of late Gurubasavayya of Malavalli and Maneyamma of Rāmasamudra, Cāmarājanagara Taluk. He was used to listening to the songs sung by his father. That was all. He did not accompany him on his performance tours. Being at home he would sing to himself in his own tunes. But when he became older he used to join his father in performances.

One day the boy who was then 13 years old was playing with his companions. J S Paramashiviah, who had heard him sing in Ākāsavani came to his house to see him. He got him to sing the epic of Sārangadhara and Ganapati Rāja and enjoyed the session greatly. He helped the family financially too. It was the nature of Prof. Paramashiviah to encourage talent wherever it was present. He told the boy's father that the boy would shine as a great artiste. A few days after this prediction, Gurubasayya, the boy's father, died.

According to Sri Gururāj the place where Paramjyōti was named as Mantēswāmi was Ādi Honnāyakana Halli. He says that Muddayya and Muddamma were the parents of Siddappāji. The names of these parents Muddōji and Muddamma as given in the story of Malavalli Mādēva Swami would not be correct because Muddōji was a name used by Ācārs.

The story of Nidughatta: In the place where Siddappāji was born and lived a temple has been built. Sri Siddēgowda who lives in America has got the temple renovated. Literature is capable of reforming and correcting society. It can also preserve values. People offer Bhiksa to those who say "Guru Mantēlingana Bhiksa". Even who don't have any special liking for the epic, will not grudge giving some Bhiksa. It is the social fabric held intact by this literary tradition that sustains the life of these artistes.

The background of Black ash: It was brought by Rācappāji from Vijayanagara after defeating the Magicians in the magical contest. This gave him the title "Ghangārudigara Ganda". The family deity of the Gārudigas "Malayaladēvate"was the goddess of magicians.

As the father died Gururāj was helpless in his state of penury. He started carrying his Tambūri and moving from place to place, sang songs and asked for alms from the public. The little he got supported him.

His style of singing however held his audiences spell bound. Gradually he learnt more stories, got up his own performance group and presented programmes in different places.

Thus he is continuing the tradition of his father. His accompanists are: Siddarāju, G Rāju, C Basavarāju, S Jagadīśh, Mādappa, Badanalu Siddappa, M Pradeep Kumar and others.

In 2000 Sri Gururāj founded the Nīlgārara Sangha to propagate the tradition of Mantēswāmi. He encouraged children of the area to learn the art of singing in the courses held under the auspices of the Sangha. Now some 50 children are learning stories in this centre. Sri Gururāj teaches them the stories that he knows: Mantēswāmi epic, Maidāla Rāmayya Epic, Cennigarāma epic, Ganapati Rāja Epic, Cāmundēswari epic, the epic of Nanjundēśwara, the epic of Biligiri Rangaswāmi, the story of Mēlukōte Celuvanārāyana, the story of Nīlavēni, the story of Kādusiddamma, the story of Arjuna Jōgi, the story of Sārangadhara, the story of Piriyapattana battle, the story of Ningarājamma, the story of Mādēśwara's birth and growth, the story of Junjappa, the story of Bēvinahatti Kālamma, the story of Śankamma. He also teaches them the story of Mudukutore Mallikārjuna, Śanīśwara, Aiyappa, Bhakta Purūrava, the story of Bālanāgamma etc.

Gururāj can sing all these songs with abandon and ease. He says his poverty itself was responsible for his growth as an artiste. The applause of the people that he receives at the end of this narration is a great reward of happiness, he says. That is why he has great regard and respect for this occupation. He has brought more than 100 CD's containing his rendering of the folk epics and songs.

Right from his 25th year he has performed in the Ākāśavāni of Mysore. In 2000 he passed the Music Examination in B High Grade. In 2003 he got through the A Grade examination. He has also given

performances for the Dūrdarśan. He is often invited as a judge for folk music contests.

It was his mother who encouraged him to take to the art of singing. She would inspire him to follow the model of his father who had earned a great name as a singer. Keeping this in mind he learnt the art and today he is recognized as a great folk artiste in all circles. He attributes his success to his mother. His mother and his brother Mantēlingayya have to be remembered as his mentors.

The traditional instruments used in the performances are: Tambūri, Dakki, Gaggara, bronze cymbals, ghatam etc. They are mostly used when the story of Mantēswāmi is performed. Nowadays he also uses some instruments of the modern stage.

The average number of performances he gives is about twenty per month. And he is widely traveled in Karnataka, having given performances in Dharward, Gokak, Bangalore, in the border areas of Kerala and Tamilnadu. His singing is accompanied by adequate acting and stage movements. He gets fully absorbed in the situation he creates. His imitation of the characters by the artiste is perfect and he carries away the audiences with him. The joy of being an artiste is much more than the joy of the routine for the people. This is one reason why Nīlagāras are still pursing this profession. They are generally reluctant to give up this art and take up more lucrative jobs. Generally the practitioners of this art are members of the Dalit communities. They say that art is in their very blood. Other castes do not so easily absorb art. Those who follow art remain immune from even disease and despair.

Before presenting his performance he would tell his audiences that they have invited him to enjoy the story and so if in any part they face any difficulty of understanding they should feel free to ask questions and get the necessary clarification and explanation. The performance will go on throughout the night. When they are in doubt they raise questions. One of the questions asked by the audience was why Mantēswāmi asked Siddappāji to get steel implements from Halagūru Cillāpura when he was capable of getting the hibernation pit dug by his very powers of miracle. The artiste answers that

Mantēswāmi's intention here was to impress upon the audience the importance of farming and to stress the importance of tools and implements in farming.

Sri Gururāj belongs to the Ādi Karnataka caste but by profession he has taken to the Nīlagāra path. Rādhamma is his wife and his daughter G Kalāvati is reading in the 8th standard. Son Prithvirāj is in the 5th standard.

Gururāj himself has studied up to the 3rd standard. Now he has learnt reading by himself. From Monday to Friday he goes on his artiste's sojourn which debunkers might call begging. His teacher was Sri Mantayya. His outfit consists of a red turban on the head, a white shirt, a black coat, white kacche, and a saffron shawl on the shoulders, a Rudrāksi necklace around the neck and a Tambūri with an end resembling the hood of a serpent.

He can fluently speak three languages-Kannada, Tamil and Telugu which he uses in alternation while narrating the story of Arjuna Jōgi. When Arjuna wanders as a Jōgi and goes on the street, he speaks to the people in their own language. Thus he spends twelve years in exile. The story gives ample scope for the artiste to show his talent. The folk art is the essence of his life.

There are eight members in Gururāj's troupe. Nīlagāras of the Mantēswāmi tradition should observe ritual purity. They are not supposed to eat from what others have tasted. The eldest son of the family is generally chosen to accept the chore of Nīlagāra. At the time of getting initiated to the Mādēśwara faith the Rudrāksi beads are so woven that the thread passes horizontally through the Rudrāksi beads. Hence they are named Guddas. If, when one gets initiated to the Mantēswāmi tradition, the thread is passed vertically through the beads, they are known as Nīlagāras. Both the traditions are in honour of Lord Īśwara.

15. Siddarājaswāmy (Age: 45 years)

Siddarājaswāmy was born of B Mallayya and Nanjamma, a poor couple living in Siddayyanapura of Kollegāla Taluk, Cāmarājanagara District. Siddarajaswāmy's wife is Siddamma. Of

their two children only the daughter survives. Whatever little property he had, left him when he married off his daughter. Members of the Right hand group they depend for their livelihood on working as coolies. He is an amateur singer. He has learnt just to be able to sing songs on Mondays and Fridays to be able to fulfill the vow of gathering Bhiksa. He would sing in Kurubanakatte for the purpose of raising Bhiksa. Of the epic of Dharege Doddavaru he sings only the middle part consisting of the story of Kempācāri becoming Siddappāji. Owing to dire poverty the family is deprived of the benefit of education. Siddarājaswāmy learnt the episode of Siddappāji by committing everything to his memory. He humbly acknowledges that he makes use of his story telling vocation to raise Bhiksa and thus to eke out a living.

16. Sri Ankalli Siddayya (Age 52 years)

Sri Ankalli Siddayya has been visually impaired since his birth. He depends entirely on his vocation of singing Mantēswāmi epic for his living. His wife is Puttasiddamma. They have three children; all are blessed with sight. They are still children and play in the open. Sometimes the clay itself becomes their food. The wife, being illiterate earns their bread by working as a coolie.

They live a life of utter poverty and misery. Their house is shabby. The way in which the blind husband and his wife try to bring cheer to their life, is really moving. In spite of their innumerable hardships they gave us a warm reception when we visited them to interview them. Their happiness at our visit knew no bounds. These Ādi Jāmbavas belong to the Left Hand group.

Ankalli Siddayya carries on the tradition of Gundlupēte K B Rācayya, who is now no more. Having gone round the places in his company he can sing the stories of Mantēswāmi, Mahadēśwara, Nanjundeśwara, Bālanāgamma, Maduvāla Rāma, Basavanna and Biligiri Rangaswāmy.

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Places where field surveys were conducted to document the Manteswamy tradition

Sl Nb	Period of survey	Region of survey	No. of interviews and informants	Details of the places visited	No and size of the audio recordings	No. of photogra	No and size of the video recordings	No of biographies prepared of the artistes
1	One mont 2006 1 to 30	Kollegāl and Yalandūr u of Cāmarāja nagar District	13 Nilagāras	1. Kurubana Katte Ksētra 2. Okkallūru Siddppāji Ksētra 3. Kuntūru Village 4. Siddayyana Pura Village 5. Timmarāja Pura Village 6. Kollegāl Mōle 7. Māmballi Village 8. Kuntūru Mōle 9. Olakavādi Village 10 Uttūru Village 11 Doddinduvād Village 12. Yalandūru 13 Krisnāpura Village 14 Malige Halli	Tape recorded the beginning of Mantēswāmi epic sung by Kuntūru Kāla Shetty	13	3 texts audio recored about 200 pages in size	Biographies of 13 artistes were prepared on the basis of the information obtained about the Niagara artistes

2	2007 01 to 31 (one month)	Gundlu Pēt and Cāmarāja nagar Taluk in Cāmarāja nagar District.	19 Nīlagāras	1 Doddamōle Village 2 Maleyūru village 3. Yaragana Halli 4. Honganūru Village 5. Kālanūndi Village 6 Amachavādi Village 7. Bandgere Village 8. Cāmarājanagar 9. Rāmasamudra Town 10 Doddarāya Pete 11 Kabbēpura village 12 Dēva Halli 13 Gundlu Pēte 14 Yariyūru 15 Alattūru Village 16 Mūdugūru 17 Terakan?ambi	Recorded the whole text of Mantēswāmi I sung by Kabbēpura Sri Siddarāju in ten audio tapes	19	No of audio-recorded texts 3 Size 150 pages	Biographies of 19 Nīlagāra artistes were prepared on the basis of the information obtained
3	2007 16 to 05,31 (One and a half months)	Main centres of Cāmarāja nagar and Mandya Districts	10 Nīlagāras	1 Doddinduvādi 2 Hanūru 3 Rāmapura 4 Mahadēśwara Betta 5 Yalandūru 6 Honganūru 7 Kempana Pālya 8 Yeriyūru 9 Malakavalli	Recorded the beginning of Mantēswāmi 1 sung by Ulamballi Mahādēvu in five audio tapes	10	No of audio recorded texts 4 Size 120 pages	Biographies of 10 Nīlagāras artistes were prepared on the basis of the information obtained

				10 Gowdagere 11 Kirtiragara 12 Mandya 13 Amachavād 14 Honnāyakana Halli 15 Nidughatta				
4	2007 08 16 to 09 31	Main centres of Bangalore Rural and Mandya Districts	12	1. Gandu Village 2 Kōnamāra Halli Cōramārana Halli 3 Śivana Halli 4 K M Doddi 5 Gowdagere Village 6 Kīrti Nagara 7. Mārehalli 8 Appagere 9 Ankalli Village 10. Malahalli	The episode of Siddappāji's Mircaulous feats recited by Krisnāapura M Mahādēva Swāmy was recorded in five audio tapes	12	No of audio recorded texts 3 Size 100 pages	Biographies of 12 Nīlagāra artistes were prepared on the basis of the information obtained
5	2008 01 – 31 (one month)	Main centres of Mysore District		1. Bannūru 2 Kesare 3 TR Narasipura 4 Kesare 5 Madgalli 6 Mūgūru 7. Hosahalli 8 Basavana halli	Recorded recitals by 1 Kempamma 2 Gururāj 3. Martayya 4 Kumbāra Narāyana 5 Parvatamma 6 Siddamma	8	No of audio recorded texts 5 Size 200 pages	Biographies of 8 Nīlagāra artistes were prepared on the basis of the information obtained

					7 Sarōjamma 8 Gurusiddayya			
6	2009-01-31 one month	In the main centres of Martē swāmi Tradition	Mandya Cāmarāja nagar, Mysore, Rāmanagar, Bangalore Rural etc		75 Photographs of Martēswāmi artistes and 20 photographs of the chief centres of the Martēswāmi tradition	Total 95 photographs	Information was gathered about the place names	Photographs have been preserved for use during the project

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Gaddige or holy-peat of Kurubanakatte Lingaiah Chennaiah



The Chandramandalakatte at Chikkalur



Initiation of Nilagaras



Krishnapura M. Mahadevaswamy



Honourable Sri Jnaneshu Channaraju Urs, Rajaprabhuswami of Manteswamy Mutt, Boppegowdanapura



Halaguru Miracle



Bannur Kempamma and Group



Indavadi Rajamma
(Nilagara Artiste)



Kebbepura Siddaraju



Gaudanagere Shivamadaiah and group



Ullamballi Mahadevu and group



Purigali Madevaswami and group



Indvadi Basavaiah



Shivapura Basavaiah



Mani Naik and Lakshmana Naik



Blind Artist Ankalli Siddaiah



Ganalu Lakshman (Ramanagar)



Nilagara Artistes at the front gate of Kurubanakatte



Malavalli gurubasavaiah



Ganalu Puttamadaiah

Karnataka is a land rich with its history and tradition. It is also equally well known for its oral as well as classical or ornate literary traditions.

In our indigenous knowledge traditions, oral narratives do enjoy a significant place. Oral narrative poems are abundantly found in almost all parts of Karnataka. More so, t hey enjoy a great popularity in South Karnataka. Of the prevalent narrative epic traditions, Manteswamy Kavya could be found to be very popular all through the rural belts of Chamarajanagar, Mysore, Mandya, Ramanagar and Bangalore rural di stricts even today.

The Manteswamy Kavya has been taken up for study along with other folk poems and epics about four decades back. But, none of these studies is comprehensive; no attempts have been made for multi-disciplinary study. With this background, the present research under the aegis of the U.G.C. Major Project was taken up with a view of subjecting this epic for a multi-disciplinary study, multi-facial documentation and translation into English, so that the epic could go universal.

■ Prof. Ambalike Hiriyanna

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